October 9, 1963

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

PRICE 1/-

LIZ TAYLOR

READ about her Paris milliner PAGE 8

MAKE her blouse from a scarf PAGE 10

SUSPENSE SERIAL SET IN ADELAIDE ☆ "FOREVER FREE" NEW LION BOOK ☆ HOW TO BUILD A DOLL'S HOUSE

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YOURS AT SENSIBLE LOWER PRICES!

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OCTOBER 9, 1963 Vol. 31, No. 19

CONTENTS

Special Features

"Forever Free," *by Joy Adamson* (part 1) . . . 19
Build a Split-level Doll's House . 42-44

Fiction

The Wild Grapes (serial, part 1), *Barbara Jefferis* . . . 20, 21
A Man, a Mouse and a Girl, *Richard Martin Stern* . . . 25
Thames Crossing, *J. J. Marric* . . 27
The Best Years, *Anne Brock* . . . 29

Regular Features

Letter Box . . . 10
Social . . . 10, 11
Worth Reporting . . . 12
Television Parade, Films . . . 15
Stars . . . 81
Mandrake, Crossword . . . 81

Fashion

Cotton Goes Couture: 1964 Preview 31, 33
Dress Sense, *Betty Keep* . . . 34
Needlework Notions . . . 70
Fashion Frocks . . . 78
Butterick Patterns . . . 83

Home and Family

Summertime Desserts and Drinks 37, 38
At Home *with Margaret Sydney* . . 40
Please Don't Pity Granny . . . 41
Canned Fruits Contest . . . 47
Collectors' Corner . . . 47
Home Hints, Prize Recipes . . . 48
Gardening Book . . . 49
Transfer . . . 63

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● This week we begin publishing "Forever Free," which continues Joy Adamson's story of the African lioness Elsa and her cubs. And later this month in Melbourne — during her Australia-wide lecture tour — Mrs. Adamson will meet Australia's Joy Adamson.

WHILE many people share the same name, it is unusual for them also to share the same interests.

But this has happened with the two Joy Adamsons.

The author of the famous "Elsa" books is the wife of a game warden in Kenya, South Africa; Joy Adamson, of Melbourne, is honorary publicity officer for the Fauna Conservation Society.

Both are vitally interested in wild-life preservation.

Author Joy Adamson works on a world scale, and proceeds from her lectures help to protect native animals in all countries.

Melbourne's Joy Adamson works for the protection of Australian native animals. She told us that one of the Fauna Conservation Society's main concerns is the approaching extinction of the wombat (because of the 10/- bounty on each skin).

"I admire Mrs. Adamson's work and principles, and have read all her books," she added.

"But my only pet is a pekingese dog. I have had an odd collection of animals — the first ones were flying squirrels and possums at my family's apple orchard — but nothing quite so interesting as a lioness!"

Author Joy Adamson will show a color film of wild-life during each of her Australian lectures.

Admission to each lecture is 5/-, and proceeds will aid the Wild Life Fund.

Mrs. Adamson's lectures are sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly, David Jones Ltd., Myer (Melbourne) Ltd., and her publishers, William Collins Ltd.

Here are details of how and where to hear her:

SYDNEY: October 28 to November 1 inclusive. Art Gallery, sixth floor, David Jones, Elizabeth Street, 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. daily.

Bookings, ground floor, Elizabeth Street store.

★ ★ ★

CAT - ASTROPHE! We have (all unknowing) injured feline feelings in New Zealand . . .

The cover of our July 10 issue showed two appealing little Siamese kittens. We thought they were just purr-fect, but a letter from Mrs. A. W. Moffat, of Levin, N.Z., gave another opinion.

"I held the cover up to our old cat and said 'pretty pussies,'" she wrote.

"He glared at the picture, arched his back, spat fire at it, and walked outside in a huff. He didn't come back for four hours — and then very cautiously.

"This goes to show how real your covers are."

★ ★ ★

AFTER the success of her two previous serials, "Half Angel" and "Solo For Several Players," Australian author Barbara Jefferis returns this week with her latest novel — and our new serial — "The Wild Grapes" (pages 20-21).

Both earlier books have now been translated into German, Swedish, and Danish, and have been serialised by European magazines. "Solo" is also being written as a radio play for presentation in Australia.

★ ★ ★

MANY readers will remember the "Golden Age of a Sheep Station" story in our June 27, 1962, issue.

In her story 87-year-old Mrs. Robert Biscoe reminisced about the sheep-station life she knew during her girlhood at Pallal in the New England district of N.S.W.

Mrs. Biscoe's daughter, Mrs. M. Rowan, of Hamilton, Qld., has written to tell us of her mother's death on September 2.

"Following publication of the article," wrote Mrs. Rowan, "Mother received letters from all over Australia, New Zealand, and even England.

"I am afraid that, owing to her ill-health, some of these letters may not have been answered. But you can imagine the pleasure Mother received from them."

● Ross Campbell is on holidays. His column will resume in our October 23 issue.

Our Cover

● Veiled and wearing a small fortune in emeralds and diamonds, film star Elizabeth Taylor arrives at London's Palladium Theatre for a midnight show recently. Out of the spotlight, Liz dresses more casually — and you can make a resort blouse like hers. (See page 10.)

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2 - OCT 1963
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

NEW WAY TO RAISE WARATAHS

MANY Australian native flowers, hitherto very temperamental when grown away from the bushland, are thriving now in suburban gardens.

Research has provided answers to the growers' problems.

The waratah was particularly difficult. Away from the bush it was rarely healthy and usually died.

After years of research the key was found almost by accident at a nursery run by the Sydney City Council at Pymble.

Here it was found that test seedlings were doing exceptionally well after being raised in sterile ash and transferred to natural soil. No one knew why until it was noticed that the roots of the best plants had an unusual fern-like appearance, different in structure, color, and size from the others.

Further research, headed by Mr. Bill Hart, horticultural officer at the nursery, and Professor White, Associate Professor of Plant Pathology at the University of Sydney, revealed the presence of a fungus within the cells of the roots.

This fungus lives in the roots of wild-growing plants and had probably been introduced to the nursery seedlings when they were transplanted to soil collected from around bush waratahs.

That was four years ago. Since then many beautiful waratahs have been raised by transmitting this fungus from one plant to the other. The new plants are healthy and hardy, able to withstand extreme conditions.

Soil mixture used is one part leafmould, one part coarse sand, two parts sandy loam, and one part fungous-infected soil.

The fungus is not generally available yet, but many nurseries are beginning to use the method in growing their plants. Once the system is well established, which should not take more than a year, both the new plants and the fungus will be available to the home gardener.

The Society for Growing Australian Plants has taken a close interest in this work. Membership of the society is now nearly 2000 and is increasing steadily, and several wildflower nurseries have been established over the past few years.

Members exhibited more than 500 home-grown or nursery-grown species at Anthony Horderns in Sydney recently. In Melbourne the Victorian and Tasmanian branches, in conjunction with the Field Naturalists' Club, held a similar show of more than 800 varieties.

● *An arrangement by the Flower Club of Australia of heads of waratah, the lofty gymea lily, and banksia.*

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PURE WOOL IN LOVELY PASTELS

Dominex REGD Coats

"REGAL BRIDE," a lovely creation by Rene Henri for Vitapointe.

See the shining difference

See your hair come to life—the loveliest you've ever seen—radiant, sparkling and healthy—it's the Vitapointe look.

With Vitapointe's nourishing care, frizz and dryness disappear and dullness vanishes. Your hair shines with healthy beauty because Vitapointe counteracts the drying effects of sun, wind and weather.

For hair so lovely to look at, so alive and gay, get Vitapointe today and see the shining difference.

A 7/6 tube will last two months. From chemists, hairdressing salons and selected stores.

Vitapointe CREAM BEAUTIFIER and CONDITIONER FOR THE HAIR

A Dear Old Lady liked stamps

• *But she destroyed £100,000 worth*

EVERYBODY will be comparing stamps, coveting stamps, and talking about stamps when the annual International Philatelic Exhibition (in Australia for the first time) is held in Melbourne Town Hall from October 7 to 12.

A collector with a wry story to tell is Mrs. Ivy Kampe, of Sydney, who is one of the New South Wales organisers of the exhibition.

"Some years ago I was asked to go out to a country property to value some stamps," she told me. "An old lady brought out a boot-box full, but they turned out to be worth about 10/-.

"I was about to leave when I caught sight of a glass firescreen — and have never felt more like weeping in my life.

"It was covered with early-Sydney-view Australian issues, each stamp worth about £50.

"These rarities are square stamps with the view enclosed in an oval frame.

"The old lady had cut round the ovals, throwing away the serrations, and rendering the stamps completely valueless. Then she had stuck them in a decorative pattern all over the screen.

"The collection on that screen would have been worth about £100,000 if they had all been perfect. She thought they looked so pretty that I didn't have the heart to tell her."

The stamps at the Melbourne exhibition will be worth about £3 million, and the most valuable will be an 1854 Spanish one with an error of color, worth £7500.

By. ***WINIFRED MUNDAY***

For the first time an Australian woman will be on the international panel of judges. She is Patricia Rock, wife of a retired Newcastle doctor, who now lives at Manly, N.S.W.

When I met her and Mrs. Kampe at Mrs. Rock's flat they were assembling their sheets of entries for the exhibition's Court of Honor, a non-competitive section.

Many world - renowned collectors, including Queen Elizabeth, will have displays in this section.

Both Mrs. Rock and Mrs. Kampe have been collectors for more than thirty years, Mrs. Kampe making her living as well as her hobby from philately.

Mrs. Rock told me: "You'd need to be a multi-millionaire and have a staff of six to collect stamps now from the whole world. So most collectors specialise in one or two countries — France is my specialty — or do thematic collecting."

• *Mrs. Patricia Rock (left), the first Australian woman judge at the International Philatelic Exhibition, and Mrs. Ivy Kampe, a leading collector. Both are from Sydney.*

Thematic collectors take a particular theme, such as flowers, transport, sports, paintings, birds, animals.

"My garden"

"For instance," explained Mrs. Rock, taking down a book from her shelf of 40 or more albums, "I call this my philatelic garden." It contained sets of superbly mounted stamps all showing flowers.

"And this is my paintings collection — and my centenary collection."

These were albums containing stamps depicting famous paintings, and stamps celebrating centenaries.

Each page was labelled and described in tiny exquisite Old English printing.

"I learned the printing from a child's school exercise book I bought 20 years ago," said Mrs. Rock.

"The classical collectors used not to approve of thematic collecting, but this method is growing in popularity all the time."

Classical collectors confine themselves to stamps printed before 1876.

In the exhibition will be Australia's greatest philatelic rarity—the Western Australian fourpenny "inverted swan." It will be the first time a stamp with this rare error has been seen in Australia for many years.

This one is owned by Mr. Frank Chadwick, of England, whose collection of Western Australian stamps is renowned among philatelists.

NEXT WEEK:

TV STAR GALLERY "Shows You Love"

• Five color pages catch top TV stars on and off duty.

There's the world's favorite comedienne, Lucille Ball (shown trying to bake a memorable cake), there's the crowd from "Fair Exchange" and the "Beverly Hillbillies," there's the new sleuth, Maigret, and a collection of cowboys from the wild, wild West.

• Mother and Baby Contest winners

In color: The national champions in our £2250 Happy Mother and Baby Contest—with all the State winners, too.

• . . . plus "The cubs in trouble"

Part II of Joy Adamson's "Forever Free" continues the story of the African lioness Elsa's cubs.

Now the cubs have disappeared after Elsa's death. And—with African tribesmen reporting lion "raiders"—the Adamsons fear danger for the cubs . . .

• For the gardener

Pelargoniums are ideal for tubs, hedges, or a sunny garden focal point needing a splash of brilliant color.

All the details you'll need to grow pelargoniums are given in six more pages for your gardening book.

• Special fashion offer for summer

Four pretty summer fashions—including a smart jumper suit and the always popular shirtwaist dress — can be bought ready made or cut out ready to sew.

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Bow, wave, snap, and clap ... to a slow, easy beat

HOW TO DANCE THE PHILIP BLUES

● *Prince Philip — he didn't disapprove.*

ONE: The Philip stance.

TWO: The courtly bow.

THREE: The swinging finger - snapping fling.

FOUR: The handclap over the shoulder.

● The newest dance to be rocking London's teenagers has the right Royal touch. It is the Philip Blues, based on a gentle take-off of Prince Philip's characteristic stance with hands behind back—the stance Prince Charles and Lord Snowdon picked up, too.

THE Philip Blues started in a big dance hall in the new town of Basildon, outside London, where up to a thousand teenagers gather at weekends to twist and rock-'n-roll, sustained with coffee and snacks.

The lights are flatteringly dim, but the music by the Dave Clark Five, with five microphones, would have blown down the walls of Jericho in the first five bars, so conversation is strictly limited and dancing is the serious business of the evening.

"It all started about seven months ago," Dave Clark told me. "I was playing a slowish tempo with a four-beat bar, and some of the kids started to improvise, just trying something new.

"With one or two of the boys rocking around with their hands behind their backs, somebody said, 'Prince Philip!' — and that was it. Gradually the dance built up, and now it's catching on all over England."

To help it on its way, Dave has just made what he declares is the first record in Philip Blues tempo — his version of "Do You Love Me?" — just released by E.M.I.

At this point he decided that, at the risk of raising Royal eyebrows, it was about time Prince Philip knew what was happening to him.

So he sent the first record to Buckingham Palace with a letter saying that no disrespect was intended and he hoped the Duke of Edinburgh wouldn't be offended at having his name used in this context.

The Duke, confronted; with the vision of thousands of his younger loyal subjects quietly cavorting with their hands behind their backs, decided this wouldn't seriously threaten the prestige of the Crown.

Keeping his face fairly straight, he sent back a friendly letter through his secretary, Squadron-Leader Checketts, that said:

"The Duke of Edinburgh has asked me to thank

By CELIA HENDERSON

you for sending him one of the first pressings of your record. His Royal Highness hopes it is a great success."

At this point the Royal eye must have noticed the address on Dave Clark's letter, which came from Philip Lane, Tottenham. The ghost of a Royal wink hovered over the rest of the letter, which went on:

"He is certainly not in the least offended and would be most interested to know if the name of your 'lane' has also been changed in his honor, or has it always been like that?"

Mr. Clark had to admit regretfully that it *had* always been like that, but the regret was nothing to his elation at the Royal send-off for his dance.

It has, so far, four basic movements and the Mods (if you're "way ahead" and "with it" you're a Modernist) improvise round these.

You start by gently twitching around with hands behind the back and the forward lean of attentive royalty on duty.

Then, with one hand on the diaphragm and the other waving in the air, comes a movement that can look like a courtly bow or like waving a flag, just as you feel inclined.

After this the arms swing and the fingers snap in rhythm, and finally there is a clapping of the hands over one shoulder, and you're off again.

What you do with your feet throughout is entirely up to you — but with the moderate tempo it is a comparatively gentle, stately caper, ideal for hot summer evenings.

● *Prince Charles . . . like father.*

● *Lord Snowdon . . . in the fashion.*

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Hairstyle by Charles Coppa

New Le Gay Hair Spray highlights hair beauty... holds so gently...

At last—the hairspray you've always wanted! New Le Gay . . . the spray that enhances the natural beauty of your hair **and** holds it to perfection. Notice the enchanting new softness and lustre which Le Gay's special conditioning ingredients give to your hair. New Le Gay is so clear and pure—and that hint of intriguing Le Gay perfume makes Le Gay hairspray a delight to use!

AVAILABLE ONLY FROM YOUR CHEMIST

Hair more alluring than ever...beautifully held by Le Gay Hair Spray

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A lesson from the Diligentis and the Dionnes

What is in store for the new quins?

HAPPINESS? or HEARTBREAK?

From BILL WILSON, in New York.

● The chances of a mother having quintuplets are millions to one against. The chances of quins finding happiness are better—but still only about 50-50.

THE DILIGENTIS at 12 years by the swimming pool at their home in Buenos Aires: Franco, Maria Cristini, Maria Fernanda, Maria Esther, and Carlos. They were born into a wealthy family. They're now 20, clever and well educated, and still keep out of the public limelight.

THIS is because of the worldwide interest in such births — as the two sets of quins born last month, the Fischers in America and the Prietos in Venezuela, will discover for themselves.

If the parents can protect them from abuses of publicity, while satisfying the perfectly natural public interest in their health and well-being, their children are likely to lead near-normal lives. If not, the quins may well be doomed to heartbreak and misery.

Consider the example of the two sets of quins who have grown to maturity in the recent past—the Dionnes of Canada and the Diligentis of Argentina.

The four surviving Dionnes, now 29 years old, said a fortnight ago in an American magazine article that their childhood had been unhappy.

Theirs was the first successful quintuple birth in modern times. When the five girls were born to Mrs. Oliva Dionne in Callendar, Ontario, on May 28, 1934, gifts poured in from all over the world.

The Canadian Parliament passed an act making them wards of the Crown. And the Government built a nursery on the Dionne farm, where they were cared for by a corps of nurses and Dr. Allan Dafoe, who delivered them.

The family became suddenly wealthy.

The father ordered a house with ten bedrooms and four bathrooms to be built in place of the simple farmhouse, which had no bathroom at all. Then he brought the little girls home after winning a long legal battle with Dr. Dafoe.

The new mansion was "the saddest home we ever knew," the quins said in the recent magazine article. The air in the house was thick with a sense of guilt.

The parents behaved toward each other "as though they had been partners in some unspoken crime in bringing us into the world," said the quins. The mother's first words to her husband after the birth were: "They will say we are pigs."

In spite of this, according to the quins, "Dad wanted us and the quintuplet funds in his own exclusive custody."

In 1955, when the quins reached their 21st birthday, each girl got a share of the million-dollar trust fund that had been established for them.

From that time they seemed to be trying to edge out of the spotlight that had shone on them from their birth.

But not consistently. They apparently freely submitted their story to the American magazine.

"Did our best"

Germain Allard, husband of Annette Dionne, was quoted as saying the girls were paid a considerable sum for selling their story, but were "just trying to set the record straight."

Their father commented: "Our conscience is clear. Mrs. Dionne and I may not have been the best parents in the world, but we did our best under very trying circumstances."

In contrast to the Dionnes' experience is the happiness of the Diligenti quintuplets in Argentina.

Three girls and two boys were born to Vallota Diligenti on July 15, 1943. Her husband, Franco, had come to Argentina as an Italian immigrant and had made a fortune in dyes and textiles.

Franco concealed the birth of his quintuplets, which took place at home with only a midwife in attendance.

He got their birth certificates in different registeries. He remembered how crowds had mobbed the Dionne home in Canada.

When eventually the news leaked out he wouldn't allow a photographer near them until they were ten months old.

The Diligenti quins were brought up as individuals. Exceptionally bright, they were sent to separate schools.

They were speaking four languages at the age of eight — Spanish to each other, Italian to their parents, English at school, and French whenever it was needed.

Occasional photographs of the quins were published — at their first Communion, at school, at dancing class; but they were always sheltered from the full glare of publicity.

They have given every appearance of happiness, mutual affection, and closeness to their parents and the brother and two sisters who were born before them.

The conclusions to be drawn from the different behaviour toward the miracle of quintuple birth in the Dionne and Diligenti households are obvious.

Everyone wishes happiness for the Fischer quins in America and the Prietos in Venezuela, and that their experiences may be more like the Diligentis' than the unhappy Dionnes'.

The Fischers have already been given a 75,000-dollar (£34,000) home by the people of Aberdeen, South Dakota, where they live.

These quins, four girls and a boy, have five elder brothers and sisters. Their mother, Mary, is 30.

The Venezuelan quins are all boys and have 13 brothers and sisters. The mother, Mrs. Ines Prieto, 34, has five children from a previous marriage (including a 17-year-old daughter who herself had a baby recently), and the father, an oil company foreman, has eight children from a previous marriage.

THE DIONNES, above, on their first birthday. Below: A reconciliation at Christmas, 1955, after a family estrangement. Mrs. Dionne has her arm round Yvonne, and Papa Dionne sits with Annette (left) and Cecile. The fourth surviving quin, Marie, was unable to make the trip. Upper right: Emilie in 1952. She died two years later. Lower right: Marie and her husband, Florian Houle, with their second baby, born in 1962. Cecile and Annette are also married and have children. Yvonne is a nun.

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He makes hats for headline

JEAN BARTHET, the Paris milliner, tries a hat on a customer, firmly demonstrating how it is meant to be worn.

● Whenever Sophia Loren, Liz Taylor, and Princess Grace feel the yen for a new hat they go to Jean Barthet, Paris' most thriving milliner, who, while others go broke, can't keep up with orders.

JEAN BARTHET, a happy, good-looking extrovert in his early 40s, has an order book which reads like a Who's Who of smart women.

Queen Farah of Iran, Brigitte Bardot, Gina Lollobrigida, the Begum Aga Khan, Mrs. Gregory Peck, Mrs. Curt Jurgens, Mrs. Joseph Kennedy, and Princess Lee Radziwill are among his customers, and one sees their names pinned to hats in various stages of creation in his small workroom, amid a wonderful confusion of straw, lace, veils, felts, feathers, flowers, and jewels.

Barthet also makes hats for Jacqueline Kennedy, but he will never admit publicly to this.

As most of his clients travel widely they usually buy a big selection of hats each time they visit Paris.

Elizabeth Taylor last month chose 23 hats. Sophia Loren buys more than a hundred a year.

Princess Grace of Monaco has her order despatched to her palace.

Her daughter, Princess Caroline, is always very excited, and as soon as the big grey-and-white box with "Jean Barthet" on it arrives rushes along to see it opened.

For in every one there is a miniature hat-box containing a model for her dolls.

The last time Princess Grace bought a hat she told Barthet that the miniature hats are so lovely Caroline is making a per-

SPECIAL DESIGN: If men won't make passes at women in glasses the short-sighted girl (above) can always whip them off and put them into a pocket in the crown of her hat with the branches used as decoration (as at left). This sporty hat was specially created for The Australian Women's Weekly by Jean Barthet. The glasses are by famous designer Marly.

TAILORED travel hat is Lollobrigida's choice here.

BARDOT thinks a boyish hat disguises her. Agree?

GAY model for Liz Taylor. She loves hats

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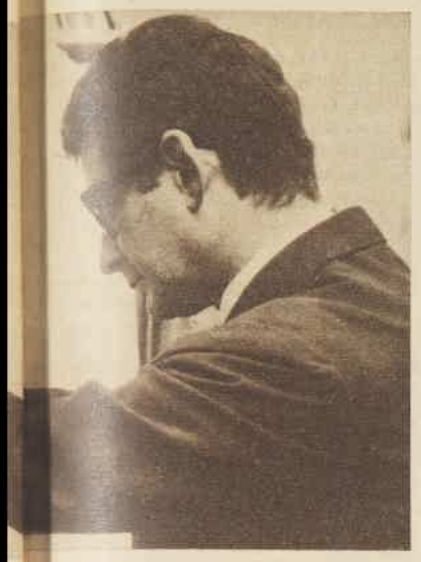
girls



manent collection of them, and that Prince Rainier has bought her a special show cabinet to keep them in.

Barthet believes in interesting young people in hats, and so to encourage debs who have gone hatless for years he created the "College Jean Barthet."

Every girl between 18 and 25 who buys a hat automatically becomes a member of the college and can borrow another five hats a month. "It is amazing," he told me, "how quickly the girls realise that hats can really do things for them and how quickly they feel 'undressed' without one."

Barthet thinks that the fashion of the past few years at St. Tropez, where girls have worn beach hats over kerchiefs, has helped to make young people more hat-conscious.

He spends much of his leisure time on the Cote D'Azur in company with many of his clients, who are also his friends.

For fun, while lolling on the sand, he will make up a beach hat from any material available—a towel, seaweed, shells, a newspaper—and pop it on the head of the nearest girl.

He will not take out a girl who is hatless, so he keeps a box of soft supple leather and silk cloches in his car to fit up his date for the occasion.

The trouble is that the word soon went around, and any girl who was going out with him forgot her hat.

As he is a very popular bachelor, providing hats threatened to become a ruinous proposition, so now he only lends them.

By Marcelle Poirier, in Paris

Barthet creates about 500 models a year and sells thousands of copies.

"But it is difficult to sell hats to Parisiennes," he said.

"They will wear them for weddings, receptions, or funerals, but not every day.

"Women drivers in Paris, for some mysterious reason, won't wear a hat at the wheel."

Brigitte Bardot was for a long time an adamant anti-hat girl.

The first time she went to see Barthet it was to get a hat that would cover her famous golden hair and help her get around unnoticed.

Barthet took a cloche, shaped it, and crushed it on her head until it was so perfect she didn't want to take it off.

She at once ordered several more in different colors.

This season he has designed some enchanting scarf hats in furs and felts that look like a small triangle scarf worn with the point turned down.

They have, however, a snug-fitting crown, which anchors them firmly and keeps the scarf in shape.

He also does some amusing turnabout hats, especially berets, which can be worn during the day or for evening, and can be stuffed into a pocket without spoiling.

***OSTRICH FEATHERS** make the frivolously light-hearted yellow hat at top right, and the white confection at right. Jean Barthet designed both especially for film star Sophia Loren. In the picture above, Barthet personally tries a big picture hat on Sophia to test the fit and examine the suitability of line. He likes to do this, and in the early stages of hat creation will pop the hood on the customer's head and whack it into a becoming, often highly individual shape and "sit", there and then.*

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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Country appetites

WHEN we receive visits from city relatives they invariably arrive with tranquilliser tablets, vitamin pills, and diet charts with a list of dishes not suited to their digestion. But after a few days of home cooking their tablets and pills are discarded and they bog in to everything placed in front of them. One meal is no sooner out of the way than they are looking forward to the next. When my turn arrives to stay with them, if I feel like a good meal of beef, potatoes, and a solid pudding, I have to retire to my club or starve.

£1/1/- to W.J. (name supplied), Oyster Bay, N.S.W.

Why no great women composers?

WHEN we were discussing music at a gathering a man asked, "Why is it that the female sex has produced no composers compared with such great ones as Beethoven, Bach, Mendelssohn, Tchaikovsky, or even very successful writers of so-called hit tunes?" It set me wondering. Is there a logical answer to the question?

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Earle, Brighton, S.A.

She hates making beds

I AM a happy and efficient housewife until I approach the chore of making my bed. Each morning I resolve to make my bed in five minutes flat, but . . . first I perhaps straighten my bedside books and, as I do so, I glance inside one or two just as I would exchange greetings and a few words with a chance-met friend. Ten minutes elapse. My conscience catches up. I decide to comb my hair and feel tidy and efficient again before turning to the bed. Then I ponder over some different hairstyles. Which would suit me better? Wasting time again. I make up my mind to attack my bed furiously as soon as I have hung up this frock. It seems woefully outdated. Now how could I renovate it? Phew! I've been in my room an hour, my bed is not yet made, and it's almost lunchtime. HOW I hate making beds.

£1/1/- to "Incorrigible" (name supplied), Boulder, W.A.

Mystery of an old gift book

I HAVE a book entitled "The Lamplighter," by Miss Cummings. Well bound and in good condition, on the flyleaf it has the inscription "Arthur F. Fitzhardinge, Heba, April 8, 1886, From Mother, Wagga." I would gladly give the book to anyone who knew the owner.

£1/1/- to Mrs. May Livett, 25 Killeen St., Auburn, N.S.W.

Natives' birth belief

IN the Sepik district of New Guinea the natives say if a prospective mother eats plenty of papaws she will have a boy and if she wants a girl she should stick to a diet of coconuts.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Verran, Cronulla, N.S.W.

Television or . . ?

MRS. M. CASELY (Vic.) wonders which should have priority—the purchase of a TV set or the replacement of an old stove, washing-machine, and refrigerator. I advise her to have the TV set. The pleasure and relaxation she would get from it would brighten her day and give her something to think about. With the new interest she would hardly notice having to make-do with the old appliances.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Maureen Purcell, Melbourne.

★ ★ ★

SOLVING Mrs. Casely's problem depends on the size of her family. Unless it's very small she should have the new washing-machine. A hand wash for a normal family is slow and tiring, and washing is a year-round job. Cooking is light in summer; the refrigerator is not entirely necessary in winter. TV can be hired from time to time when she has a few pounds to spare.

£1/1/- to "Budget" (name supplied), Nedlands, W.A.

★ ★ ★

BUY the new stove and the other items will come automatically. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Pember, Liverpool, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

"I NEED a new washing-machine" were the key words in Mrs. Casely's letter. She should get her washing-machine. There is no greater satisfaction than seeing a clean wash on the line, and a cleanly clothed family receives admiring glances regardless of how old the clothes may be.

£1/1/- to Marilyn Wallis, Seymour, Vic.

★ ★ ★

I THINK Mrs. Casely should buy what she would really most like to have herself. I think it would probably be the TV set. With it she could relax after battling with the worn-out stove, washing-machine, and refrigerator.

£1/1/- to "Em Ell" (name supplied), Gympie, Qld.

★ ★ ★

MRS. CASELY will no doubt find out which of her needs has to come first if she waits for a little while. After saving carefully I was finding it hard to decide between TV, a new stove, and a washing-machine. Suddenly the septic tank went wrong and the money had to go very smartly there. Oh, well, next year, perhaps.

£1/1/- to "Still Hoping" (name supplied), Carlisle, W.A.

MAKE LIZ TAYLOR'S BLOUSE

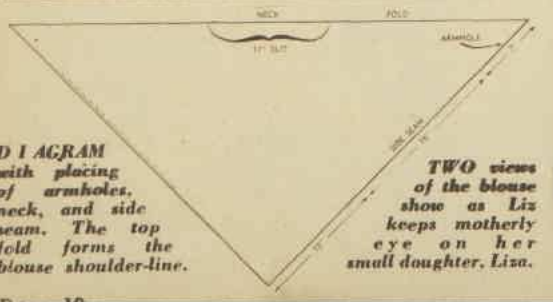

DIAGRAM with placing of armholes, neck, and side seam. The top fold forms the blouse shoulder-line.

TWO views of the blouse show as Liz keeps motherly eye on her small daughter, Liza.

● You can make a glamorous blouse just like Elizabeth Taylor's—and it will take you less than half-an-hour.

ALL you need is a 36in. square scarf (Liz chose a silk one) or 1yd. 36in. material. **NOTE:** With material, first make a rolled hem round the edges.

Fold the scarf in half to form a triangle (see diagram below, left), with the wrong side *outside*.

Cut a slit 11in. wide in the centre of the fold edge. This is the neck.

Try the scarf on to make sure the neckline is big enough. Adjust if necessary, making it wider evenly from both sides of the slit. Finish with a rolled hem.

From the fold, measure 7in. down from the outside points of the triangle. These will be the armholes.

From the 7in. mark, measure down 16in. (see diagram) for side seams.

Machine side seams close to the scarf's rolled hem edge. Strengthen the side seams at both ends with double stitching.

Turn blouse right side out and press.

SOCIAL

WITH summer in the offing, many of Sydney Town's well-known young couples are planning their weddings. One of the season's prettiest brides will be Jane Hill, who will marry Gordon Douglass at an afternoon ceremony at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on November 27.

It's to be an all-white wedding with the reception at Mrs. Sylvia Dowling's lovely Rose Bay home, where a marquee will be erected on the tennis court.

Jane, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hill, of Double Bay, will have six attendants — her sister Susan, Mrs. R. C. Packer, Alex Hardy, Gillean Hardie, Susan Fuller, and Celia Winter-Irving — Gordon's brother Bill will be best man.

The couple's honeymoon plans are a secret and at present they are busily house-hunting in the Eastern Suburbs.

★ ★ ★

SUSAN HILL will repeat her role as bridesmaid for the marriage of Sandra Gidley King and John Lance on February 5. The other attendants will be Sandra's sister, Mrs. John Maude, Penelope Sutherland, and Caroline Middleton, with Mrs. Maude's young children, John and Lisa, as pageboy and flowergirl. Jim Lance, Jock Scott, Peter Jamieson, and Geoff Newman will attend John. Sandra is absolutely thrilled about the honeymoon, which will be spent in Tahiti, and she and John will leave for abroad a few days after the wedding at St. Mark's. After the ceremony, Sandra's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Gidley King, will entertain 150 guests at the home of their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. George Lethbridge King, of Rose Bay.

★ ★ ★

SPECIAL guests at the marriage of Jennifer O'Connor and Rodney Cottrell will be Jennifer's great-uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Neville Williams, who will fly from London for the wedding at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, on January 11. Jennifer, who has chosen a white-and-blue color scheme, will have Anne McConnell, Kay Jones, and Robyn Cottrell as bridesmaids.

★ ★ ★

WHILE they're waiting for their home to be completed, Sean Flannery and his bride-elect, Nicole Brennac, will live at the home of Sean's mother, Mrs. Reg Flannery. Their new home, which will be built on modern lines, will also be in Forbes. After their wedding at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay, on October 5, they'll leave for a motor trip to Cairns.

★ ★ ★

MARION DICKSON is planning her wedding by mail. Her fiance, Dr. Robert Knight, recently returned to England after a short stay here to see Marion and to meet her parents, Mr. W. E. Dickson, who is President of the Legislative Council, and Mrs. Dickson. Marion will sail in Oriana early in the New Year to finalise details for the wedding, which will be held in London at the end of January.

★ ★ ★

ROBERT HODGSON, of Vaucluse, will arrive home just in time to be best man to Max Brunninghausen when he marries Ann van Bochove at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on December 10. Robert, who has been abroad for the past year, partnered tennis champion Margaret Smith at this year's Wimbledon Ball.

AT RANDWICK. Mr. and Mrs. John Goodwin, of Killara, were among racing enthusiasts who attended the Sunday and Daily Telegraph Stakes Day, which opened the A.J.C.'s four-day Spring Race Carnival. Mrs. Goodwin wore a strawberry-pink ribbed silk suit with an ivory silk blouse and a matching silk dome-crowned pillbox.

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ROUNDABOUT

by Ita Buttrose

AT RIGHT: Mr. Graham Stanford and his bride, formerly Miss Jann Canvin, leaving St. Philip's, Church Hill, with bridesmaids Miss Gwenda Williams (left) and Miss Robyn Ley. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. M. Canvin, of Cremorne, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Stanford, of Epping. The reception was held at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli.

BELOW: Mrs. Trenham Old (left) and Mrs. Colin Burnside were among more than 100 guests who attended the buffet lunch held at the home of Mrs. Philip Rudder, of St. Ives, to aid the Universities' International House Appeal. Lady Barwick was guest of honor at the lunch party.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCall Power at the opening of "A Night in Japan," which the Japanese Society held at Anzac House to commemorate the visit to Australia of the Japanese Prime Minister, Mr. Hayato Ikeda, and Mrs. Ikeda. The Consul-General for Japan, Mr. Nissi Sato, and Mrs. Sato welcomed more than three hundred guests.

ABOVE: The honorary director of the Postgraduate Medical Foundation, Dr. Victor Coppleson, with Mrs. Katie Galbraith and Miss Beth Clark (on the right) at the Foundation's annual dinner, which was held at the Australia Hotel. The Foundation president, Mr. Raymond Purves, and Mrs. Purves welcomed the guests.

AT LEFT (from left): Miss Elizabeth Pixley, Mr. Christopher McMaster, Mr. Frank Hoffman, and Miss Robin Reid at the Ascham Old Girls' Union Annual Ball, which was held at Wentworth Hotel. More than two hundred guests attended the ball, which will aid the school's Bursary Fund.

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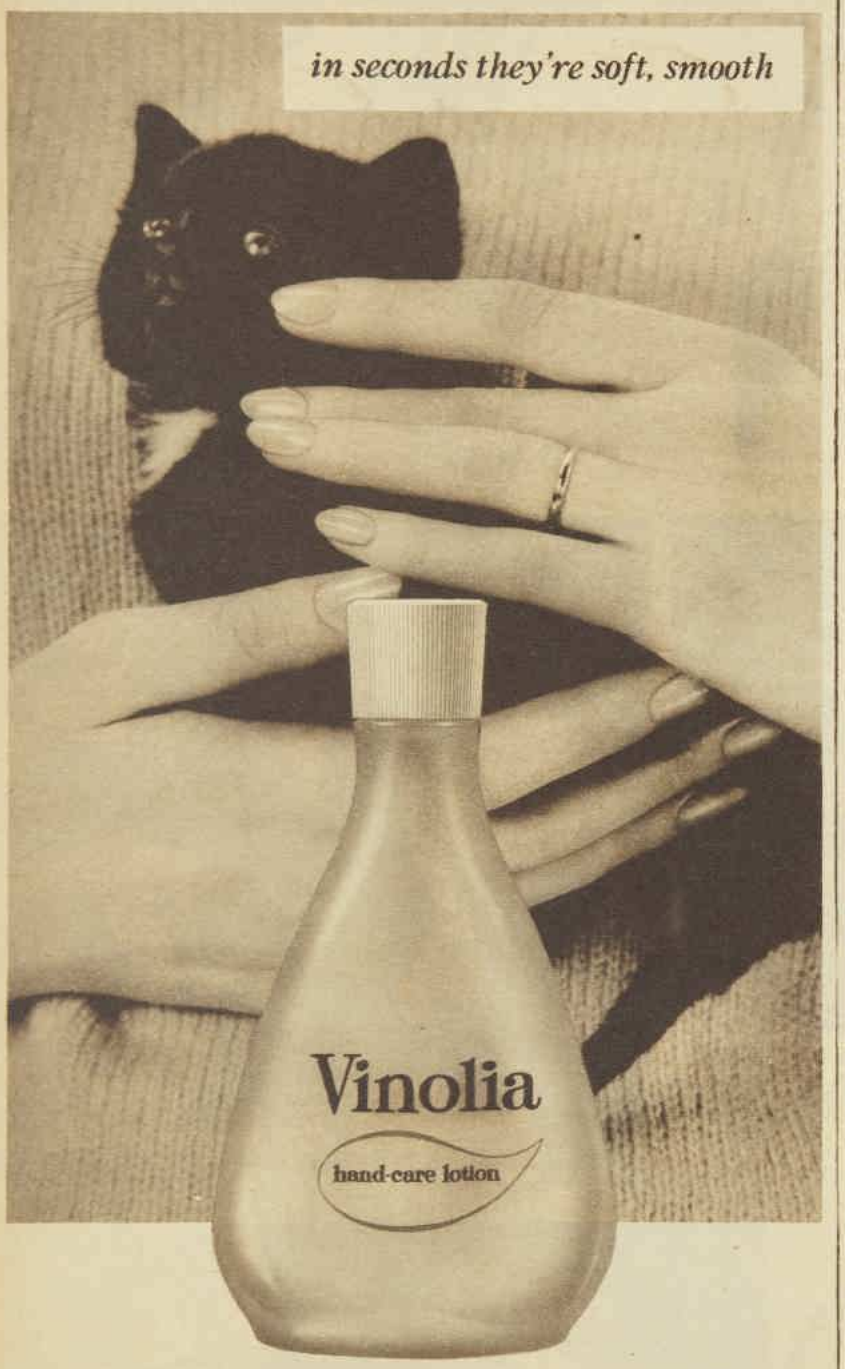

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New unbreakable plastic squeeze bottle —at all chemists and stores, just 6/3.

Vinolia–a new habit for hands

A fine product from PEARS

VN1/03WW143g

WORTH REPORTING

"SASHAY round your corner and see-saw round your squaw," rang out the sing-song, almost talking, voice of tall, red-shirted square-dance caller Les Schroder, jun.

And as we watched from the sidelines, the crowd of men, women, boys, and girls separated into sets and followed his directions unfalteringly — their faces glowing with enjoyment.

There were accountants, painters, poultry farmers, builders, housewives, and secretaries, old and young, all having a ball.

"Square dancing," said Les, who has been calling for 12 years and is secretary of the Square Dance Callers' Association of Victoria, "seems to be on the up and up again.

"There are now more than 30 clubs in Melbourne and seven new ones have been formed this year."

We commented on the many teenage dancers. "I think rock-'n-roll is at long last on the decline, and square dancing is a change for them," Les said. "It is a boisterous dance, but not rowdy, and never gets out of hand."

Square-dance clubs can be found as far afield as Papua and New Guinea, and even Fiji, and many will be sending representatives to Australia's Fourth National Convention, in Newcastle, N.S.W., from October 4 to 7.

Les Schroder calls a square dance.

Square dancing first boomed in Australia in 1950, but after three years the craze seemed to fade. The real enthusiasts danced on, however, and now many of their children have become square-dance fans.

"It is something the whole family can enjoy," said Les' petite wife, Patricia, who helps her husband run two clubs, "Happy Valley" at Willison on Saturday nights, and at the Camberwell Football Pavilion on Tuesday nights.

"We get to know all the folk, and it's first names for everyone."

Les first got the urge for square dancing, and later calling, when his two sons Geoff and Ken, now 18 and 16, were at kindergarten and the parents' association formed a group.

He taught himself the art of calling from American records, and soon began his own club.

Ireland catches up

"A LOT of people still have the impression that Ireland is a poor and backward country—a place where folk go round with shillelaghs under their arms," Imelda Staunton said.

"We've really caught up with the rest of the world now. And we've managed to do this without destroying the essential picturesqueness of our country."

Imelda, a pretty brunette from Limerick, came here recently to tell Australians about the Emerald Isle.

Formerly an air hostess and radio announcer, she has been travelling the world for more than a year as the special representative of the Irish International Airlines.

"Ireland has made great progress during the past 10 years," she told us. "But it's just as beautiful as ever.

"We do not have billboards to spoil the vista of soft green hills, and no factories pollute our rivers, which are teeming with fish.

"We've made great strides in restoring historic monuments and old homes.

"A lot of these old homes have been converted into hotels. Burratty Castle has a special attraction for visitors.

"It's the original home of the Earls of Thomond, descendants of Brian Boru, the last king of Ireland. It has been completely restored — furniture, furnishings, everything. Nothing in it dates after 1540.

"Every night in the season there are medieval banquets. Tourist visitors sit at long trestle tables and eat venison with their fingers straight from big pottery bowls just as in ancient times."

Imelda showed us an exquisite white Limerick lace evening bolero, and a knitted bainin jacket.

"The lace garments are mainly made in convents to designs from the Irish fashion houses," she said.

"The jackets and sweaters are knitted from untreated wool in cottages along the western coast where the sheep are raised. Each family has its own pattern. The name 'bainin' (pronounced 'bawneen') comes from the natural color. It's a Gaelic word meaning 'a small whiteness.' "

Imelda was looking forward to skiing at Kosciusko before leaving for New Zealand, and planned to wear her own bainin jacket —"waterproof, unshrinkable, and very warm."

What were her impressions of Australia?

"I feel very much at home here, because we've got so much in common.

"You raise sheep and so do we. You're keen on horses and so are we. And you're a relaxed, friendly people. Just like the Irish."

★ ★ ★

DEFINITIONS DEPARTMENT: Morning — when the rising generation retires and the retiring generation rises. Father — a man with snapshots in his wallet instead of money.

Imelda Staunton . . . she is telling the world.

WE heard recently of a bank manager in a New South Wales town who gave a talk on banking to schoolchildren and got this question from an 11-year-old girl:

"If I open a savings bank account, how long will it take me to save up for a bike?"

The bank manager learned later from the teacher that the little girl was one of a family of 17 children — so even a small amount of pocket-money was a rare luxury.

He had his wife's little-used bicycle delivered to the young optimist the next day.

ADVERTISEMENT

New milk for cooking costs under 6d. a pint!

Makers of famous Carnation Evaporated Milk have produced a new form of pure milk — for almost half the price of bottled milk! This truly exciting product—Carnation 'Magic Crystal' Skim Milk, is milk in crystal form. The crystals dissolve instantly and completely in cold water to give you pure **milk with only its fat content removed** — for under 6d. a pint! Recipes calling for bottled milk turn out as successful, taste exactly the same with Carnation 'Magic Crystal' Skim Milk. But what a huge reduction in price! And these crystals refuse to go lumpy or leave a trace of sediment, need no refrigeration, and store in any cool, dry cupboard indefinitely.

Good news for weight watchers! Just what dieters have wanted! 8 ounces of Carnation 'Magic Crystal' Skim Milk contains only 8 calories — a big saving from whole milk's 166. And it contains **all** of milk's protein, calcium, vitamin B and minerals — essential for a radiant complexion, sparkling teeth and vivacious good health.

Look for Carnation 'Magic Crystal' Skim Milk in red and white packs at all supermarkets and grocery stores. Keep a jug of this non-fattening milk handy for cooking or drinking.

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MARY BROKER'S INVESTMENT GUIDE — Part 2

HOW TO BECOME AN INVESTOR

● If you want to learn French you go to a French teacher; and to learn about shares, and about investing, you go to a stockbroker.

EVEN if you have heard people talking about this share and that share, even if you diligently read the financial pages of the newspaper every day — and few women do — the broker is the expert, and he will invest your funds much more profitably than you probably could by yourself.

The Sydney Stock Exchange has 145 members and non-member partners in 61 firms, so you have many to choose from.

In addition, most broking houses employ investment advisers and research officers who spend the working week summing up the relative merits of different companies — and their advice is free.

Your broker will naturally want to discuss how much you are able to invest — you can begin in quite a small way with £25 or £50 — and what are your investment aims. You will have to decide among growth, income, security, or a mixture of all three.

The emphasis today is on growth, but for widows, orphans, or retired people with no other source of income, security and income rate before growth.

Remember:

ALWAYS consult your sharebroker before committing yourself.

NEVER invest on rumors, tips, or inside information—they are usually wrong.

REGULARLY discuss your investments with your sharebroker.

NEVER be too greedy. The wisest investors are content with moderate gains.

DON'T invest in too many companies — it would become a full-time job to look after them and few women can afford this luxury.

Advice is only one of the services the broker will give you. In addition he attends to buying, selling, and all the tedious paper work.

This is what happens.

You meet your broker, discuss your investment plan with him, and place an order — this need not be straight away, but it is advisable to follow up his recommendation within a few days, as it is quite likely that the prices of the shares he recommends will rise.

The broker then passes the order on to his "operator," who is the person who does the actual dealing on the floor of the Exchange.

You may be interested to watch the operators in action. The Sydney Stock Exchange has a visitors' gallery which gives you a good view of the floor, and there are usually several attendants willing to explain the shouting and the tumult.

Your broker's operator will buy the shares you want from another broker's operator (acting on behalf of the seller of the shares).

You either tell your broker to buy the shares at "best," when he will get them at the cheapest price possible, or you put a limit on the shares, say 17/6, in which case he cannot buy if the seller will not agree to this price or cheaper.

MARY BROKER is the pen-name of a member of the staff of a leading Sydney stockbroking firm.

The shares are bought. Your broker now sends you a contract note setting out the details of the purchase.

You return it with a cheque (returning it makes it easier for the broker to refer to).

At the same time, the selling broker sends his client a contract note, together with a transfer form. This, as the name implies, is a paper by means of which the seller transfers the shares to you, the buyer.

With this he returns the scrip to his broker, who immediately sends him a cheque. The seller now has nothing more to do with the transaction.

The scrip and transfer form are delivered by his broker to your broker, who passes the transfer form on to you. This legalises the transaction, and your broker sends the transfer and scrip to the company whose shares you have bought.

You are issued with a new share certificate and your name is entered on the company's share register.

The scrip is sent to you as evidence of your part-ownership of the company.

All this posting and collecting of documents is handled by your broker for a relatively small charge.

Here are buying and selling rates of commission on shares, capital stock, convertible notes, rights or options in companies and corporations:

At a price under 1/-	½d.
At 1/- and under 3/- ..	1d.
„ 3/- „ „ 5/- ..	2d.
„ 5/- „ „ 10/- ..	2½d.
„ 10/- „ „ 15/- ..	3d.
„ 15/- „ „ 20/- ..	4d.
„ 20/- „ „ 30/- ..	5d.
„ 30/- „ „ 40/- ..	6d.
„ 40/- „ „ 50/- ..	7½d.
„ 50/- „ „ 60/- ..	9d.
„ 60/- „ „ 70/- ..	10d.
„ 70/- „ „ 80/- ..	11d.
„ 80/- and over, 1¼ per cent.	

Now you have bought the shares, you will want to follow the price movements and company progress. Every daily paper carries a full report on market quotations, and all have a page where company reports are published and sometimes discussed.

How do you read the quotations?

1. In all cases, the alphabetical order is taken from the full name of the stock. Therefore, G. J. Coles, for example, appears under "G."
2. Most newspapers show the face value of the share after the name of the company, e.g. Bit., Oil (Bitumen and Oil), 5/-.
3. The first column usually contains the day's last sale.
4. Column 2 usually contains the last recorded selling quote.
5. Column 3 usually contains the last recorded buying quote.
6. Column 4 usually contains the yield on dividend. Some but not all of the papers also publish the dividend currently being paid by each company.

The main reason why people invest is, of course, to *make a profit*. The yield on your investment will in most cases be higher than the interest that would be paid by your bank, and in addition you will in every likelihood benefit from rises in the market price of your securities, from new and bonus issues, increased dividends, etc.

Of course there is an element of risk, but with the help of your sharebroker this can be reduced to a minimum. The Stock Exchange does not eliminate investment risk, but it does try to make your choice of investments easier.

Certain regulations must be met with before a share can be quoted, and the Australian Stock Exchanges are continuously developing new methods for protecting investors, and ensuring that companies provide sufficient information to enable the outsider to judge for himself the investment merits of any company.

Price levels have shown a steadily rising trend over the years, which makes ordinary share investment attractive for the long term.

It is particularly attractive in a developing country like Australia, where secondary industry is beginning to show its great potential.

We can't all find the capital to run a property or own a factory, and most of us probably wouldn't want to anyway. But we can, by means of the Stock Exchange, own a small part of developing industry, and share in the benefits which must come.

NEXT WEEK Mary Broker will begin discussion of some particular investments.

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Eric Anderson's have **5 Borletti** models priced from **29 gns.** for the straight and reverse sewer, **49 gns.** for the Automatic Zig-Zag and **79 gns.** after trade-in for the Super Automatic. Terms from 4/2 weekly at Eric Anderson's.

For further information or free brochure write to Eric Anderson's Box 5280 G.P.O., Sydney.

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Your pattern for pushbutton living

The pattern on this page shows you the latest in the increasing range of Pressure✱Pak Brand Products—designed to bring you more comfortable living.

When buying aerosol products, look for the name **PRESSURE✱PAK**, because this is the symbol of perfection in formula and quality in manufacture that brings you modern living at its push-button best in a wide range of household products.

From valves to contents, all Pressure✱Pak Products are manufactured, assembled and packed in the modern Samuel Taylor plant—an absolute degree of control that is unique in the world—guaranteeing to you the highest quality standards that have made Pressure✱Pak Products the market leaders in aerosols sold in this country. For modern living at its push-button best choose Pressure✱Pak Products.

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DOCUMENTARIES SALUTE AUSTRALIA

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Big event of the week on TV is the premiere on TCN9, on Monday, October 7, at 9.30 p.m. of "The Crowded Years," a prestige documentary, the first of eight, about Australia and Australians.

Television

THE documentary, sub-titled "With Our Hands," is made by The Australia 175 Committee, a group of 12 Australian companies who have banded together to mark the 175th anniversary of Australia's founding.

When I first heard about about it I thought it all sounded very dull, stodgy, ultra worthy. Now I've heard more, it sounds well worth having a look at.

"The Crowded Years" are the years since the end of World War II, and the series covers every aspect of the tremendous development in Australia in this time.

The story is told by John McCallum, formerly an actor, and now joint managing director with Sir Frank Tait of J. C. Williamson.

I was intrigued by the choice of McCallum and found that there is a story behind his appearance.

John McCallum is married to internationally successful actress Googie Withers.

"Best place"

Last year the London "Daily Express" cabled her while she was playing in New Zealand and asked her for a 1500-word article on "Why she preferred to live in Australia."

Miss Withers, running behind time with a crowded schedule, took the cable, pencil, and paper with her to the hairdresser and dashed off her reply under the dryer.

She gave many reasons and finished by saying, "Australia is the best place on God's earth to rear my children."

What she said was widely reported. The Australia 175 Committee saw it, considered that it hit the spot, exactly crystallising their thoughts about the proposed documentaries, and approached McCallum, who now is host-narrator of the whole series.

In the first of the series, made without a hint of a commercial (a genuine display of national pride if ever I've heard of one), Googie appears briefly with her husband, John, and so do two of their three children, Joanna, 12, and Nicky, rising 7.

The series will be shown on all commercial channels before it is sent to America and England.

"With Our Hands," the first one, is followed by "The Magnificent Gamble," which tells the rich story of oil exploration here.

John McCallum

Down-to-earth doctors

TV's medical shows continue to entertain, educate, and inform, even without dark-visaged Ben Casey doing his weekly round.

I don't miss Ben's temporary absence. Having majored in neuro - surgery with him over the past couple of years I am quite enjoying the rest.

I still watch Dr. James Kildare. I feel he's a kind of relative I can't let down, but at present my heart belongs to Dr. Alan Finlay (Bill Simpson) and Dr. Cameron (Andrew Cruikshank), of ABC-TV's "Dr. Finlay's Casebook."

Gleaming operating theatres, the space-age medical equipment, intercom call systems, and the complex administration problems encountered in "Dr. Kildare" and "The Nurses" are missing from "Dr. Finlay's Casebook," but the drama is not.

The drama is the lure and its plot is the snare that keep viewers watching any medical series.

Quiet dramas

It is certainly heightened by life and death operations and clinical details, but, happily, Dr. Finlay's weekly dramas are not so urgent and generally they are closer to the everyday medical dramas viewers encounter.

Young Dr. Finlay, rather impetuous and inclined to go at things bull-headed, and that wise Dr. Cameron, with his whisky handy for bad moments, seem much more approachable than the aloof, god-like creatures in hospital whites in the other series.

The drama in "Dr. Finlay's Casebook" comes from the pen of a great story-teller, A. J. Cronin.

The book from which the series originated, "The Adventures of a Black Bag," is said to be based on fact and Cronin's experiences in his own medical practice. Perhaps it is this that makes them seem so likely and so true.

"Dr. Finlay's Casebook" is set in 1928, before the days of wonder drugs and wonder techniques, which cuts viewing anxiety down considerably.

Any alarm that may grow as you check off your symptoms with one of Dr. Finlay's serious cases is allayed when you think that it is nearly 40 years later and treatment now is so advanced that you needn't worry — so much.

The series has so many good points that I have a feeling one of those unearthly electronic brains may have picked "Dr. Finlay's Casebook" as relaxing medical televiewing for 1963's tension-ridden viewers.

The resemblance between Dr. Kildare (Richard Chamberlain) and Nurse Lucas (Zina Bethune), of "The Nurses," fascinates me. I think they could be brother and sister.

They both have those fair, long-faced good looks, the earnest dedication to their work, are both impulsive and inclined to dive feet first into personal and emotional involvement with their patients.

I've got so carried away with this imagined likeness that I am waiting for one to call on the other at their rival hospitals on their day off.

Reviews of New Films

With WINIFRED MUNDAY

★★ BYE BYE BIRDIE

This send-up of a drafted rock-'n-roll singer has plenty of lively music and witty dialogue. It also abounds in new and up-and-coming actors and actresses. TV personality Dick Van Dyke is a bankrupt songwriter trying to write a hit song for rocker Conrad Birdie (Jesse Pearson) to sing at his farewell on the Ed Sullivan Show. Pretty Ann-Margret, who sings well, too, is the small-town girl chosen to publicly kiss Birdie goodbye, and singer Bobby Rydell is her boy-friend. Gold lame suits, golden guitars, and girls swooning all over the place will give adults as well as teenagers a good laugh.—**State, Sydney.**

In a word . . . SWINGING.

★★ WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE

An unusual drama set in Ireland. A Catholic priest (Nigel Patrick), witness to the shooting of an atheist (William Bendix), has the weekend to decide whether the accused (Aldo Ray) killed in cold blood or whether he was an instrument of God. The 48 hours, in which the priest is involved in tense and engrossing happenings, supplies the answer. There is a surprising twist ending. The Irish atmosphere is well sustained, and this is altogether an out-of-the-rut film.—**Lyceum, Sydney.**

In a word . . . GRIPPING.

★ SWEET ECSTASY

Slow-moving expose of the rich, fast juvenile delinquent set on the French Riviera. Elke Sommer is one of the naughty rich girls who tempts a young inexperienced boy (Pierre Brice). In the end Good prevails, and the boy ends up with a sweet demure girl.—**Victory, Sydney.**

In a word . . . TEDIOUS.

★ THE CATTLE KING

Robert Taylor is dynamic as the Cattle King trying to protect (at first with talking and then with toughness) his neighbors' ranches in Wyoming from becoming an open range, overcrowded with cattle. Hired killers try to force small-time ranchers off their land for a tough guy with plans to monopolise the vast cattle industry. The ranch war begins and the King reigns as hero. — **K.Y., Capitol, Sydney.**

In a word . . . WESTERN.

MURDER AT THE GALLOP

In this slow-moving whodunit Margaret Rutherford plays Agatha Christie's amateur lady detective, Miss Marple. A family of mistrusting relations all inherit from a will, but one by one three of them are found dead. There are all kinds of suspects, among them Robert Morley, as head of the family, Flora Robson, wasting her talent as a timid secretary - companion, and Australian Charles Tingwell. — **Liberty and Metro-Continental.**

In a word . . . AIMLESS.

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Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought For The Week*

Momma once said (and just recently, I may add) . . . "What on earth has happened to the automobile manufacturers? The way they're designing cars nowadays—remember your old car? The running boards, so you had a little help getting into the car; they're gone now; room inside to relax—so you were comfortable instead of sitting on each other's laps—now they're putting in bucket seats (and for very small buckets, too). And the cars themselves. They must be having a contest to see who can make the smallest car! The way things are going, pretty soon you'll need two cars, one for each foot.

Momma's moral . . . Automobiles are getting so low that pretty soon you won't have to open the garage at all — just slip the car under the door.

DID YOU KNOW?

TWO hundred soldiers of the Danish Army will join "Operation Television" next month for the B.B.C. production of "Hamlet," to be filmed in the historic setting of Elsinore to mark next year's quater-centenary of Shakespeare's birth.

Danish TV is co-operating with the B.B.C. in the production, now being rehearsed in London (with Christopher Plummer as Hamlet). Denmark, Norway, and Sweden will show the B.B.C. two-and-a-half hour programme, but a shorter version is planned for sale to other countries.

The co-operative venture has plenty of problems in this historic setting. Elsinore Castle was built in Shakespeare's time, but 200 years later a lot of trimmings and turrets were added, which have to be kept out of the picture because they make nonsense of the script.

There is a busy little shipyard almost in the back garden of the castle, and the Danes are trying to persuade workmen to lay off hammering and hooting during the four days' recording. Shipping timetables have to be carefully studied, because the ancient coastal fortress overlooks a busy shipping route and outside shots might show a modern cargo ship busily nosing its way up the Sound.

★ ★ ★

TURKEY has started its own TV service with a combination of filmed material from America and Britain and live or recorded local items. The service is organised by Thomson Television (International), and is directed by former B.B.C. producer Michael Westmore. It will provide six hours of TV programmes each day.

Television

TELEVISION scriptwriter Giles Cooper, who won a top award for his work on the Maigret series, has written a stage play which has tempted Kenneth More back to the theatre for the first time in 11 years.

Ken will star in the comedy, improbably called "Out of the Crocodile," with Celia Johnson and Hugh Williams. It is Kenneth More's first stage play since "The Deep Blue Sea."

★ ★ ★

ED SULLIVAN has signed Frank Sinatra Jr. (who made his television singing debut last season with Jack Benny) for his first show of the season. Backing Sinatra Jr. will be the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, now conducted by Sam Donahue, and singer Helen Forrest.

★ ★ ★

THE English ATV play series "Love Story," just bought in Australia, has made history by getting into the Top Twenty ratings every week since it started, although each play is by a different author and with different actors. Among the top TV writers contributing to the series are Australians Peter Yeldham, D'Arcy Niland, and Ruth Park.

★ ★ ★

HARRY JAMES and his big band will join Jerry Lewis in the comedian's premiere programme in America next month.

★ ★ ★

THE A.B.C. in Sydney has bought another series of "Dr. Finlay's Casebook" from the B.B.C. An average of 10,000,000 viewers watched this series in Britain. Among the guest stars in the series now showing in Britain is Australian Esma Cannon (Lil of "The Rag Trade"), who portrays a pathetic old lady who is persecuted by a younger sister with an almost insane passion for keeping her house clean and tidy.

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COUNCIL CHAMBERS scene of Verdi's opera "Simone Boccanegra" shows the Doge of Genoa (baritone John Shaw) on his throne, with the Constable (Ray Angel) beside him. Next to the Constable is Paolo Albiani (Brian Hansford).

THE LOVERS, Amelia and Gabriele, are played by Audrey Nicholls and Robert Pomie, sung by soprano Nance Grant, tenor Lorenzo Nolan.

Television

IT'S A REAL HORSE OPERA!

● "Simone Boccanegra," a lavish Italian opera with a cast of 50 singers (plus two horses, a greyhound, and a flock of pigeons in "walk-on" roles), has been televised by ABC-TV for presentation in all States.

THE opera, by the 19th-century Italian composer Giuseppe Verdi, is the most important production to come from the A.B.C.'s Melbourne studios this year.

"Simone Boccanegra" combines a gripping story with the visual magnificence of the Italian Renaissance period.

Party politics in the 15th-century Italian Republic of Genoa provide the background to the plot.

There is the patrician Fiesco's hatred for the Doge, Simone Boccanegra (John Shaw), because Simone loved Fiesco's daughter, Maria. She died giving birth to a daughter, Amelia, whose existence Simone does not suspect until 25 years later.

Courtier Paolo (Brian Hansford) also hates the Doge, who refuses to give him Amelia's hand in marriage.

Amelia (sung by Nance Grant and played by Audrey Nicholls) loves the young patrician Gabriele (sung by tenor Lorenzo Nolan and played by Robert Pomie), who fights against the Doge and his supporters until he realises that his leader Fiesco's motives are personal, not political.

Jacopo Fiesco is played by bass Keith Nielson, and the part of Pietro is sung by baritone Leslie Cox and played by George Whaley.

The story also called for two chestnut horses, which were borrowed (with their riders) from Melbourne's Mounted Police Force. The two policemen were dressed, like the rest of the cast, in Renaissance-style costumes, and their mounts richly caparisoned.

Pheasant and pigeons were supplied for one scene, but most of them promptly took off for the lighting battens high up in the ceiling of the studio, and stayed there. Only a few appear on camera.

A young greyhound completes the cast of live animals, but two stuffed hunting falcons are used in one scene.

Magnificent sets of the Fieschi Palace, the Council Chamber, the Grimaldi Gardens, and the Doge's Palace were designed by Trevor Ling.

The 100 colorful Italian Renaissance-style costumes were also designed by Trevor Ling and made by Keith Clark. John Shaw and Audrey Nicholls have four changes of costume, Robert Pomie has three.

The fabrics are richly colored and embroidered, and many were screen-printed to achieve the right effect.

John Shaw, who has the title role, is an Australian baritone who has been a principal at Covent Garden Opera House in London since 1958. He recently completed a concert tour of Australia for the A.B.C.

Immediately after videotaping "Simone Boccanegra" in Melbourne (his first appearance in this opera, and his first Australian TV performance), John Shaw left for an 11-week season with the San Francisco Opera Company.

Nance Grant began her singing career in operetta and musical comedy. In 1957 she won the Mobil Quest and was a finalist in the Sun Aria contest. She was a winner of the A.B.C. concerto and vocal contest in 1960.

Popular tenor Lorenzo Nolan came to Australia with the Italian Opera Company in 1948 and settled in Melbourne. He has appeared in several TV productions, including "The Consul" and the variety series "Let's Make a Date."

This is the first opera role for ballet dancers Audrey Nicholls and Robert Pomie.

Audrey has been with the ballet of HSV7's variety show "Sunnyside Up" for five years, and was recently in the ballet "The Spider's Banquet" on ABC-TV.

Morocco-born Robert Pomie, who has been both a boxer and a paratrooper, first came to Australia in 1957 to tour with the Borovansky Ballet Company.

He danced in Perth and Melbourne during The Australian Ballet season, and appeared on television in the ballet "The Web," for which he did the choreography.

"Simone Boccanegra," produced by Christopher Muir, will be shown on ABV2 Melbourne at 8 p.m. on Sunday, October 13, and later in all other States.

—MARGARET BERKELEY

THE DOGE OF GENOA (John Shaw) in the rich Renaissance-style robes designed by Trevor Ling. These pictures were taken by our staff photographer Jonathan Evetts.

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Joy Adamson's latest "lion" book

FOREVER FREE

The story of Elsa's death and the fate of her children

JOY ADAMSON with JESPAH, the natural leader of the cubs, a few days before they disappeared.

● Found in the bush as a cub, Elsa the lioness was brought up as a friend, rather than as a pet, in the Kenya home of Joy and George Adamson. Released to the wild when she was three, she mated with a wild lion and had three cubs, Jespah, Gopa, and Little Elsa. But though the pride had the run of the surrounding bush, they lived in almost daily, friendly contact with the Adamsons. Their story to this point has been told in Joy's two previous books. Now her third, "Forever Free," begins with trouble clouds for Elsa and her young family:

ELSA'S THREE CUBS, Jespah, Gopa, and Little Elsa, at her grave on March 3, 1961. She had died on January 24. Later, rare aloes with whitish flowers were planted nearby.

"Guardians to the motherless cubs"

● On Christmas Eve, 1960, we received a letter from the African District Council ordering us to remove Elsa and her cubs from the reserve. The reason given was that since Elsa was used to our company she might become a danger to other people.

FIRST INSTALMENT

(From "FOREVER FREE," by Joy Adamson. Collins and Harvill Press, London.)

WE were amazed; the local authorities themselves had helped us to choose the area for her release, and up to now had regarded her as a great asset to the reserve.

It had been her home for two and a half years, and she had never hurt anyone

We were as anxious as they to avoid the possibility of an accident, and had even offered to pay a good rent for Elsa's territory, so that visitors could be kept out of it without financial loss to the game reserve.

Now, with the arrival of the deportation order, all we could do was to try to make this removal as little harmful to the lions as possible and find a satisfactory new home for them.

We wrote to friends in Tanganyika, Uganda, the Rhodesias, and South Africa, inquiring what the chances were of finding a good territory for the family in their countries, but, before finally deciding to remove Elsa and her family from Kenya, George wished to carry out a reconnaissance along the eastern shores of Lake Rudolf in the north of Kenya.

I was distressed by this plan. The country there is very grim, and I feared that game around the lake might be so scarce that Elsa and the cubs would become dependent upon us for their food supply.

Besides, the area is so remote that in an emergency we should be very lucky to get any help.

On the other hand, the very remoteness was an asset, for the fact that this country is inhospitable and almost cut off from the rest of Africa would at least ensure that the lions would be unlikely to become a pawn in political intrigues.

So, while we waited for replies to our letters, we made provisional plans for their removal to Lake Rudolf.

We estimated that the journey would take two or three days and nights; we knew that the tracks would be very rough and that we should need to tow the cars through sandy river-beds, stretches of desert, and over rocky escarpments.

When we had first moved Elsa to her release point we had used a tranquilliser which proved too strong for her. Now she and her cubs

Continued on page 50

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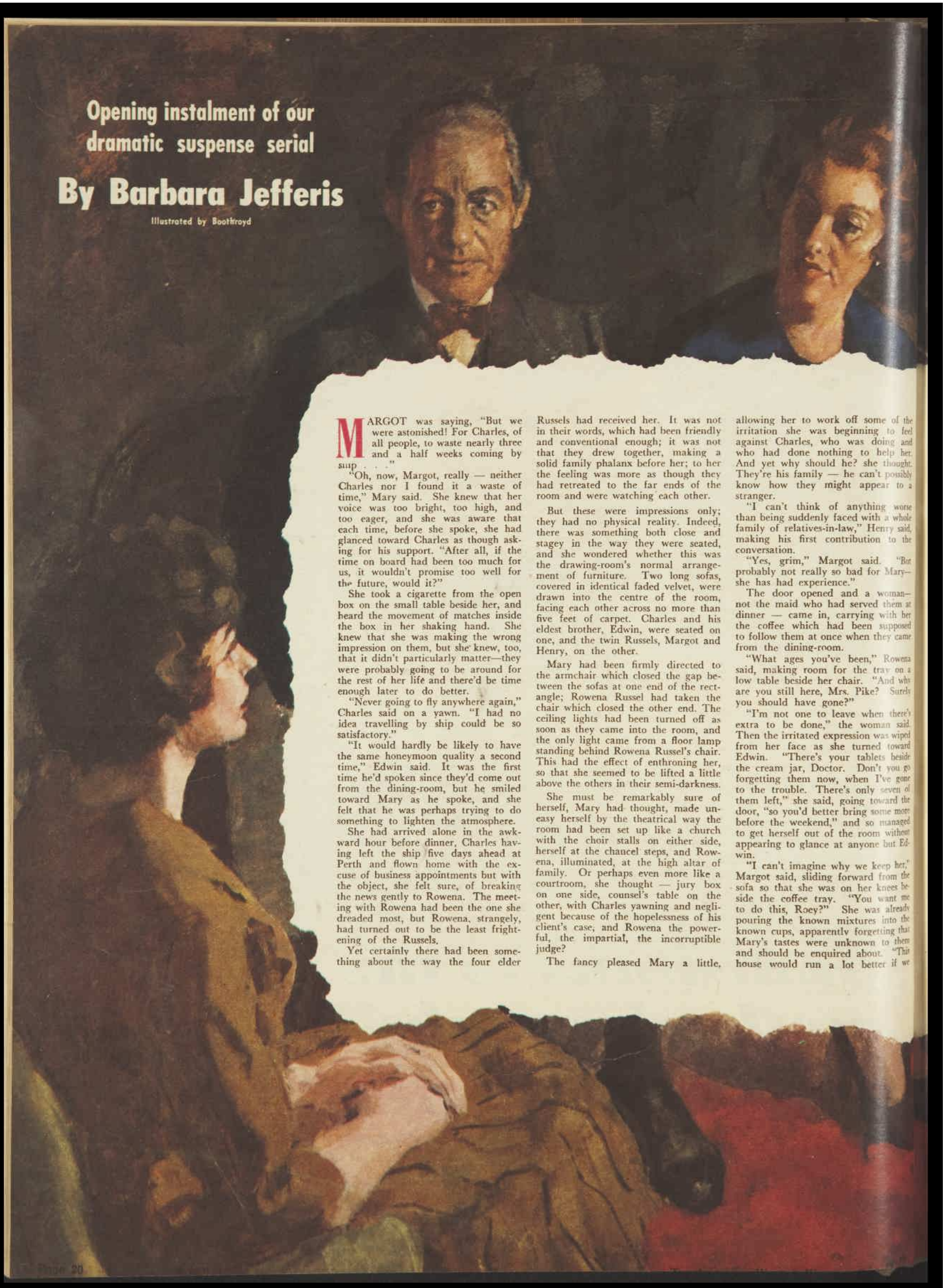
Opening instalment of our dramatic suspense serial

By Barbara Jefferis

Illustrated by Bootkroyd



MARGOT was saying, "But we were astonished! For Charles, of all people, to waste nearly three and a half weeks coming by ship . . ."

"Oh, now, Margot, really — neither Charles nor I found it a waste of time," Mary said. She knew that her voice was too bright, too high, and too eager, and she was aware that each time, before she spoke, she had glanced toward Charles as though asking for his support. "After all, if the time on board had been too much for us, it wouldn't promise too well for the future, would it?"

She took a cigarette from the open box on the small table beside her, and heard the movement of matches inside the box in her shaking hand. She knew that she was making the wrong impression on them, but she knew, too, that it didn't particularly matter—they were probably going to be around for the rest of her life and there'd be time enough later to do better.

"Never going to fly anywhere again," Charles said on a yawn. "I had no idea travelling by ship could be so satisfactory."

"It would hardly be likely to have the same honeymoon quality a second time," Edwin said. It was the first time he'd spoken since they'd come out from the dining-room, but he smiled toward Mary as he spoke, and she felt that he was perhaps trying to do something to lighten the atmosphere.

She had arrived alone in the awkward hour before dinner, Charles having left the ship five days ahead at Perth and flown home with the excuse of business appointments but with the object, she felt sure, of breaking the news gently to Rowena. The meeting with Rowena had been the one she dreaded most, but Rowena, strangely, had turned out to be the least frightening of the Russels.

Yet certainly there had been something about the way the four elder Russels had received her. It was not in their words, which had been friendly and conventional enough; it was not that they drew together, making a solid family phalanx before her; to her the feeling was more as though they had retreated to the far ends of the room and were watching each other.

But these were impressions only; they had no physical reality. Indeed, there was something both close and stagey in the way they were seated, and she wondered whether this was the drawing-room's normal arrangement of furniture. Two long sofas, covered in identical faded velvet, were drawn into the centre of the room, facing each other across no more than five feet of carpet. Charles and his eldest brother, Edwin, were seated on one, and the twin Russels, Margot and Henry, on the other.

Mary had been firmly directed to the armchair which closed the gap between the sofas at one end of the rectangle; Rowena Russel had taken the chair which closed the other end. The ceiling lights had been turned off as soon as they came into the room, and the only light came from a floor lamp standing behind Rowena Russel's chair. This had the effect of enthroning her, so that she seemed to be lifted a little above the others in their semi-darkness.

She must be remarkably sure of herself, Mary had thought, made uneasy herself by the theatrical way the room had been set up like a church with the choir stalls on either side, herself at the chancel steps, and Rowena, illuminated, at the high altar of family. Or perhaps even more like a courtroom, she thought — jury box on one side, counsel's table on the other, with Charles yawning and negligent because of the hopelessness of his client's case, and Rowena the powerful, the impartial, the incorruptible judge?

The fancy pleased Mary a little, allowing her to work off some of the irritation she was beginning to feel against Charles, who was doing and who had done nothing to help her. And yet why should he? she thought. They're his family — he can't possibly know how they might appear to a stranger.

"I can't think of anything worse than being suddenly faced with a whole family of relatives-in-law," Henry said, making his first contribution to the conversation.

"Yes, grim," Margot said. "But probably not really so bad for Mary—she has had experience."

The door opened and a woman—not the maid who had served them at dinner — came in, carrying with her the coffee which had been supposed to follow them at once when they came from the dining-room.

"What ages you've been," Rowena said, making room for the tray on a low table beside her chair. "And why are you still here, Mrs. Pike? Surely you should have gone?"

"I'm not one to leave when there's extra to be done," the woman said. Then the irritated expression was wiped from her face as she turned toward Edwin. "There's your tablets beside the cream jar, Doctor. Don't you go forgetting them now, when I've gone to the trouble. There's only seven of them left," she said, going toward the door, "so you'd better bring some more before the weekend," and so managed to get herself out of the room without appearing to glance at anyone but Edwin.

"I can't imagine why we keep her," Margot said, sliding forward from the sofa so that she was on her knees beside the coffee tray. "You want me to do this, Roey?" She was already pouring the known mixtures into the known cups, apparently forgetting that Mary's tastes were unknown to them and should be enquired about. "This house would run a lot better if we

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The Wild Grapes

could get someone human, instead of Mrs. Pike."

"Curiosity kept her," Edwin said. "She couldn't bear to go home without having a look at you, Mary, especially as Madge had already been in and made a report on you. Your appearance and character are being dissected in the kitchen now."

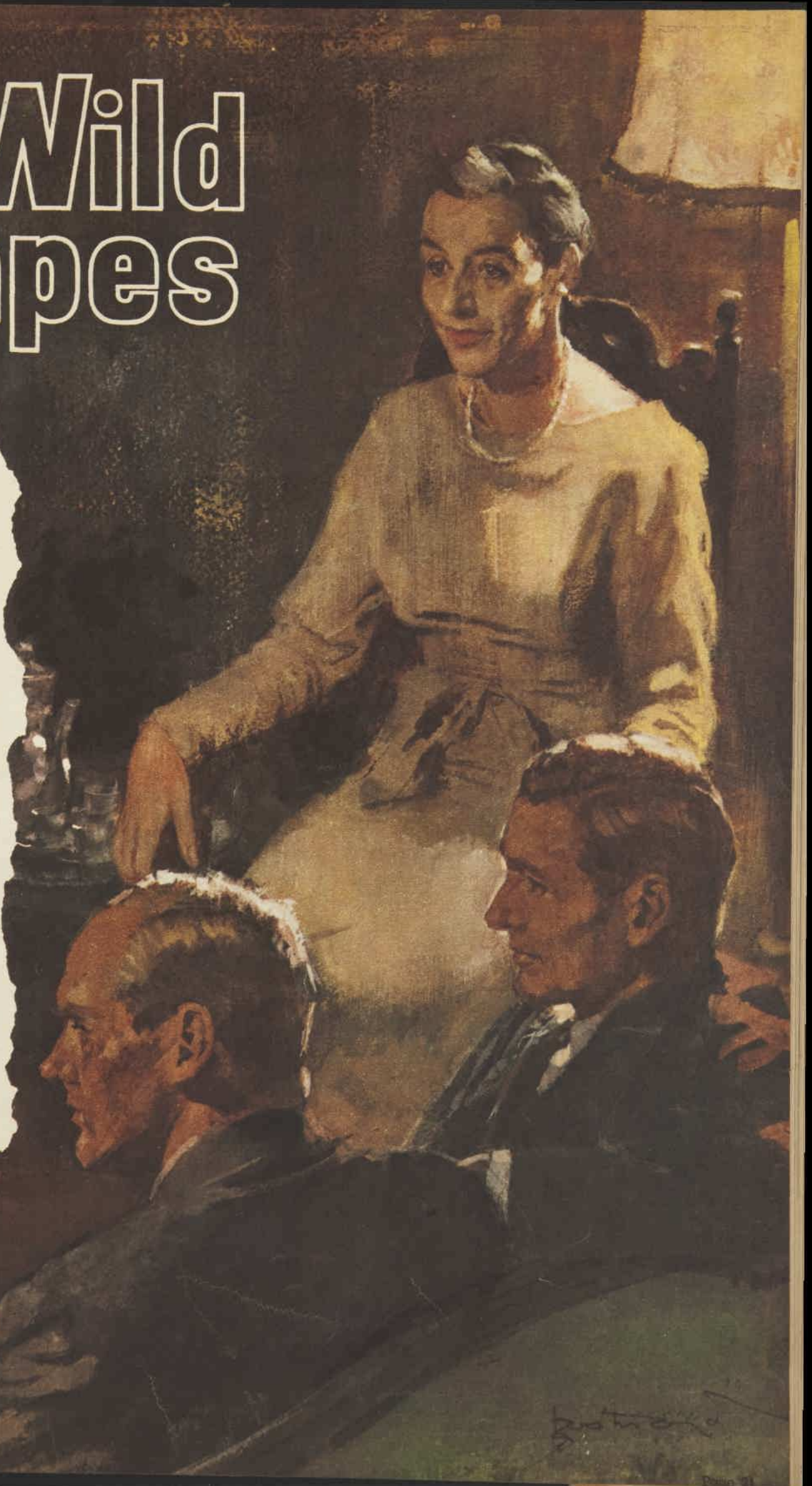
Mary gave a small, false-sounding laugh. With part of her mind she felt sure that Edwin had meant nothing by the remark, but, for all that, a week's thought could not have provided him with anything to say that could have embarrassed her more. It underlined for her the feeling that she was up against some sort of solid opposition, as though the entire Russel establishment, even down to the cook, was exercising some right to sit in judgment.

"Mary takes cream but no sugar," Charles said loudly, ignoring the cup of coffee Margot was offering him.

"Oh, darling, I'm sorry; how horribly rude of me," Margot said, turning toward her without getting up from her knees. "We're an appalling family of old maids—you'll just have to give a loud 'Hoi' every now and again to make us notice you're here."

In her new position on the floor, Margot was within the pool of light made by the standard lamp. She was wearing a plainly cut silk suit, against which the dark red of her hair took on an unreal lustre in the lamplight. She is by far the best-looking and most deadly of them, Mary thought, and then couldn't imagine why she had thought such a thing. They are four middle-aged people with lives of their own, and no particular interest in ours, except the interest anyone would take in the marriage of a very much younger brother, she told herself.

To page 64



Mary felt on trial, fancying Rowena the judge, Henry and Margot the jury, and Edwin and Charles as opposing counsel.

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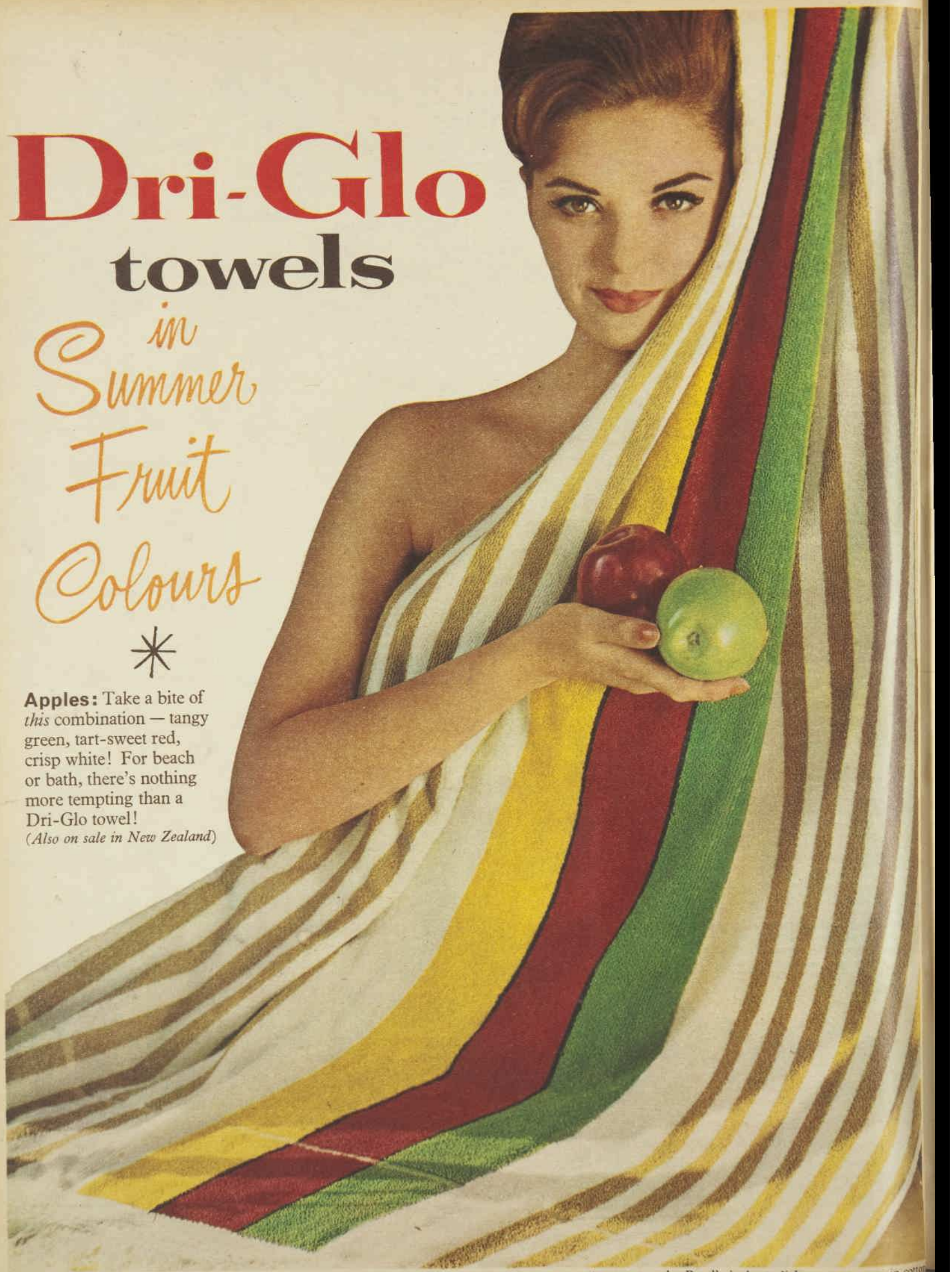

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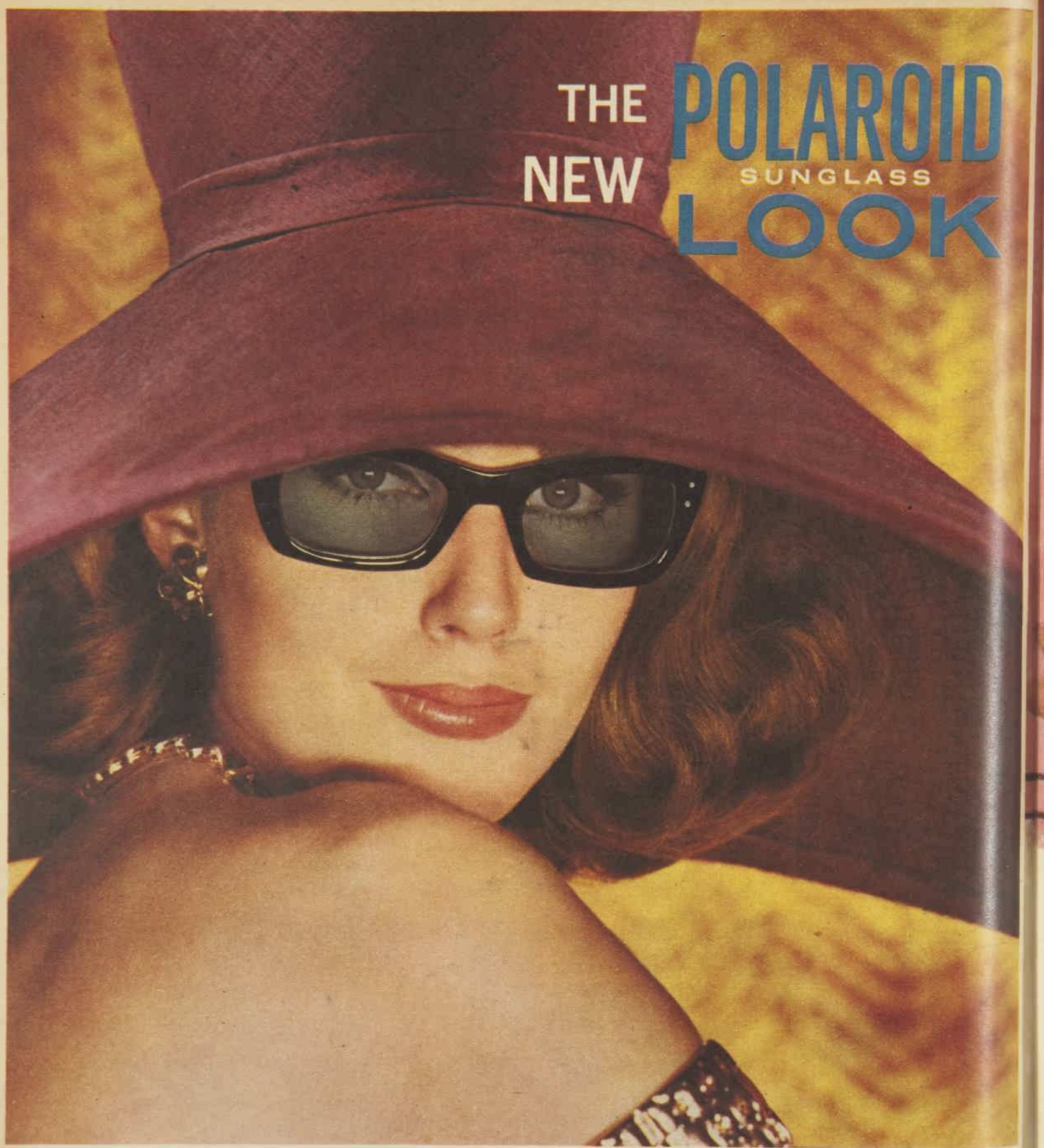

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A MAN, A MOUSE AND A GIRL

Sometimes it is not only the mouse that finds itself caught in a trap . . . a light-hearted short story

By RICHARD MARTIN STERN

THERE was no one to meet his plane, of course. But now that the end was in sight he really didn't mind. The time of decision was staring him in the face, and things didn't seem quite so clear and simple as they had back on that ice floe. So, without resentment, he hitched a ride in a Navy truck as far as Brooklyn, and then took two subways, an hour bus ride, and was almost home. Sam Tyson, Ph.D., full beard, sea-bag, and suitcase, had arrived.

Herb Collins at the village gas station was the first to see him, and Herb said, "Hi, Doc." And then, studying beard and impedimenta, "Hey, you been away? Where you been?"

Sam said truthfully, "The North Pole," and walked on.

His little house looked just the same, and he hoped that Murphy had come over to run his car a few miles every week, as she had promised, to keep the battery up and the tyres in shape. He supposed she had. Murphy was sometimes snippety, but dependable.

He didn't even bother to unpack his gear, except to dig out his notes and the carved walrus tusk, because he had fought this all out with his conscience and decided he had to report in first to the observatory, and then he could see about the other personal matter, which was, naturally, Paulie. A man sat on a floating cake of ice for three months, and he had lots of time to think things through.

His car started right up and ran fine. And at the observatory nothing was changed, not that he had really anticipated change. Murphy was at her desk next to Sam's, with a log-log duplex slide rule in her small hands, and a frown on her face, and pages of calculations spread around, and she looked up and saw him and said, "Just a minute," and scribbled figures furiously, and then, at last, leaned back in her chair.

"Well, well," she said. "Dig the beaver." And, "Did the Eskimos swoon over it? The female Eskimos, of course."

Sam said there had been comments both pro and con, and wanted to let it go at that, but Murphy was, and had always been, like a small determined terrier. "Has Paula what's-her-name seen it?" Murphy said.

Sam explained that he'd just got back.

"And you came here first thing?" Murphy's face showed astonishment. "Devotion to duty beyond the call of." And then, "I ran your car up."

"Thank you," Sam said.

To page 59

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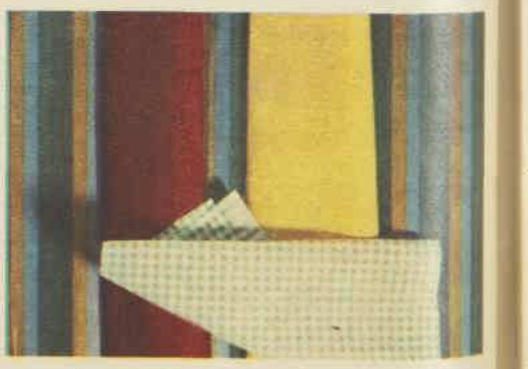
Country Club

FABRIC FESTIVAL



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THAMES CROSSING

It was a battle of wits . . . a story By J. J. MARRIC

SUPERINTENDENT LEMAITRE snapped: "I tell you it's jolly well impossible. He can't do it."

"But he does," Gideon said comfortably. "Too often."

"It's all very well for you to sit behind your desk, complaining," Lemaitre said bitterly. "If you had been out yourself you couldn't have done any better."

"Nowhere I'd rather be than out on the prowl," Gideon said truthfully. Sometimes the burden of responsibility of being a Commander in the Criminal Investigation Department at New Scotland Yard weighed heavily even on his powerful shoulders.

Outwardly nothing perturbed him, however, whereas Lemaitre was a bundle of cockney neuroses. "How many times has Danny Low done this?"

"Three, at least. It's still impossible," Lemaitre wagged the Yard's boniest forefinger in front of the Yard's brightest bow tie—of red and white spots.

"George, you've read the reports. Danny's been seen—seen, I tell you—in Soho, and twenty minutes later he's seen in Lambeth, searched, and found clean. But each time he's made a fortune and vanished into thin air."

Lemaitre prodded a report file with his forefinger. "Forty-seven thousand quids' worth up the spout."

"He does a job about once a month," Gideon observed.

"All he needs, judging from what he picks up," Lemaitre growled. "What are we going to do about it?"

"We're going to wait three weeks," answered Gideon. "Then we're going to have all the Thames bridges and all the Thames tunnels watched. If there's another raid, or if Danny shows up in Soho, we'll put emergency plans into action."

"We might have a hundred men at action stations for weeks!"

"That's right," Gideon said. "That's better than being made laughing stocks for months."

On the first night of the watch Gideon drove from Blackfriars Bridge to Lambeth Bridge, along the Embankment except for the little detour round Parliament Square.

A squad of six men and two women was on duty at the north end of each, ready to put up road blocks if an alarm sounded. A larger squad was waiting on the platforms at Charing Cross Underground station to search any train which came in after an alarm.

From Charing Cross, Gideon walked up the steps to Hungerford Bridge, passing four Yard men on duty, and finding another two at the entrance to the footbridge.

The evening was just beginning to fall. London's lights were making a fairyland of the sprawling city.

The stars and the lamplight reflected on the gentle river as Gideon watched boats of the Thames Division coasting along in case they were summoned to help the men at the bridges and the tunnels.

Lemaitre was at Lambeth Bridge.

"Satisfied, George?" he demanded.

"Seems all right," said Gideon. "There wouldn't be time for Danny to cross at London Bridge or Chelsea Bridge, so it must be one of these."

"If he doesn't fly," Lemaitre said. "I bet you we keep this up for a couple of weeks without any result. And the day we take 'em away, he'll make a raid."

Gideon drove to his Fulham home, keeping to the Embankment as far as Lots Road and the ugly, brooding chimneys of the power station.

His wife was home, looking at television. He told her what he had been doing.

"I hope it comes off, dear," Kate said.

The next night Gideon was on edge for news from the river, but none came. The night after, he was nearly as edgy; but that night passed quietly, too.

After a week's silent watching Lemaitre made pointed references to the fact that Soho was becoming even more vice-ridden because it wasn't being policed properly; the police were elsewhere.

On the tenth day an Assistant Commissioner, an understanding man, sent for Gideon.

"Think we can afford to keep this watch on the bridges any longer, George?"

"I think we've got to If we want to catch Danny," Gideon replied.

"Can't neglect the other parts of London too long," said the A.C. "Let's give it another week."

To page 63

"I tell you it's impossible," Lemaitre said emphatically to George Gideon.

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The Best Years

Julie and her husband learnt that life can be sweet at all ages . . . a short short story

By ANNE BROCK

JULIE sat in the sunlight in the open doorway and looked out at the evening. Through the trees the sun slanted down in golden shafts, gilding the ends of the branches. The air was calm and still, sweet with the scent of the grass and the trees, and the wet earth where Tom, her husband, had hosed not long before. She could see his white head down at the bottom of the garden, where he bent over, carefully tending the young plants he had put in a couple of days previously.

She sighed in contentment. It all was so right, just as it should be. Peace and serenity seemed to soak into her with the warmth from the sun. Truly, she thought, these are the best years. An idea struck her, and she smiled. Those same words again. All my life I seem to have been saying "These are the best years."

She remembered a small self running across a road and down a street, running for the joy of it, with bounding leaps, her short skirt above her thighs, the air crisp and clear, the sun warm and bright. As she ran she glanced occasionally at the grown-ups who walked, and thought to herself—how slow they are, how dull and heavy! I shall never be like that—always I shall leap and run, and let the wind blow my hair. The older Julie smiled—how that child would be shocked to see me now, perfectly content to sit in a chair.

Another Julie came before her eyes. A young girl, her hair soft and loose about her face, her eyes bright with excitement, her feet with a life of their own led on by the rhythm of music. All around her were other young girls in their bright, filmy dresses, and young men nervous and uncomfortable in their best suits.

How many times did I fall in love in those years, Julie thought, in love with the idea of being loved, or of loving. It always seemed to be sunny in those years or when it rained there was the warm glow of a fire and young company, and voices joined in laughing song.

Often I would look at the other faces lit by the fire's glow and think life will never be like this again. These were the best years. Julie smiled, remembering walks in the autumn with a tall fair boy who had a gentle, shy smile. I'll always have a soft spot for that kind of smile. I wonder what happened to him? Did he find the happiness I have? Or is he dead and gone? I don't suppose I'll ever know.

Then came Tom, and she knew this was where her path lay. The courting days — sitting on a ferry with her head on his shoulder and thinking I'll be able to think of this night when I have grandchildren. And so I do, my dear, so I do, Julie assured her younger self. The wedding, her white dress, the organ and church, and the old minister with a solemn voice and an impish twinkle in his eyes.

And the way Tom kissed her so fervently in front of them all that all she could do was blush furiously and hide her face in his shirt front. Even her children in later years teased her about that.

The young married years — lying in a hospital bed and receiving a tiny red-faced bundle in her arms, feeling the love and happiness well up in her till her eyes were full of tears.

"Blessed is the child through all the years,
Crowned by his mother's happy tears."

All mine must be so blessed, Julie thought, each one of them. And Tom was so proud, so pleased. I remember how they looked in his big hands when he lifted them up. Tiny, yet somehow cherished by those hands. What a time that was. There was never enough money, or room in the house, or time to do what we wanted, but still we were happy.

We made such great plans, yet we weren't really disappointed when they never came true. The house rang with children's voices, and laughter, and song — and always I thought — these are the best years of our lives. There were the sadnesses, of course, there always are. A child who died, and illness, and pain, but these things drew us closer together, made us cling tighter to that warmth that was ours.

A person who has never been in the dark can never appreciate light, Julie thought, and sorrow makes joy seem greater. Truly, what light we had then, a golden light of love and tenderness . . . they were golden years.

There were the years when the children were growing and at school or work and the days were long and quiet. What a time to discover I could act! Julie smiled at the recollection. Collecting accents like postage stamps because they might come in handy in a play. Rehearsing at night in the cold draughty hall a ball scene, with an overcoat on and her feet in fur-lined boots. Tom hearing her lines and coaching her while she peeled the vegetables for tea.

But, best of all, opening night, when she came forward to receive her bouquet along with the others and found the audience applauding loudly. Always she would look down to the front row and there was Tom, his eyes shining with pride. She always felt like telling the audience, "It's not me you should be applauding, it's him, he showed me how to do it." Ah, yes, they were good years.

One by one the children grew up and went their own ways, but always there was one heart-thread tied to home. She didn't mind their going, not really, for she'd found that the best way to hold on to love was to let it go free. Now, at last, Julie thought, we are back where we started, just the two of us, Tom and I. But what joy we have now in each other.

Often we don't even need words. A smile, a glance, and a touch of the hands and we understand each other. We have time to see what the little children see, but to appreciate it more. We see ourselves again in our children and our grand-children. Yes, truly, Julie smiled, these are the best years.

A shadow fell over her where she sat in the doorway and she looked up to see Tom standing in front of her, his eyes fond and smiling.

"Dreaming, Mother?"

"Yes, dear, just dreaming. You must be tired after working so long. Come inside and we'll have a nice cup of tea."

When they had gone inside the sun shone on the chair where Julie had sat, dreaming.

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If you're thinking of a new camera to shoot colour pictures, ask your Dealer to show you the popular Kodak-made Brownie Starflash. It's a neat all-in-one unit with in-built flash — ideal for indoor or outdoor colorsnaps as well as black-and-white. Takes colour slides, too. The price is only £4.17.6 for the camera or £5.17.6 for the camera outfit, complete with camera, flashbulbs, batteries, and films, in an attractive presentation box.

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COTTON GOES COUTURE: 1964 PREVIEW

SUPERB wedding dress in white ribbed pique (above). The cotton flowers on the pillbox headdress are repeated on the below-elbow sleeves. Design by Belinda Belville, London.

● **An Australian preview of British couture cottons, styled to elegance by internationally known designers, was held in Melbourne recently. London couturiers Belinda Belville and Clive, Louis Ferand of Paris, and Capucci of Paris and Rome, created a collection using fabrics from the British Cotton Board Color, Design, and Style Centre's display for 1964. The collection was brought to Australia four weeks after the Paris showing.**

Continued overleaf

SLENDER self-sashed dress and matching jacket (left) in peony-pink. The unusual fabric is water-repellent duck. Ensemble by Clive, the straw basin-shaped hat by Graham Smith.

ELEGANT town coat and matching blown-up beret (right) made in vivid yellow cotton velvet. The easy-fit coat is finished with a round collar and floppy artist bow. Design by Louis Ferand.

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ROSE GREY: For rose grey tonings on grey or white hair.

AZTEC COPPER: For copper lights on all shades of brown hair.

CARIBBEAN GOLD: For golden highlights on all shades of light brown or blonde hair.

CALYPSO BROWN: For rich brown highlights on all shades of brown hair.

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RICH BURGUNDY: For rich burgundy lights on all shades of brown and black hair.

SIERRA HAZE: For fashionable smoke tonings on all shades of brown and black hair. Adds a mauve-grey haze to dark hair flecked with grey.

GRANADA CHERRY: For rich cherry highlights on all shades of brown and black hair.

SILVER MINK: For silvery tonings on grey, streaked or white hair.

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NEW TRENDS AND COLORS IN COTTON

SLACK SUIT and matching hat (left) made in green and brown shot cotton denim. The saddle-stitched trim on the jacket is repeated on the hat. Design by Louis Ferand of Paris.

STRAIGHT-CUT shift (right) in lilac cotton is fastened at sides and shoulders with lilac buttons. The pale beige straw hat is banded in lilac. Design by Italian couturier Roberto Capucci of Paris and Rome.

CHIC dinner suit in white printed cotton (above) worn with a strapless re-embroidered lace top. The jacket is worn open, the skirt is slender. Design by Louis Ferand.

WHITE COTTON printed in large smudgy spots is the fabric choice for the evening dress (left). A white pique collar and cascade of pink voile trim the bodice-top. Design by Louis Ferand.

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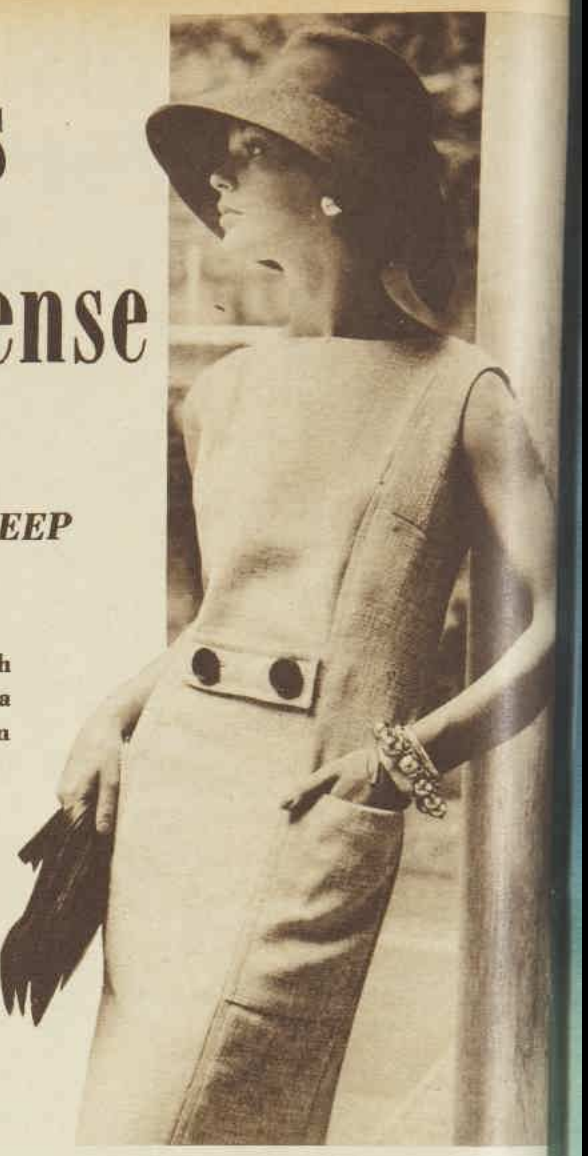
Dress Sense

By
BETTY KEEP



● This semi-fit sheath dress was chosen for a young married woman who asked for a basic pattern to make in several different fabrics.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

"Could I have a style for a sheath dress suitable for a fairly heavyweight rayon? Also for pure linen? I want to make one style sleeveless and the other with short set-in sleeves. I take a 36in. bust size. Please let me know the amount of material required for the frock you choose."

The sheath dress (right) can be made sleeveless with a tab finish and with short sleeves minus the tab. The sleeveless design requires 3⅜yds. 36in. material and the dress with sleeves 3½yds. 36in. material. See further details and how to order pattern beside the sketch.

"My daughter, aged 16, is attending a formal dance, and as I am making the frock I wondered if you would suggest a fairly simple style. The fabric is a pale lemon taffeta. What color shoes should she have; should they be in a leather or something softer?"

I suggest a dress with a softly gathered or bell-shaped skirt in ankle length. Have the bodice sleeveless and finished with an oval neckline and have it joined to the bodice at the natural waistline. Finish the waist with a ribbon sash bow tied at centre front and finished with long streamer ends.

Either white satin shoes or satin shoes dyed to match the color of the dress would be correct.

"I want to make a floral frock and wondered if you could tell me the newest colors."

There are numbers of fascinating color combinations in spring prints. Perhaps the most popular are varying shades of orange and pink.

"Would you advise me of the newest style for a jacket and frock outfit, and a suggestion for the fabric and color?"

A jacket taken from a French peasant smock worn over a narrow sleeveless sheath is the newest silhouette for a jacket-dress ensemble. Have the jacket finished with a yoke and self-banded below elbow-length sleeves. Suitable material would be shantung or linen. Color suggestion—pale orange, pink, or honey beige.

2272.—Semi-fit sheath dress; the pattern includes sleeveless and short-sleeved design. Sizes 31 to 36in. bust. Butterick Pattern 2272, price 6/-, includes postage. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I have made a black crepe after-5 frock. The skirt has a side drape ending in a small floating panel. The bodice is fitting, as the neckline is high and round, but the frock does not look dressy enough. Could you suggest some detail to make it more formal?"

By just cutting the bodice top into a deeply scooped-out back, the dress will be dressy enough for many evening engagements.

"I am five months pregnant, and as I have to accompany my husband to a business dinner I would like your advice about a suitable frock. I have some sheer in a floral and I want just a soft, pretty style."

I suggest a flared dress with a shoulder yoke finished with a cowl-draped neckline. Finish the design at back with a floating panel of self-material joined into the yoke seams.

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Omega Seamaster de Ville: the elegant, slender timepiece that is also a high-precision sports watch. Movement winds itself. Case seals out water and dust. Calendar changes automatically at midnight. As illustrated: In 18 ct. gold, £145. 14 ct. gold capped, £80. Stainless Steel, £65. Other Seamaster de Ville models from £42.10.0.

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This great advance is due to a remarkable new, one-piece watch-case, which has no detachable back and is therefore much slimmer. Inside it Omega craftsmen have been able to place not only a strong, shock-protected, high-precision movement, but also a self-winding mechanism and automatic calendar.

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And, wherever you may live, wherever you may travel, you will find Omega service close at hand.

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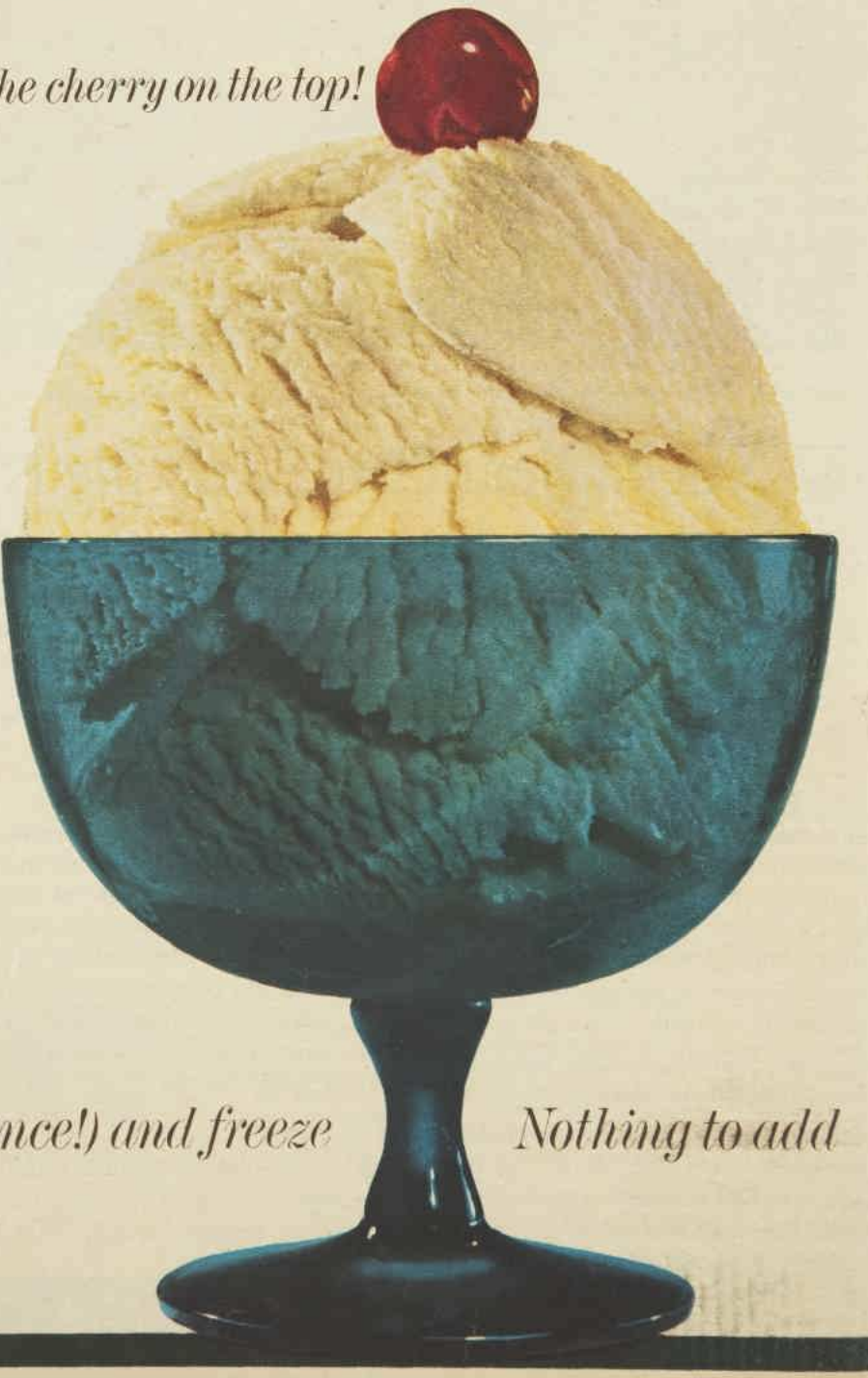

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That cherry? It's just for fun.

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SUMMERTIME DESSERTS AND DRINKS

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

● ***A light main course, a delicious dessert, a cool drink to follow is the pleasant plan for most summertime meals.***

HERE is a selection of refreshing drinks and cool desserts which are easy to prepare and designed to add glamor to any meal.

Spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure has been used:

COOL DESSERTS

STRAWBERRY MACAROON TART

One small brick vanilla ice-cream, 2 macaroons, 1 tablespoon brandy or orange juice, ½ pint cream, extra whipped cream, chopped toasted almonds, Hot Strawberry Sauce (recipe below), 1 baked 9in. pastry shell (use biscuit pastry).

Soften ice-cream slightly. Stir in crumbled macaroons and brandy or orange juice. Whip cream until thick, fold into ice-cream mixture. Spoon into baked, cooled pie shell, spreading until filling is even. Freeze until firm, about 4 to 5 hours, or overnight. When ready to serve, spoon extra whipped cream in decorative fashion on top, sprinkle with almonds. Cut into wedges to serve and top each serving with a spoonful of sauce.

Hot Strawberry Sauce: One packet quick-frozen strawberries, thawed and sliced, sugar to taste, 1 tablespoon brandy or orange juice.

Mix sauce just before serving. Put berries in saucepan with sugar to taste, simmer until just heated through. Remove from heat, stir in brandy or orange juice. Serve at once.

CHOCOLATE TALL-TALES—ice-cream teamed with sherried macaroons and a rich chocolate syrup. For special effect, top with loaf sugar dipped in heated brandy, and flame.

CHOCOLATE TALL-TALES

One large tray bought or home-made ice-cream, 1 packet macaroons, 1 cup chocolate-flavored syrup (see below), loaf sugar, ¼ cup brandy, ¼ cup sweet sherry.

Fill stem or base of glasses with chocolate flavoring, top with scoops of ice-cream and sherry-soaked macaroons. Pour a little more chocolate flavoring over ice-cream. Top with loaf sugar dipped in warmed brandy. Flame just before serving.

Chocolate Syrup: Combine ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup cocoa, pinch salt, mixed spice and cinnamon. Blend smoothly with ¾ cup boiling water. Bring slowly to boiling point, stirring constantly. Simmer 5 minutes; cool. Add 2 tablespoons honey and ½ teaspoon vanilla essence. Store in covered container in refrigerator.

MOCHA ICE-CREAM DESSERT

One dessertspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold water, ½ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, pinch salt, 1½ cups boiling water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 egg-whites, ice-cream.

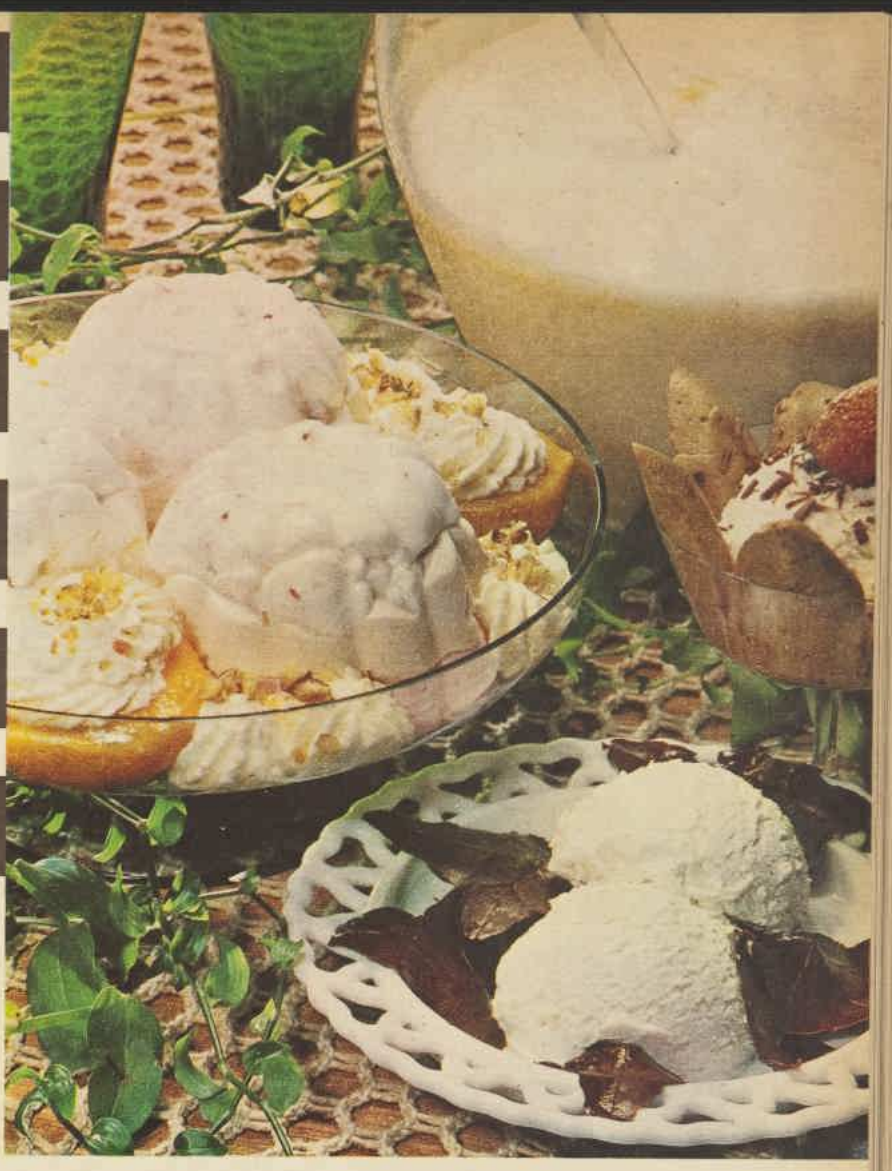
Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine sugar, coffee, cocoa, and salt. Add boiling water and softened gelatine, stir until mixture is smooth and gelatine and cocoa are completely dissolved; add vanilla. Refrigerate until mixture is slightly thicker than unbeaten egg-white. Add unbeaten egg-whites, then with mixer at high speed beat until mixture is a light coffee color.

Spoon into individual serving-dishes; refrigerate until firm. Serve topped with a scoop of ice-cream. Or, for a special effect as shown in picture above, set mixture in boat-shaped patty-tins, refrigerate until firm. Turn out and arrange in flower petal fash'on around edge of serving-dishes. Put a scoop of ice-cream in centre, top with grated chocolate and a strawberry.

PINEAPPLE CRUNCH TORTONI

One small can pineapple titbits, ¼ cup pineapple syrup, ½ cup sugar, 3 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 tablespoon sweet sherry (optional), ½ cup chopped toasted almonds, ½ pint cream, ½ cup chopped shredded coconut, extra coconut.

Combine pineapple syrup with sugar in small saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Simmer 5 minutes. Beat egg-yolks in top half of double boiler, gradually add hot syrup, beating steadily. Put over hot water, stir until thickened. Add vanilla and sweet sherry; cool. Fold in almonds, shredded coconut, half the pineapple (well drained), and stiffly whipped cream. Fill into a big sweets dish or individual glasses, chill until serving time. To serve: Pile remaining pineapple on top and sprinkle a little extra shredded coconut over.



NEAPOLITAN CREAMS, Mocha Ice-Cream Dessert, Apricot Cream Shake—these are some of the special recipes given in this feature. See below how easy it is to make Chocolate Leaves, an attractive garnish for ice-cream.

CHOCOLATE SPARKLE SQUARES

Two ounces chocolate (chopped), ½ cup sugar, pinch salt, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons gelatine, ¾ cup cold water, 1 cup chopped raisins or dates, ½ cup sliced cherries (fresh or glace), ¼ cup finely chopped peel, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup chopped nuts, ½ pint cream, 2 egg-whites, mint sprigs, more cherries.

Combine chocolate, sugar, salt, and milk in top half of double boiler. Stir over hot water until chocolate melts. Soften gelatine in cold water. When chocolate mixture has cooled slightly, mix in gelatine. Stir until gelatine is dissolved. Add raisins, cherries, peel, vanilla, and nuts. Chill until beginning to thicken. Fold in half cream (whipped) and stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill into a large shallow tin, building up sides if necessary with aluminium foil strips. Chill in refrigerator until firm. To serve: Cut into even-sized squares and arrange one on each dessert plate. Top with a spoonful of reserved whipped cream, a mint sprig, and a cherry.

More recipes overleaf

CHOCOLATE LEAVES

Chocolate leaves, a special garnish for ice-cream, cakes, or other desserts, are simple to make with real leaves as a base. Choose well-defined leaves with interesting shapes. Leave about ½in. stem on each leaf, wash and dry.

Heat 4oz. dark chocolate in top of double saucepan until partly melted. Remove from heat, stir until completely melted and smooth. Using a small brush, coat underside of leaves with chocolate about ⅛in. thick. Take care to bring chocolate right to edges, but not over on to top of leaves. Arrange on flat baking sheet, refrigerate until firm. Remove chocolate-coated leaves, one at a time, from refrigerator.

With the stem as handle, carefully peel the leaf from the chocolate. You will have a perfectly formed leaf of pure chocolate to use as pretty garnish round several scoops of ice-cream.

FROSTY DRINKS

FROSTED COFFEE HAWAIIAN

Two cups strong, cold coffee, 1 cup chilled pineapple juice, 1 small tray bought or home-made ice-cream.

Combine ingredients, beat thoroughly with rotary beater or electric blender until mixture is smooth and foamy. Pour into tall glasses.

APRICOT CREAM SHAKE

One small can apricots, 1½ pints milk, ½ pint vanilla ice-cream, few drops orange food coloring.

Press apricots and juice through a sieve. Mix apricot pulp, milk, and coloring together. Place ice-cream scoops in a large jug or basin and pour apricot mixture over. Stir until slightly mixed. Serve well-chilled in tall glasses.

SURFSIDE LEMONADE

One can frozen lemon juice (or juice 6 lemons), 1 can apricot nectar (chilled), 1 can pineapple juice (chilled), 2 small bottles chilled ginger ale, ice-cubes.

Empty canned lemon juice into cold jug (or use fresh lemon juice), add can of water, add remaining fruit juices, then ginger ale and ice-cubes. Serve at once.

PINK CHAMPAGNE

Half cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 cup grapefruit juice, ½ cup orange juice, few drops grenadine essence, 1 large bottle ginger ale (chilled), lemon peel twists, maraschino cherries, ice.

Combine sugar and water in saucepan and simmer, uncovered, stirring constantly until sugar dissolves, about 3 minutes. Cool, mix with fruit juices and essence and fill into punch bowl; chill. Just before serving add ginger ale, pouring slowly down side of bowl. Serve over ice in tall glasses. Trim each with peel and cherry.

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A·S·T AMERICAN SLIMMING TABLETS

SUMMER DESSERTS

Continued from previous page

NEAPOLITAN CREAMS

One dessertspoon gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup boiling water, 4 egg-whites, 6 glace cherries, 1 tablespoon chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon grated chocolate, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, few drops red food coloring, sliced peaches, ice-cream or whipped cream, chopped nuts.

Soak gelatine in cold water until softened, add boiling water, stir until dissolved. Allow to cool but not set. Beat egg-whites stiffly, add sugar gradually, beating well. Beat gelatine mixture in a little at a time; beat until thick. Divide quickly into three parts. Add lemon juice to one part, beat until thick and nearly set. Add chopped cherries, pour a layer into wetted individual small moulds. To second part add ½ teaspoon vanilla and the chocolate dissolved in a little hot water. Beat well, pour on top of white mixture. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla, pink coloring, and walnuts to third part. Beat until thick, pour on top of chocolate mixture. Chill until firm. Serve with halved peaches, whipped cream or ice-cream, sprinkle with nuts.

PEPPERMINT PRINCESS CAKE

Half cup crushed peppermint candy, 12 marshmallows, ½ pint cream, ½ cup chopped walnuts, pink food coloring, 1 cup crushed biscuit crumbs, butter.

Put peppermint candy in cloth bag, pound with small mallet until well crushed. Cut marshmallows into small pieces with scissors dipped occasionally in hot water to stop sticking. Whip cream until quite stiff, then fold in peppermint candy, marshmallows, and walnuts. Color lightly with pink coloring. Butter a small loaf-tin and press crumbs over base and sides. Fill with prepared mixture and sprinkle with any remaining crumbs. Chill in refrigerator at least 12 hours before serving. Cut into thin slices, and if desired top with cream.

HAZELNUT TORTE/ BRANDIED PEACHES

Hazelnut Torte: One cup finely crushed biscuit or cereal crumbs, ½ cup moist shredded coconut, ½ cup finely chopped hazelnuts, 4 egg-whites, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup sugar.

Combine crushed cereal, coconut, and hazelnuts. Beat egg-whites with salt and vanilla until foamy, gradually add sugar, and continue beating until mixture forms stiff peaks. Fold in cereal mixture carefully and spread into a well-greased 9in. tart-plate. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Cool.

Brandied Peaches: One large can peach halves, 1 cup sugar, 4 pieces preserved ginger, 6 cloves, ½ cup brandy, sweetened whipped cream, little extra brandy, extra few chopped hazelnuts.

Brandied peaches should be prepared at least one day before use. Heat peaches in their own syrup. Remove peaches and boil syrup rapidly until it is reduced to half. Add sugar, ginger, and cloves; simmer until thick. Remove from heat, add brandy. Pour syrup mixture over peaches, cover securely so no fragrance escapes.

To serve: Pile brandied peaches in centre of torte, top liberally with whipped cream sweetened to taste and flavored with a little brandy. Sprinkle chopped hazelnuts over.

PEACH-ALMOND FLAMBE

Four peach halves, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon sliced toasted almonds, 1½oz. Cointreau, 2½oz. rum, 4 scoops of vanilla ice-cream, 4 thin rounds of sponge cake.

Saute peaches in butter and brown sugar. Add almonds, Cointreau, and rum. Simmer a minute or two, then flame. Mount scoops of ice-cream on small sponge cake rounds, ladle the flaming peaches over them. Serves 4.

MARBLE JELLY CUSTARD MOULD

One tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 pint milk, 3 tablespoons custard powder, 2oz. sugar, half packet raspberry jelly crystals, ½ packet lime jelly crystals, ¾ pint hot water.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Scald ¾ pint of the milk with sugar, add to custard powder previously blended with remainder of cold milk. Stir until well blended, then return to saucepan, and cook, stirring, until thickened. Dissolve gelatine over hot water, add to custard and combine well.

Pour half the hot water into raspberry jelly crystals and half into lime crystals, stir until dissolved. Set the three mixtures aside to cool and thicken but not set.

Rinse a jelly mould out with cold water. Fill with alternate spoonfuls of well-thickened jellies and custard, allowing each layer to set slightly before adding next. Refrigerate until chilled and well set. Unmould and decorate with swirls of whipped sweetened cream and chopped nuts or grated chocolate shavings.

BANANA CREAM SHERBET

Two cups mashed bananas, 1-3rd cup Curacao or Cointreau, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons honey, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 cup milk, ¼ pint cream, 1 egg-white, grated rind ½ lemon.

Combine mashed bananas in basin with liqueur, salt, honey, sugar, and milk. Whip cream until thick, fold in, and lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-white and lemon rind. Pour into ice-cream trays and freeze until firm. Spoon into sweets glasses at serving time and top with a few fresh strawberries and a little extra whipped cream if desired.

FIESTA FRUIT CREAM

Two tablespoons gelatine, 1 large can fruit salad, water, 3 eggs (separated) pinch salt, ¼ teaspoon each almond and vanilla essence, 1 cup chopped marshmallows, ¼ cup slivered almonds, whipped cream.

Drain syrup from canned fruit salad, make up to 3 cups with water if necessary. Soften gelatine with ¼ cup of fruit juice. Heat remainder of fruit juice, add gelatine, and stir until dissolved. Beat egg-yolks slightly, pour gelatine-fruit juice mixture over yolks gradually, beating constantly. Cook in top half of double boiler until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Let cool, then chill in refrigerator until beginning to thicken. Add salt, essences, well-drained fruit salad, marshmallows, and lastly stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into wetted mould or pile into sweets dishes. Freeze until firm. Unmould on to serving-dish, decorate with whipped cream and slivered almonds.

PINK MARSHMALLOW SUNDAE

Four ounces marshmallows, ½ pint milk, ½ pint whipped cream or chilled evaporated milk, vanilla essence, 2oz. glace cherries, 2oz. glace pineapple, 2oz. chopped nuts, pink marshmallows, glace fruit, and chopped nuts to decorate.

Heat marshmallows in milk until dissolved. Cool and add the whipped cream or evaporated milk. Pour into freezing tray and freeze until beginning to set. Whisk well and stir in chopped fruit, nuts, and vanilla, and return to refrigerator. Freeze until stiff. Serve in sundae glasses and decorate with pink marshmallows, glace fruit, and nuts.

TROPIC PINEAPPLE PIE

Half pound semi-sweet biscuit crumbs, 3oz. melted butter, 2 cups icing-sugar, extra 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs (well beaten) ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, ½ cup chopped nuts, 1 can crushed pineapple (well drained), ½ cup shredded coconut, ½ pint cream.

Mix three-quarters of the biscuit crumbs with melted butter. Line a large (8 or 9in.) pie-plate with the mixture. Chill. Combine softened butter, vanilla, and icing-sugar together gradually, beating well until creamy and smooth. Beat in eggs gradually. Spread mixture over crumbs in pie-plate. Sprinkle with chopped nuts, then spread with the pineapple and coconut. Top with whipped cream and reserved crumbs. Chill in refrigerator about 10 hours before serving.

BANANA CREAM PARFAITS

Four ounces vermicelli, boiling salted water, ½ pint cream, 1-3rd cup castor sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 2oz. chopped blanched almonds, 2 mashed bananas, 1 tablespoon finely chopped crystallised ginger, glace cherries.

Cook vermicelli in boiling salted water until tender, about 10 minutes. Drain and allow to cool. Whip cream, fold in sugar, vanilla, almonds, mashed bananas, and ginger. Lastly mix in vermicelli. Fill into tall parfait glasses and top each with a glace cherry. Chill until serving time.

FRUITED NECTAR

Three cups sliced peaches, ¼ cup orange juice, ½ cup lemon juice, ½ cup honey, pinch salt, ½ cup chopped candied mixed peel, ice-cream.

Combine in basin sliced peaches, fruit juices, honey, salt, and candied mixed peel. Cover and chill several hours for flavors to mingle. Spoon over scoops of ice-cream.

GOURMET COFFEE VELVET

Five eggs, ¾ cup sugar, 3 teaspoons instant coffee, 1 cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon gelatine dissolved in ½ cup boiling water, ½ pint whipped cream, 1 tablespoon rum, extra whipped cream, grated chocolate.

Separate eggs. Beat egg-yolks with sugar, add instant coffee, and boiling water, lastly dissolved gelatine. Stir over hot water in double saucepan until slightly thickened. Leave to cool, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, whipped cream, and rum. Pour into sweets dishes, then chill. To serve, decorate with whipped cream and sprinkle with grated chocolate shavings.

To serve with summer desserts

Ice-cream and slices of plain sponge cake can become party fare with these luscious sauces.

MELBA SAUCE

One packet quick-frozen raspberries, ½ cup red-currant jelly, 1½ tablespoons butter, 2 drops almond essence.

Thaw raspberries, push through a coarse sieve. Combine with all other ingredients, simmer gently 5 minutes. Serve warm or cold over ice-cream or over canned fruit topped with whipped cream or ice-cream.

CHOCOLATE-MALLOW SAUCE

One large can evaporated milk, 8oz. sugar, 3oz. unsweetened chocolate, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Mix evaporated milk, sugar, and chocolate in saucepan. Bring to boil over medium heat. Cook 5 minutes, stir vigorously. Begin timing when mixture starts to bubble around edges of pan. Remove from heat. Add vanilla. Beat with rotary beater 1 minute. Serve hot or cold on ice-cream or cake. **Note:** If sauce is too thick on cooling, add a little undiluted evaporated milk.

HONEYSCOTCH CREAM

Half cup sugar, ¾ cup honey, pinch salt, ½ cup butter or substitute, 2-3rd cup evaporated milk.

Combine sugar, honey, salt, butter or substitute and 1-3rd cup evaporated milk in saucepan. Cook over medium heat, stirring occasionally until it comes to soft-ball stage (234deg. F.). Stir in remaining evaporated milk and cook until thick and smooth (about 3 minutes). Serve hot or cold.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

One and a half cups brown sugar (firmly packed), ½ cup golden syrup, 4 tablespoons butter or substitute, ½ cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Mix brown sugar, syrup, and butter or substitute in saucepan. Bring to boil over low heat. Remove immediately from heat. Stir in cream or evaporated milk and vanilla. Serve with ice-cream.

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AT HOME *with Margaret Sydney*

● I've spent an unrewarding morning moving the furniture round and round in ever-decreasing circles in our sitting-room. I shall probably spend an unrewarding evening, too, for one by one, as they arrive home, Hugh and the children will grumble and mumble and protest.

I'M not normally a furniture mover. Once things have found a satisfactory place in the house I leave them there and never think of rearranging. But since the advent of TV in this household I've become a periodic sitting-room re-doer.

Television is the worst thing that has happened to 20th-century sitting-rooms.

If, in daylight, you take an unbiased look at the wretched piece of equipment, you can only feel that it belongs out at the back of the house somewhere, along with the stove and the sink and the washing-machine.

It's a problem in geometry that I've never been able to solve. If a number of people want to watch TV while sitting in comfortable chairs, how do you avoid making it the focal point of your room?

And having done that how do you tolerate its blind, unblinking stares (when it's not in use) among the things you've chosen because you think they're aesthetically pleasing?

There are several solutions, but none of them solve my problem. They are: a separate TV room (would have to *build* the room and furnish it); a fully enclosed cabinet set (only ones I've seen much too expensive); a portable set (the ones I've looked at I would class as semi-portable only — much too heavy to be whipped in and out of the room at a moment's notice).

Hugh tells me impatiently that they haven't yet started manufacturing the sort of TV set I want — a little tiny set that gives you a great big picture!

His only other suggestion is that we should cut through above the mantelpiece to the chimney, mount the television set inside the chimney and flush with the wall, and cover it with a painting mounted and hinged so that it can be swung out of the way when you want to watch TV. This seems to me a positively magnificent idea, if a wee bit costly.

Perhaps I should start saving up for central heating (as the fireplace would then be out of action for fires) and for a Dobell or Drysdale or Sidney Nolan original to cover the chimney-mounted set.

How to lose friends and infuriate visitors . . .

I WAS amused to read in an American magazine the other day that one of their national experts on etiquette has solemnly pronounced that if visitors are present it is perfectly permissible to say "you won't mind if I turn on the television—we always like to watch so-and-so's show."

So the poor visitors, who've come to talk, are made to sit in silence staring at the screen — which presumably they could have done in more comfort at home without dressing up and getting the car out to come and see you.

Anyway, it's a dangerous chance to take. Ever noticed how your very favorite show always falls as flat as a pancake the night you've recommended it to someone else?

Making visitors watch TV, unless they actually ask to see it, seems to me much the same as handing them the morning paper and saying, "You won't mind reading for a while, will you, because I've got a most exciting book I want to finish" or "you amuse yourself for half an hour — I always like to take a bath at this time in the evening."

A new pair of hands at the kitchen sink

AMONG Kay's friends there are quite a lot of Asian students. I got a laugh out of one of them the other night. She was up to her elbows in our kitchen sink, doing a huge wash-up while Kay dried for her and I scraped and gathered and fed things into the sink.

"Guess what was the very first thing I had to learn when I came to Australia?" she asked me.

"What? I haven't any idea," I said, thinking of language problems, different coinage, different customs of every sort.

"I learnt to wash up," she said. "I'd never washed up a cup or a plate in my life before."

Kay was all for migrating to Asia at once! But it's odd to think that there are places where wages are still so low that children can grow up without learning how to sweep floors and scrape carrots and polish silver.

There must be very few Australians nowadays who haven't been broken in to the kitchen sink at a very early age! I must say the Asian students I know are quick learners on the domestic front — you couldn't have more helpful guests, or more willing washer-uppers.

There's no doubt that no labor-saving device ever invented equals an extra pair of hands around the house, but the trouble is that you can't have the hands without having the ears and the eyes and the tongue as well. I expect it's rather nice to come sweeping in to a well-laid breakfast table and a well-cooked breakfast (or, nicer still, to have it brought in to you on a tray), but I do like my house to myself and I don't know that I particularly pine for the days when "everybody" could afford domestic help.

I've been re-reading Virginia Woolf's "Night and Day," which was written in 1919 and in which she describes a row of houses where "families whose income must be between a thousand and fifteen hundred a year lived, and kept, perhaps, three servants . . ."

I suppose £1000 a year was a whacking good income in 1919, but I hate to think what the servants' wages must have been. Even breakfast in bed every morning would hardly make up for having to live with all that seething below-stairs discontent!

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A Reader's Story

PLEASE DON'T PITY GRANNY

● Grandmothers are tired of being treated like people too old and outdated to be true, says the Sydney grandmother who wrote the story on this page. She pleads with children and grandchildren to help make Granny feel useful by treating her as an equal and allowing her to share in their lives.

ARTICLES are always being written to advise us as to how to treat children, how to cope with teenagers, and even how to manage difficult mothers, but I think it's high time some advice was given about grandmothers.

As a very fortunate, much-loved grandmother, let me give daughters, sons, and grandchildren some advice about their attitude to their "Grannies."

Please **don't treat Granny as if she is almost too told to be true, and please don't keep telling her she is wonderful for her age. It doesn't help her at all to be constantly reminded that she is getting on in years.**

She knows she is old. She hopes she is wonderful for her age, but she wants to forget it sometimes.

Age is relative. When I was 19 I thought my mother was practically decrepit.

Today a 40-year-old woman seems young to me. I'm in my seventies and I feel not a day older than 30.

I am active, interested in people and things, play bridge, go to concerts and plays, read a lot, and enjoy doing my own housework. Inside me I feel young and energetic.

I think these are all perfectly normal things for an active, healthy woman to do, but to hear my daughters' exclamations you would think I was something (as they would say) "out of this world."

"Do put your feet up, Mum," or "Let me do that for you, Mum," they say.

I know they love me, otherwise they wouldn't bother with me, but sometimes I wish they loved me with a little more wisdom.

What they don't seem to realise is that I need to be allowed to be active. It never hurt anyone to get a little tired at times.

I have all the time in the world to rest, but who wants to rest all the time? I am no fool, and if I am really tired then I go to bed for a couple of days.

Another infuriating thing most mothers (and grandmothers) have to put up with, if they are fortunate enough to be truly loved, is that of being helped.

Often my daughters come to visit me together. While one is left to keep me occupied in conversation, the other one rushes to the kitchen on some rather vague excuse and has a frenzied clean-up.

They mean well, but . . .

They don't want to hurt me by suggesting the place isn't clean, nor do they want me to get overtired. But do they think—or optimistically hope—that I am unable to hear the saucepans clattering, or the noise the refrigerator makes when it is opened, and the swish of water in the sink? I know they mean well, but . . .

Maybe my eyesight is not as good as it was, but somehow it rankles to have them think I don't keep things clean. Why, but a few years ago, I was chasing them to tidy their rooms and wash their undies more often. Have I grown so old so fast?

Then there is their kindly habit of taking me shopping. There is a solicitous hand under my elbow and I am assisted across the road.

It is both thoughtful and kind, for they know I hate the traffic. But what do they think I do when I am on my own?

I don't like to go out with them too often, because I find I grow dependent on their aid and protection. I must learn to care for myself, to adjust myself as I grow older, and to cling to my independence.

They only want to help and protect me, I know, but instead they are really pushing me down the easy road to helplessness.

Then my **grandchildren. I love them dearly, but when they come to see me I find myself wondering why they're there. I'd hate to think they come because they have been told: "Poor Gran is so lonely" or "Poor old Gran feels so young when you children are around."**

Both facts are true, but I'd rather be lonely than have my darling grandchildren pay duty visits.

I paid too many in my own youth, and I remember how I resented my grandmother and her dark clothes, her strange, fusty smell, and our inability to talk because we had nothing in common.

I can remember being scolded when I said something like this to my parents, and being told I was cruel and thoughtless. This always gave me a feeling of guilt, especially when my grandmother died suddenly and I had not been to see her for some time.

I want my grandchildren to love me and to enjoy visiting me. In the beginning I had dreams of having a "treasure" chest, and keeping in it little surprises for the children and special toys for them to play with when they visited me.

I would buy records they loved, read articles about sport so that I could discuss it intelligently, try to share a small part of their world. But after years of being asked "not to spoil the children" I have learned to be cautious.

How can I make my children see that one of the few privileges a grandmother has is to spoil her grandchildren? After all, when my children were young I had to be firm, but surely now I can relax a little?

Can't they tell their children that all grandmothers spoil children and that they must not expect the same treatment at home?

When I bought records the children loved their mothers begged me not to encourage them. When I discussed politics with them I was told they were too young. When I talked about religion my daughters asked me not to, as it made the children ask awkward questions.

What was left? Were my grandchildren to see me as a tiresome old crone with whom they must reluctantly spend a few hours every now and then, bored to tears, and counting the moments till they can escape?

A need to feel useful

Then there is the little question of usefulness. Every mother knows that one of the few ways she has of expressing her love for her children when they grow up and leave home is by being allowed to do things for them.

Baking a cake, sewing a hem, darning socks. How I wish my daughters would ask me to lend them a hand, but they are so afraid of tiring me.

Or is it because I am slow? I know it does take me a long time to thread a needle, but I always thread it in the end.

Then talking. I always feel they resent the questions I ask them, that they think I want to pry into their lives. I don't, but I just want to know about them.

During the long, lonely hours I spend in my flat I like to be able to look at the clock and think: "Lois will be doing the washing now . . ." or "Maggie goes to her lunch at the Book Club today."

It brings them closer to me. I don't want to know who Maggie meets at the club, unless Maggie wants to tell me. I don't want to ask why Lois does her washing once a week instead of twice as I always did. That's her own affair. But I like to be able to picture her with her fine new washing-machine and think with rueful amusement how much I would have valued one at her age.

I like to hear about my grandchildren's projects, too. What happened at school, their holiday camps. I like to meet their friends and listen to them talking when they forget that I am there. A mother—or a grandmother—rarely knows her children.

I doubt if there is a mother in the world who hasn't been startled at some time by an unexpected compliment such as: "Such well-behaved, courteous children you have," or "Your little girl is so poised and easy to talk to . . ."

That mother will think of her scruffy, noisy, rude children, or her shy, reserved little girl who worries her so much, and will, for a moment, wonder if the other woman is quite sane.

Mothers are deluded

But, after careful questioning, the mother will discover that she is the one who has been deluded, and that away from home and mother most children have totally different personalities. So, you see, we never really know our own children or how they talk on their own.

I often wish I could become invisible and listen in to my children's conversation. NOT because I am inquisitive and want to pry, but because I would love to know them as they really are. I might learn then if my years of patient teaching has had any real effects. Are they the sort of people I hope they are?

Finally, let me ask all you loving children to look upon us "old" mothers as equals and not as something precious as Dresden china, as outdated as the Dodo.

Let us share part of your lives. Let us bake cakes for you, or sew. Let us feel we are still useful. Don't protect us too much or make us old before our time.

I know you do it because you love us and want us to be happy, but I have found that the hardest lesson in life is that you cannot make another person happy in your way. Your idea of happiness may be completely different from the other person's.

Each of us must be left to find happiness in our own way, even if it distresses those who love us.

Protecting us, helping us too much to do the jobs we prefer to do ourselves, putting us into a class apart from the rest of the family, turning us into an institution or duty immediately cuts us off from spontaneous demonstrations of love and we can never be really happy.

I expect there must be many grandmothers less fortunate than me whose children make use of them relentlessly—expecting them to babysit all the time, leaning on them, taking for granted all the loving, happy acts of grandmotherhood. Sometimes I envy these women. At least they do share the lives of those they love.

—"YOUNG GRANNY," N.S.W.

(This reader has supplied her name and address, but wishes to remain anonymous.)

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From Italy, the BENCINI COMET III, the camera that includes all the film FREE. Pay only £7/6/9 (including ever-ready carrying case) and receive your first 3 rolls of 127 size film **free**. Each roll takes 16 exposures. After use send films to Cross Camera Centre for expert processing at the standard price of 12/4d. for developing and 16 super size prints (3½" x 4½"). Whenever a film is processed, you'll receive a fresh film free with your negatives and prints. Processing is supplied by mail anywhere in Australia. Pay only £7/6/9, including case, for the BENCINI COMET III at Cross Camera Centre: the direct Australian agents.

LAY-BY FOR CHRISTMAS ON ONLY £2 DEPOSIT. Hurry, order now while stocks of cameras last. If you can't call at Cross Camera Centre, buy by mail. Tick any attachments you want and enclose cheque or money order. (Post free anywhere in Australia.) Satisfaction assured or your money refunded in full. In Sydney, telephone 31-9300 for details.

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Please send me a brand new Bencini Comet III with carrying case and my first 3 rolls of free film £7 6 9

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☐ Flash unit with battery £2 19 6
☐ Lens hood and filter in leather case £1 10 0

LAY BY FOR ME UNTIL ..../..../.... £2 HOLDING DEPOSIT ENCLOSED ☐

PAYMENT ENCLOSED FOR £

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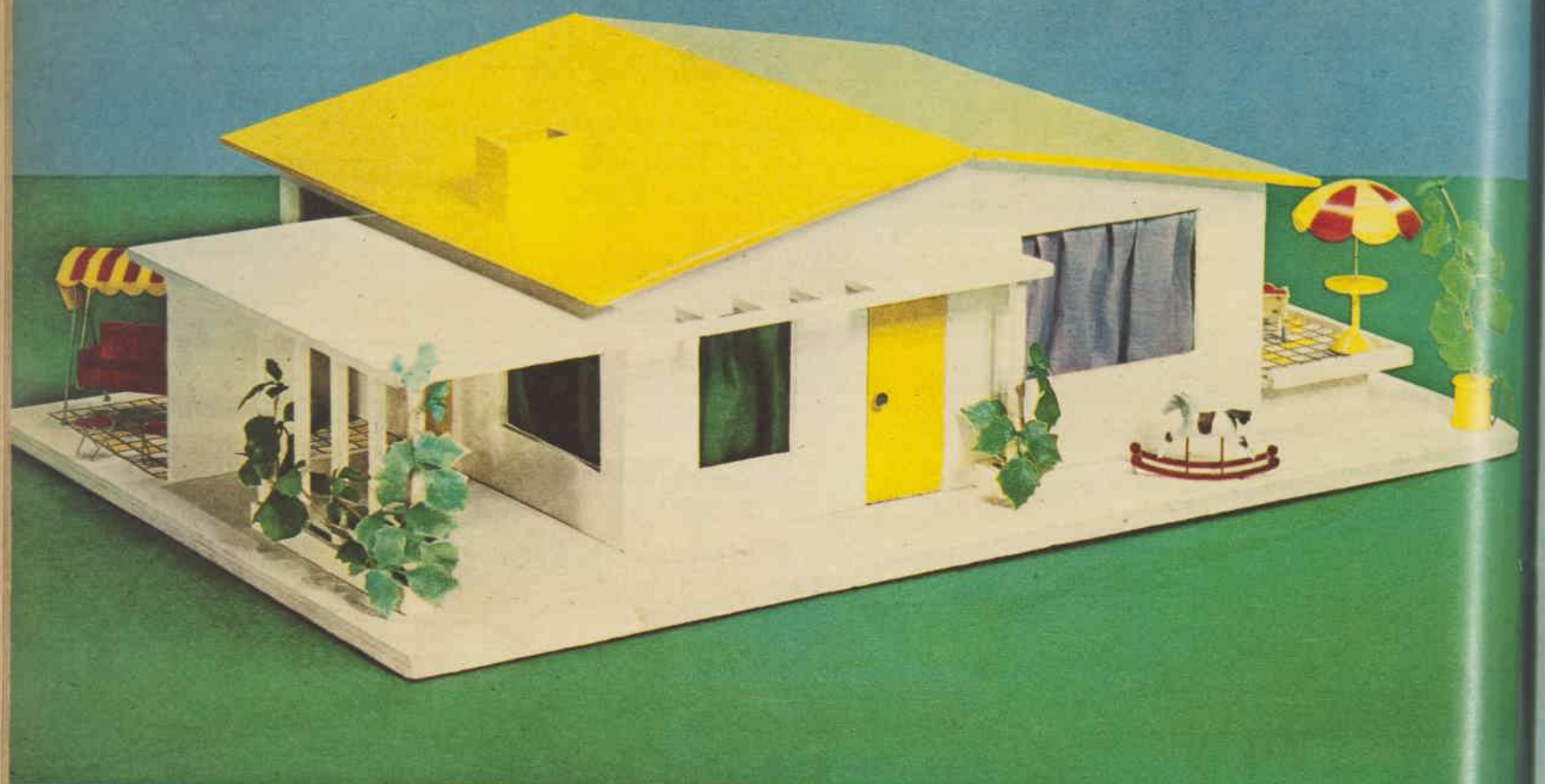
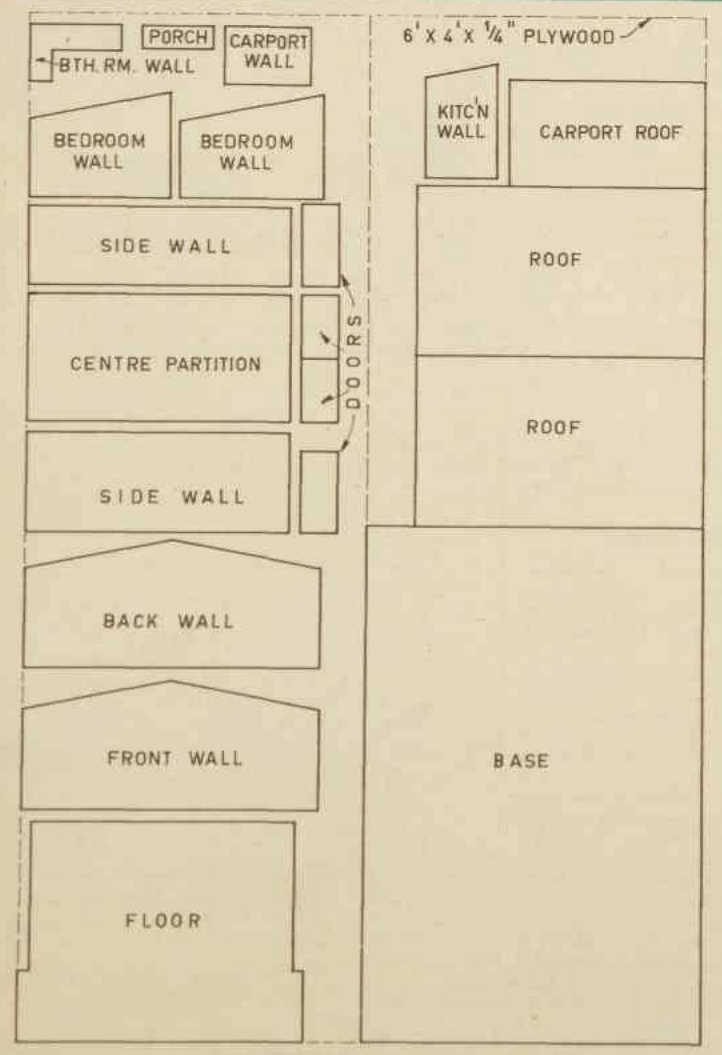
BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

BUILD A SPLIT-LEVEL DOLL'S HOUSE





CUTTING DIAGRAM

MODERN split-level doll's house is made from a sheet of ¼in. plywood. On a 36in. x 24in. base, exterior has two patios, carport, and planters. Roof comes off in two separate pieces.

● ***Attention, all Dads with daughters! If you're thinking of making a doll's house for Christmas, this split-level mansion is specially designed to bring fun and fantasy to little girls. Full building instructions are given here.***

THIS dreamy doll's house is so simple to build, an inexperienced handyman could make it.

With its clean, bold colors, pretty walls and modern furniture, it has all the features little girls like.

There are stairs for dolls to climb, real doors to open and close, a snack bar, two outdoor patios, even flower-boxes near the carport and front door.

The roof is made in two sections so each side can be lifted off independently.

The doll's house can be made from a standard sheet of plywood for about £6.

Buy five-ply rather than three-ply — the extra thickness will make edges easier to plane.

To make handling easier, the sheet of plywood can be ordered cut down the centre into two 2ft. widths.

To simplify building, comprehensive measurements are given for each piece (see diagrams page 44).

Parts have been laid out on the plywood in the sequence shown at left so any ragged edges from saw cuts will appear on inside walls.

All pieces should be marked out accurately on the sheet of plywood, using a sharp pencil and following the cutting guide shown at left. Use a T-square to ensure all corners are square.

Before cutting, double check all measurements, as little wastage has been allowed. Mistakes, especially on the larger sections, cannot be corrected.

Plywood should be cut with a fine-tooth saw and edges lightly planed to remove any rag.

Window and door openings are made by boring holes approximately ¼in. in diameter in opposite corners of each opening, then squaring corners with a sharp wood chisel and cutting along lines with a fine keyhole saw. Cut with face up so ragged edge is on the inside.

When all parts are cut, the house can be roughly assembled with strips of sticky-tape to check fit. This will also enable you to familiarise yourself with the nailing sequence. Note how split-level floor is spaced up from base on packing strips.

When assembling doll's house, glue every joint before nailing with ⅝in. panel pins. Any of the timber glues available in plastic squeeze bottles are suitable. Punch heads lightly below surface and fill with putty.

LIST OF MATERIALS

1 6ft. x 4ft. sheet of ¼in. five-ply.
22ft. of 1¼in. x 5-16th in. Pacific maple.
10ft. of 5-16th in. x 5-16th in. Pacific maple.
8 ¾in. brass butt hinges.
32 ¾in. No. 2 round-head wood screws.
Plus ⅝in. panel pins, glue, putty, and paint.

To page 44

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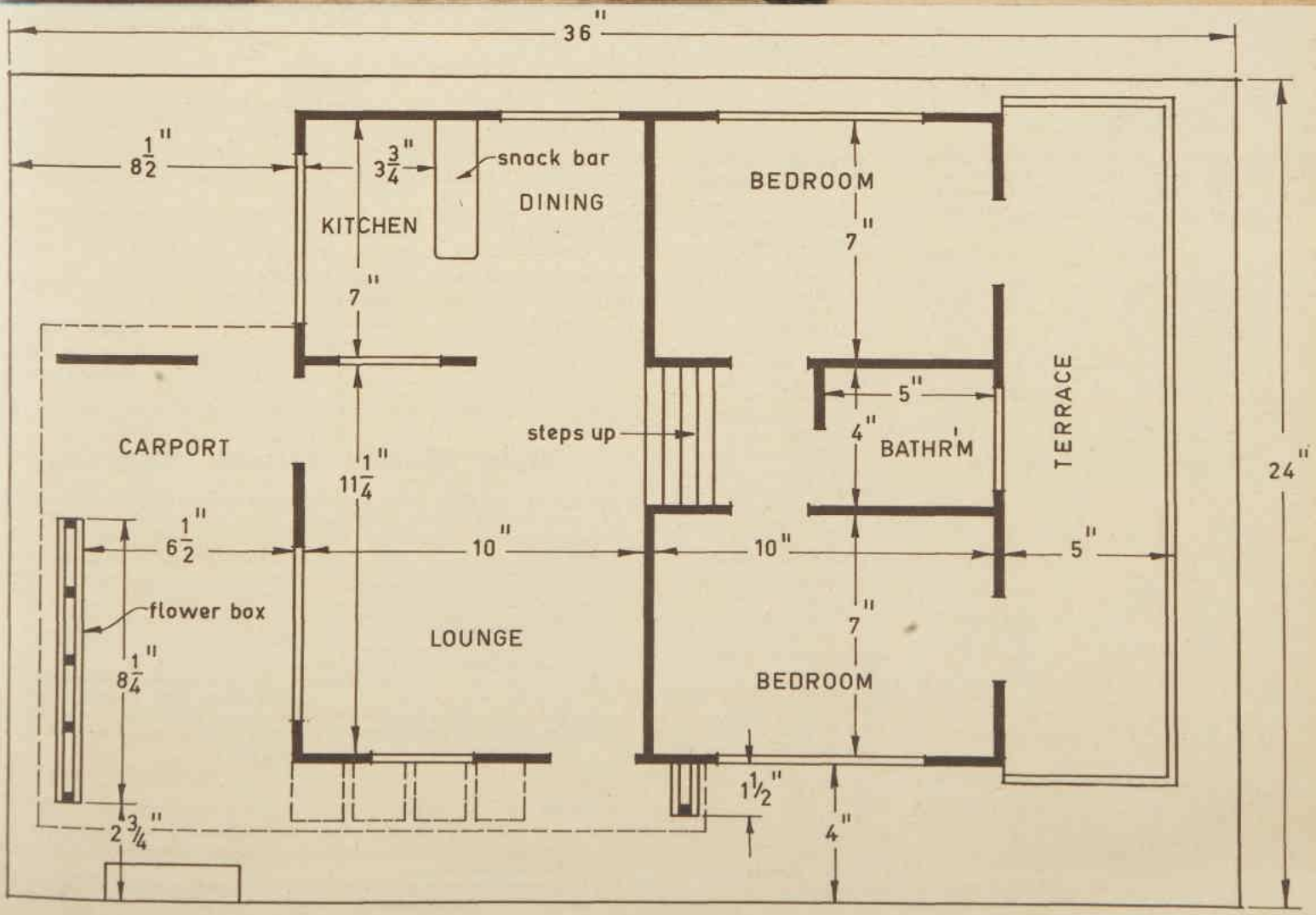
A PEEP inside shows one way of decorating doll's house after applying white undercoat. Gift paper, gay stick-on plastic, felt squares, and bright hankies add a riot of color to complete job.



FLOOR PLAN

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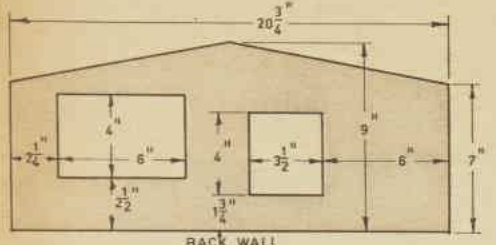
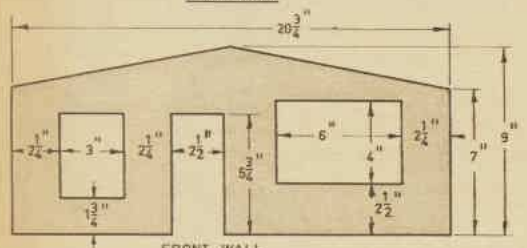
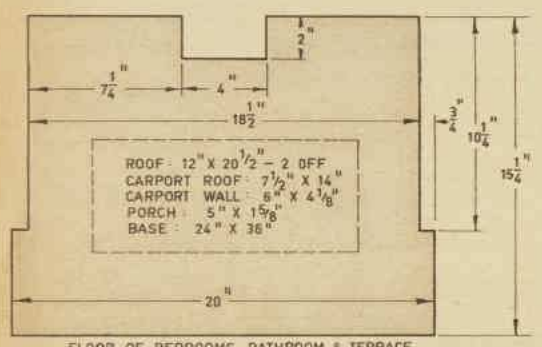
Split-level doll's house . . . *continued*



BACK WALL

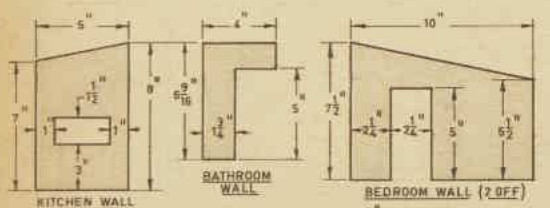


FRONT WALL



FLOOR OF BEDROOMS, BATHROOM & TERRACE

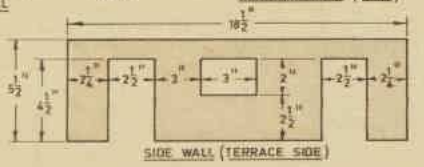
SKETCHES, above, give measurements for back and front walls, floor of bedrooms, bathroom, and terrace, plus roof, carport roof and wall, porch and base.



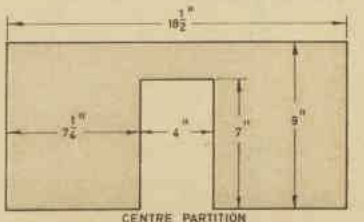
KITCHEN WALL

BATHROOM WALL

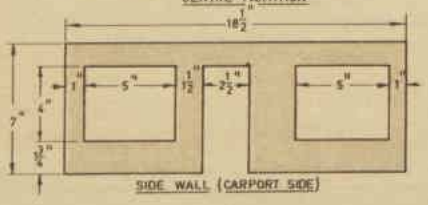
BEDROOM WALL (2 OFF)



SIDE WALL (TERRACE SIDE)

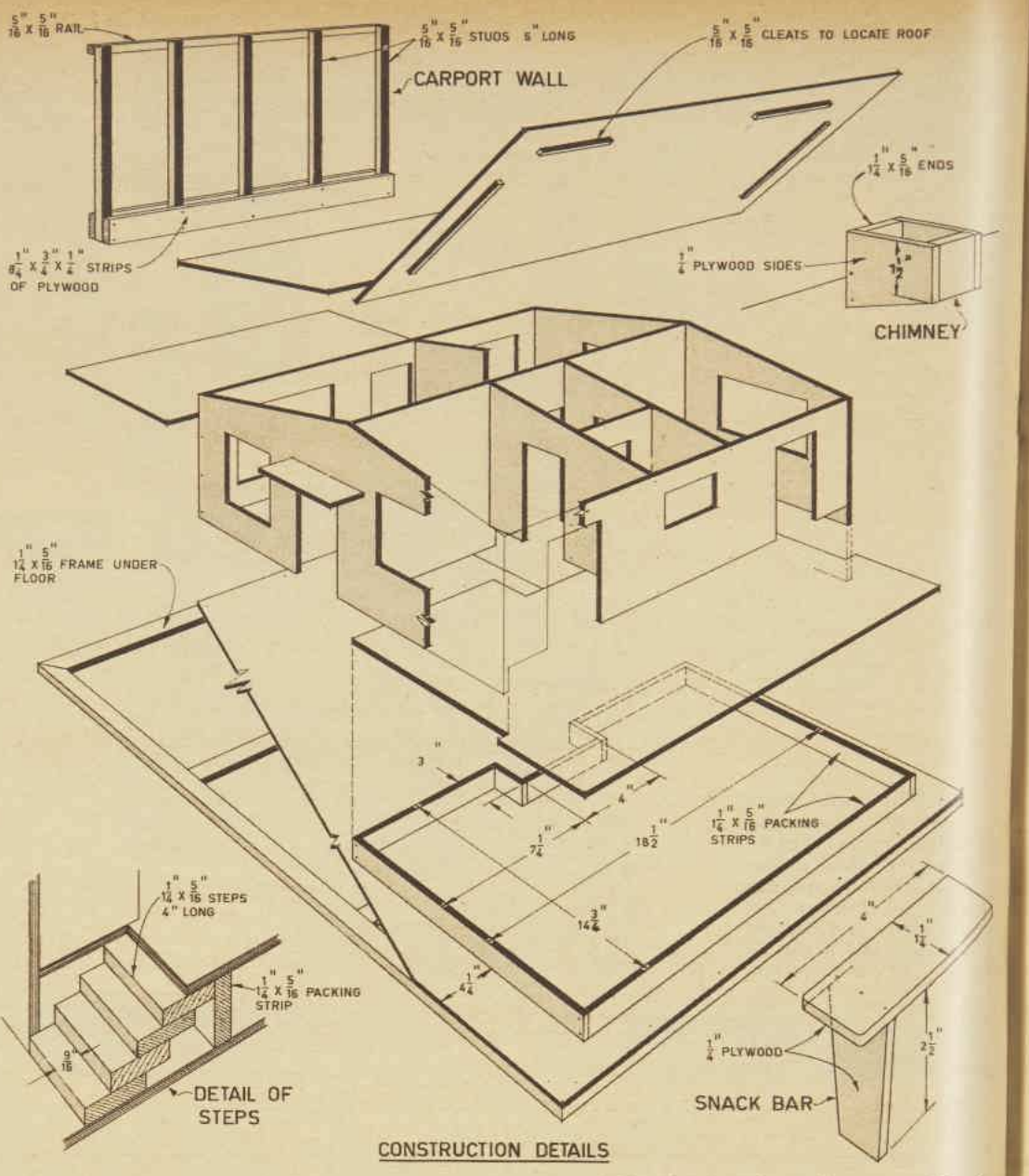


CENTRE PARTITION



SIDE WALL (CARPORT SIDE)

DETAILED sketch above gives measurements for interior walls, partition, and side walls.



CONSTRUCTION DETAILS

EXPLODED drawing above shows assembly of house, chimney, stairs, and snack bar.

STEP-BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS

1. Lay out each section accurately on plywood, using a sharp pencil and T-square.

2. Cut out each piece with a fine-toothed saw and clean up edges with a sharp plane.

3. Make frame for base from 1¼in. x 1-16th in. timber. Glue, leave until glue is dry, then nail base into position.

4. Cut out all window and door openings.

5. On base, mark out position of outside walls and position of packing strips under split-level floor. Nail packing strips in position, build in steps. (See construction details above.)

6. Nail split-level floor to packing strips.

7. Fix four doors to outside walls with ¾in. hinges and ¼in. wood screws.

8. Nail front and back walls to packing piece, leaving space for terrace.

9. Nail side walls and centre partition to front and back walls.

10. Fit all other walls in position.

11. Make up carport trellis and flowerbox, also the support for front porch. These can be assembled, then nailed to base.

12. Nail carport roof and front porch to walls and supports.

13. Using 5-16th in. by 5-16th in. beading, nail fascia board around porch and carport roof. Fit trellis over front window, nail beading around terrace.

14. Build in snack bar.

15. Fit chimney to roof.

16. Bevel roof edges where they meet at centre and fit 5-16th in. by 5-16th in. cleats on underside. Position cleats so they just touch the inside of exterior walls, clearing internal partitions.

17. Punch nailheads, fill with putty, then sandpaper ready for painting.

TO DECORATE DOLL'S HOUSE

The easiest way is with paint. Small tins cost about 2/6, so several colors wouldn't be too expensive.

A wallpapered effect can be achieved by gluing gift-wrapping paper or sticking self-adhesive plastic to walls. Their designs are scaled ideally for decorating in miniature.

Use drawing-pins for door handles.

NEXT WEEK: How to make bedspreads.

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- Full plans and specifications from £10/10/-.
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Phone or call at your local Centre at—

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Melbourne: R.V.I.A. Small Homes Service, Age Building, 233 Collins St. (63-0341, ext. 322). Mailing address, P.O. Box No. 185C.

Hobart: FitzGeralds (27221).

Adelaide: 47 South Terrace (51-1798).

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St. (Box 409F, G.P.O.). (22-691.)

Toowoomba: Pigotts (2-1733).

Perth: Western Building Centre, 10 Milligan St. (21-4788).

Or fill in coupon below and post it to your nearest Home Planning Centre.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service." Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

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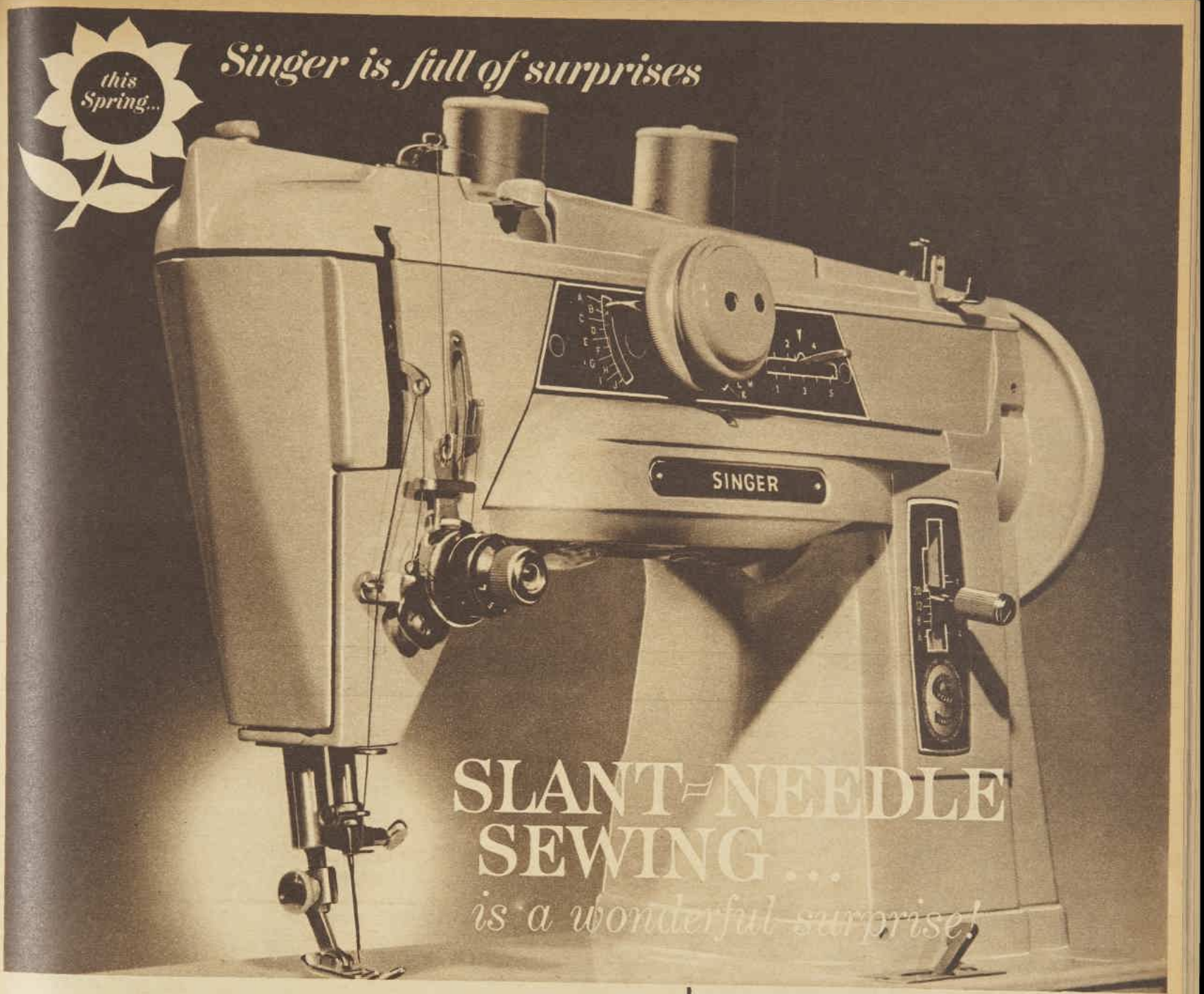

with the fabulous dial-the-stitch

SINGER SLANT-O-MATIC*

Until you try it for yourself, you can't possibly realise what a wonderful difference the *slant needle* makes! Thanks to this exclusive Singer feature, Slant-O-Matic is the world's easiest to thread, to see, to sew. And . . .

Singer Slant-O-Matic is the most automatic machine of all! Flick the dial, and swing from perfect straight seaming to an endless variety of fancy stitches. It button-holes, sews on buttons, scallops, pleats, shirrs, blind stitches, over-edges, does zig-zag work and twin-needle embroidery in two colours simultaneously. All this and more . . . Slant-O-Matic makes sewing *automatically* easy, even for a beginner. Although sturdy and durable, the Slant-O-Matic is beautifully light . . . you can lift it, carry it with ease.

Cost? Yes, there are lower priced automatics around — including some of our own fine Singer models. But the Singer Slant-O-Matic, at 119 gns., is for people who believe "only the *very* best is good enough".

Why deny yourself the thrill of trying this most-fabulous-of-all automatics? Your nearest Singer Centre will be happy to give you a free demonstration — in your own home if you wish. There's no time like Now!

Terms? Naturally. Only 19/6d. weekly—and a big "Spring Surprise" trade-in on your old machine.

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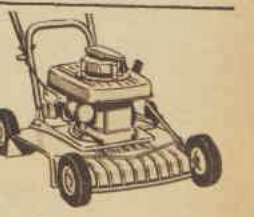
Singer Transistor Radios. *(Left)* 9-Transistor Portable/mantel, powerful reception, polished wood case, 29 gns. *(Right)* 8-Transistor Dualwave, brilliant tone, leather case, 27 gns. Others from 17 gns., shillings weekly terms.



Singer 4-stroke Lawnmower. Features include fingertip instant starter, 4-wheel height adjustment and silencing muffler. Spares, service always available. Australia's most powerful mower yet . . . only 49 gns., 9/6d. weekly.

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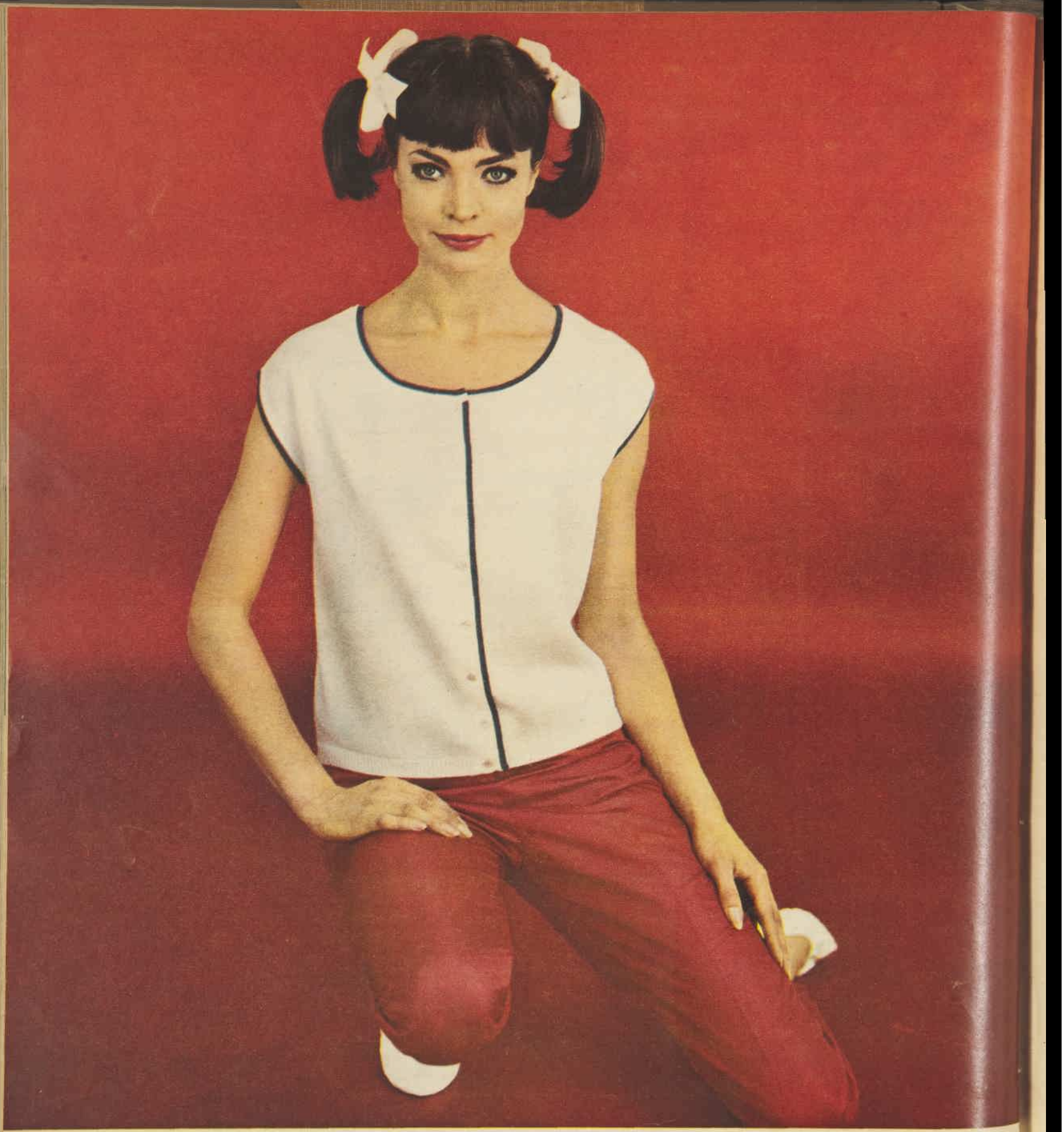

Slade, very in, very 'Orlon'*

Slade chooses wonderful, versatile 100% 'Orlon' acrylic — combines it with the new trend-setting short sleeve look — comes up with the most exciting midi-jacket imaginable. And being 'Orlon' it needs only minimum care, washes like a dream, always keeps its shape. In plain white (the white that only 'Orlon' gives you), or white with blazer blue trim, aqua trim or blazer blue with white trim. At David Jones', Farmer's Sydney and all leading stores and specialty shops. About 69/11.

There are many brands of acrylic fibre made by different companies, but 'ORLON' made only by Du Pont is the brand-name of the world's leading acrylic fibre.

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Collectors' Corner

● ***Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, our antique expert, gives information about some pieces owned by readers.***

Victorian frame.

This ornately decorated frame is gold in color and was originally a photograph frame. I use it now as a background for floral arrangements. Could you give me some information about it, please? — Mrs. M. Simpson, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Your frame (pictured at left), which is a Victorian piece, was made during the last quarter of the 19th century.

★ ★ ★

I have a white jug which has figures and a handle in mauve and a pewter lid. On the base are the markings Patent Saml Alcock & Co., Naomi and her daughters-in-law 156 IVF H 27 Rd I. Could you tell me the age of it, please? — Mrs. G. Pettigrew, Surrey Hills, Vic.

Samuel Alcock & Co., The Hill Pottery, Burslem, Staffordshire, flourished between 1831 and 1859. The registration mark underneath your jug indicates the design was recorded by the "Registration of Designs" office on April 27, 1847. This does not mean that your interesting jug was made in 1847. It was made between 1847 and 1859.

I have a jardiniere and pedestal which I would like identified, please. It is in shaded dark and light green tonings and is encircled with Chinese dragons. — J.C.C., Forest Hill, Qld.

The jardiniere and pedestal (shown at right) appears to be Japanese and were made about 1885-95. It is a fine quality specimen made for the European market.

★ ★ ★

Could you tell me something about an old 60-piece dinner set my grandparents brought out from Dublin, Ireland, in 1853? It is bordered in shamrocks in light and dark shades of brown with brown leaves. It has Copeland N R D 17 2 5 VW marked on each piece.—Miss M. C. Doyle, Lake Charm, Vic.

Your Copeland set was not made earlier than 1842 as shown by the code letters of the markings, which were not used until that date. It was made between 1842 and 1850.

Jardiniere and pedestal.

Vase is porcelain.

Could you tell me the age of my vase, please? It is 8in. tall and has golden dragons at the neck which act as small handles. The all-over design is multi-colored on a white ground.—Mrs. Edith Quin, Albert Park, Vic.

This vase (shown at left) is Cantonese porcelain and was made about 1880.

★ ★ ★

My fruit comport and plate are decorated with a simple gold band and gold dots. There are primroses painted in the centre of the plate. The base of the plate has IV 25 Rd 13 X D marked on it. — H.B., Narooma, South Coast, N.S.W.

Your fruit comport and plate are English, probably Staffordshire, and were made during the Victorian era. According to the marks, the set was made between 1868 and 1875.

CANNED FRUITS CONTEST

● ***Closing date is October 16—so there's still time for last-minute entries.***

THIS week we are pleased to announce the winner of the second progress prize of £5.

Altogether there are 36 prizes totalling over £1000 to be awarded.

The contest is in three sections:

SECTION 1: Canned Peaches.

SECTION 2: Canned Apricots.

SECTION 3: Canned Pears.

The fruit used must be canned, not fresh, and each recipe should include one or more of the following six ingredients:

- Cake-mix
- Ready-to-eat breakfast cereal.
- Evaporated milk
- Gelatine
- Pastry-mix
- Custard powder

Send in as many recipes as you like — all will be opened and judged by experts from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen.

Set out each recipe on a separate page headed with the section name, your name and address (including State), and the name of the recipe. If the recipe takes more than one page repeat your name and address at the top of each page.

List ingredients first, then in a separate paragraph give directions for making.

For the sake of our busy judges please use level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure.

Address entries to:

Canned Fruits Contest, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

The judges' decision will be final. Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and their families are not eligible to enter.

£5 progress prize awarded to Mrs. M. Wellington, 68 View Street, Gymea, N.S.W.

SECTION 1

Canned Peaches

PEACH AND HONEY ICE-CREAM WITH TUTTI FRUTTI SAUCE

Ice-cream: One cup canned peach slices, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons honey, ½ cup warmed milk, ½ cup chilled evaporated milk.

Drain syrup from peaches, push peaches through sieve. Beat egg until thick, add honey, and beat well. Add heated milk and stir over gentle heat until thickened without allowing mixture to boil. Cool. Whip chilled evaporated milk until thick and fluffy, fold into egg mixture together with peach puree. Turn into freezing-trays and freeze until firm. Serve with tutti frutti sauce.

Tutti Frutti Sauce: Two cances blanched slivered almonds, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 cup canned peach slices (chopped), 2oz. glace cherries (chopped), 1 or 2oz. preserved ginger (chopped), 1 medium-sized orange (peeled and finely diced), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, pinch each cinnamon and nutmeg, 2 teaspoons custard powder, 1 tablespoon peach syrup, ½ cup brandy or rum.

Saute almonds in heated butter until golden. Add chopped peaches, cherries, ginger, orange, lemon juice, brown sugar, and spices. Heat gently 2 or 3 minutes. Add brandy or rum and heat. Combine custard powder with peach syrup and blend well, add to sauce and heat until mixture thickens slightly. Serve warm or chilled with ice-cream.

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10 exciting shades

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4-5 glamorous 'colour sets' in each tube

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LEMON COCONUT FINGERS: Serve them at your next afternoon-tea party. See recipe at right.

Readers' Recipes

● A tangy lemon biscuit recipe to add to your best-recipes file wins the main prize of £5 for a N.S.W. reader this week.

A NEW slant on ever-popular hamburgers wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

LEMON COCONUT FINGERS

Half cup butter or substitute, 1¼ cups brown sugar, 1¼ cups flour, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup shredded coconut, ¾ cup finely chopped blanched almonds.

Cream butter or substitute with half cup of brown sugar until light and fluffy. Add 1 cup flour and mix well. Press evenly into greased shallow tin about 9in. square and bake in moderate oven about 10 minutes. Meanwhile beat eggs with vanilla and remaining brown sugar until frothy. Sift ¼ cup flour, baking-powder, and salt, fold into egg mixture. Add coconut and almonds. Mix well and spread evenly over mixture in tin. Bake in a moderate oven a further 20 minutes. Cool in tin.

Frosting: Two cups sifted icing-sugar, ¼ cup cream, grated rind 1 lemon, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, chopped almonds.

Mix together sifted icing-sugar and cream. Add lemon rind and juice. Heat and stir over just simmering water until smooth and shiny. Cool slightly, pour over biscuit. Sprinkle with chopped almonds and when cold cut into fingers or squares.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Cutts, 70 Woodbine Crescent, Ryde, N.S.W.

BARBECUED MEAT BUNS

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 finely chopped onion, 1lb. finely minced steak, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 cup tomato soup, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 4 or 6 hamburger buns, butter.

Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add chopped onion, fry until soft. Add meat, salt, pepper, cook until lightly browned. Add soup, sauce, mustard, and, if necessary, a little water. Simmer 10 minutes. Toast bun halves, butter while hot. Serve large spoonfuls of meat on toasted buns with Smoky Barbecue Sauce.

Smoky Barbecue Sauce: One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee, ½ teaspoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup water, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce.

Combine ingredients in saucepan, stirring constantly to blend (makes about ½ cup sauce). Brush tops of meat buns with sauce mixture before serving. Garnish with parsley, serve hot.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Granzin, 2 Jane Street, Gympie, Qld.

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Make up a pastry shell from instructions on Bakeo Pastry Mix pack. Prepare lime jelly; crush with a fork. Fill shell with well-drained canned apricot halves and lime jelly.

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HOME HINTS

● Readers' useful tips win £1/1/- prize each.

After washing lace or net curtains rinse them in clean, soapy water. The soap stiffens them so they hang beautifully. — Mrs. Lois Knight, 25 Wandoo Street, O'Connor, A.C.T.

★ ★ ★

Use your traymobile when ironing. Put each folded article on it and just wheel it round from room to room when putting garments away. —J. L. Underhill, 28 Lynton Avenue, Millswood Est., S.A.

★ ★ ★

A three-monthly vacuuming of blankets and travelling rugs will remove all traces of dust and loose fluff. At the end of the year they need only a light washing before storing away for summer. — Mrs. I. M. May, 158 Fuller Street, Narrabeen, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Use a child's small blackboard in the kitchen to jot down reminders for shopping. At the end of the week copy into your notebook all items listed on the blackboard and take it with you to the shops. — Christine Kerr, Army Quarters, J.T.C., Canungra, Qld.

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GLADIOLI

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Gladioli are not hard to grow. In the warmer States you can plant all the year round. In southern Victoria and Tasmania do it between July and the end of January.

Bear in mind that in moderate climates early-flowering gladioli take 80 to 90 days to flower, medium 90 to 100 days, and late-flowering varieties 100 to 110 days.

Plant the corms in a sunny, sheltered, well-drained position. Where the soil is reasonably supplied with manure or humus no commercial fertiliser is needed.

Thrips are the most frequent pest of gladioli. They cause disfigurement in the form of rusty patches on the foliage and later on sheaths and flowers.

Spray from the time the plants are a foot high, at fortnightly intervals, until flowering time. Use a good D.D.T. spray; in badly infested areas Malathion or Dieldrin may be more effective.

Lift the corms four to six weeks after flowering—don't wait for the foliage to turn yellow. Cut the tops off, dust the corms with D.D.T., and spread them out under shelter to dry. When they are dry, remove old corms and roots and store the rest in a cool, dry place, again dusting with D.D.T.

HEATHFIELD

GRENADIER

Gardening Book — page 201

LOUISE KAY

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Gardening Book — page 202

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Continued from page 19

"Guardians to the motherless cubs"

had to make a long journey we might again need tranquillisers.

I therefore wrote to vets in Kenya, England, and the United States to get advice as to which was considered the safest for lions.

We knew that we would have to give the drugs by mouth—at least to the cubs, who were too wild to allow us to use a hypodermic syringe.

With this in mind, we decided that we must at once accustom them to feeding in a confined space. This would make it possible for us, later on, to control the amount of food and with it the dose each cub got.

To make the experiment we would first build a ramp and then place a five-ton lorry against it so that its floor was level with the top of the ramp; in the lorry we would place the lions' dinner.

Once the cubs had got used to their new feeding place we could build a strong wire enclosure over the lorry and make a trapdoor to it, which we would close when the cubs were feeding, thus converting the lorry into a travelling crate.

We dug the ramp at the salt-lick near the studio.

My heart was heavy as I watched the cubs; they were excited by the unusual activities taking place on their playground, sniffed the freshly dug soil curiously, found it great fun to roll on the earth, and seemed to think that all this work was being done to amuse them.

On December 28 George left camp and, after a few days at Isiolo, started off on the recce to Lake Rudolf.

That afternoon I met the family near the river, and, after the usual friendly greetings from Elsa and Jespah, we went together to the water's edge.

Tree-climb for Elsa

The cubs plunged in at once, ducking and chasing each other; Elsa and I watched them from the bank.

While they were in the river she guarded them in a dignified manner, but when they emerged dripping wet she joined in their games and helped to look for a new playground.

A nearby tree provided what was needed; the cubs struggled up its trunk, but were soon overtaken by their mother, who, in a few swift movements, leapt high above them.

I gasped as she went higher and higher, the slender upper branches bending alarmingly beneath her weight until finally she reached the crown of the tree.

What, I wondered, was she doing? Teaching her children the proper way to climb trees, or just showing off?

When she found that the boughs were no longer strong enough to support her, she turned with great difficulty and, cautiously testing each branch, began her descent.

Her landing was by no means dignified, but, as though to suggest that the tumble was a joke, she at once began to jump around the cubs.

They chased her, and all the way home played games of hide-and-seek or ambushes, in which I was often the victim.

Next day, at tea-time, Elsa showed me very clearly what a wonderful mother and companion she was to her cubs. The family appeared on the far bank of the river opposite the studio. I had seen a six-foot crocodile slither into the river at their approach and was therefore not surprised when the cubs paced nervously up and down the rocky platform by the river's edge, obviously frightened to jump into the deep pool beneath.

Elsa licked each in turn, then they all plunged in together and swam safely across in close formation. When the cubs relaxed and began to chase each other so as to get dry, Elsa joined in. She took Jespah's tail in her mouth and walked round in circles with him, obviously enjoying the clowning as much as he did.

Eventually Jespah sat down close to me, turning his back to me. This he did when he wanted to be petted; he seemed to realise that I was always a little afraid of being accidentally scratched by him because, unlike his mother, he had not learnt to retract his claws when playing with human beings.

Cubs' claws a danger

On the first of January I felt very apprehensive. What would the New Year bring? As if to cheer me up, Jespah came close and, taking up his "safety position" (i.e., the one that ensured my safety from his claws), invited me to play with him.

I stroked him affectionately, but suddenly he rolled over and instinctively I jerked back. He looked bewildered, then again rolled into his safety position and tilted his head.

Plainly he could not understand my fear of his unretracted claws; repeatedly he invited me to play with him, and I wished I could explain to him that when his mother was a tiny cub I had been able to teach her to control her claws, and that was why I could play with her fearlessly, but not with him.

The following day the same thing happened: Jespah wanted a game and I wanted to play with him, but when I came within reach of his claws I was obliged to break off.

Elsa watched the scene from the top of the Land-Rover. She seemed to be aware of Jespah's disappointment at my cautious behaviour, for she came down and licked and hugged her son until he was happy again.

But the cubs were becoming increasingly shy of strangers. Jespah, their leader, had overcome his suspicion of George and myself, but he didn't trust anyone else.

That evening he came alone into the tent, squatted in his safety position, and kept quite still until I stroked him.

His demands for affection posed a serious problem: I hated to disappoint him, but, on the other hand, apart from my fear of his claws, we wanted the cubs to develop into wild lions, and Jespah's friendliness was already jeopardising his future.

Gopa and Little Elsa were different; their reactions were always those of wild animals.

In the evening, as we were walking up the narrow path to the tents, Gopa ambushed me, growling savagely; I was quite frightened, and could not think what had caused him to be so cross, until I saw that he had taken his dinner to this spot.

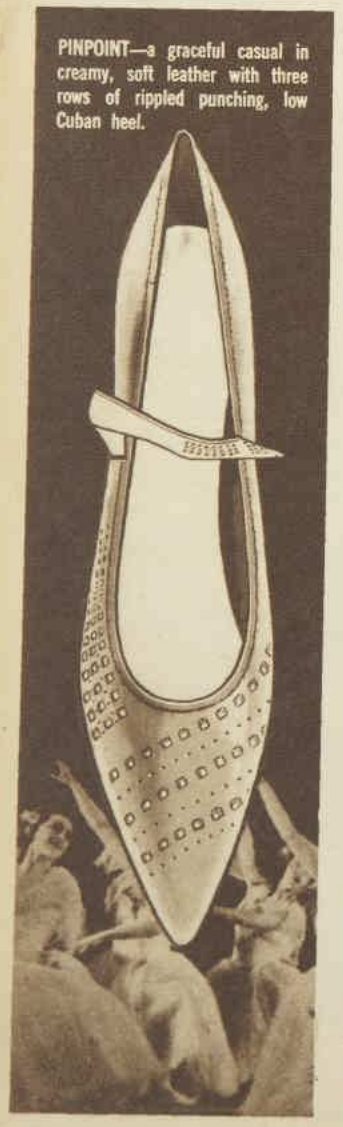
The next day the large lorry (to be used to accustom the cubs to go on board) arrived. We gave it a thorough wash and then parked it at the ramp, but it smelt of petrol, oil, and Africans, and nothing would persuade the cubs to go near it.

Even Elsa would not follow me into it, although I tried every trick I could think of to persuade her, in the belief that her example would encourage the cubs.

I am convinced that when there was a source of danger in the neighborhood Elsa had some means of sensing its presence, and also that she had a way, a quite imperceptible way, of transmitting her wishes to her cubs.

We often watched attentively for a visible or audible

Continued on page 52



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FILLING: 2 ozs. TULIP, 1 can small tomatoes, 6 hard-boiled eggs, 1 small onion, 1½ gills milk (7½ ozs.), salt, pepper, 2 eggs, 2 ozs. coarsely grated tasty cheese.

METHOD: Sift flour and salt, rub in TULIP with fingertips. Mix to pastry consistency with cold water — knead lightly and roll out to fit an 8" pie plate.

METHOD: Filling: Place three small tomatoes (well-drained) in centre of pie shell. Place hard-boiled eggs evenly around tomatoes in centre and the balance of tomatoes at base of eggs. Lightly fry sliced onion in TULIP, then arrange over top of tomatoes. Pour milk over the two beaten eggs, add salt and pepper, spoon gently into pastry case, sprinkle with cheese. Bake in moderate oven approximately 45-50 minutes, until firm and golden brown.

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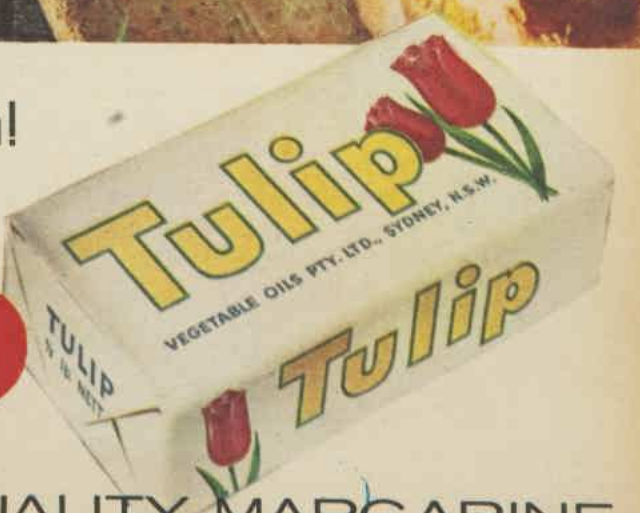

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"Guardians to the motherless cubs"

Continued from page 50

sign of communication between her and her children, but were never able to observe one.

Yet she was able to make her cubs "stay put" in the most varied circumstances. She could sense the presence of crocodiles under water, or of hidden beasts which might be a source of danger to her family.

She knew when we arrived in camp, even if she were far away at the time, and even if we had been absent for a long time.

She also knew with unerring instinct whether the people she met genuinely liked her or not, and this quite irrespective of their behaviour toward her.

The cubs' wild father

What faculty did she and other highly developed wild animals possess which could account for this? I think perhaps it is the power of telepathy, which we human beings, too, may have possessed before we developed the capacity to speak.

We gave the lions their dinner. After the meal Elsa suddenly got up, listened intently in the direction of the river, and began to walk toward it.

I caught up with her, and in the failing light was just able to see Little Elsa pacing up and down on the far bank, evidently frightened to enter the water, which was fairly deep at this point and where more than once I had seen a large crocodile.

Elsa gave her low, affectionate moan, moving quickly upstream and keeping her eyes fixed on Little Elsa as she did so.

Along the opposite bank, the cub followed her.

When they came to a shallow part of the river, Elsa stopped and her call changed, and finally her daughter plucked up enough courage to swim across.

Later, Elsa came to my tent and rubbed herself affectionately against me as if to show how happy she was to have all her family together again and how pleased she was that the anxiety we had shared was over.

But Elsa was to have another alarm before the day was over. While she was still rubbing herself against me, she suddenly stiffened and, her head level with her shoulders, trotted off into the dark. She soon came back, but only to rush off again.

She did this several times.

Soon afterwards I was startled by the roaring of the cubs' wild lion father, who can only have been about twenty yards away.

I counted the whuffs which followed his roar. There were twelve of them.

While this went on, his family stopped eating and stood motionless between him and their dinner; they waited till he had left before they started to eat again.

It was six days since we had placed the lorry by the ramp and, so far as I could judge from the spoor, no lion had been near it. I went into the open truck and called to Elsa.

After some hesitation she followed me, but placed herself broadside on the entrance, thus preventing me from getting out or Jespah, who was following her, from coming in.

After a time she went back to the tents and hopped on to the roof of the Land-Rover.

The cubs began to eat and I went over to their mother and started to play with her; as I did so, I noticed that two maggot swellings, from which Elsa was suffering, had gone septic.

I wanted to deal with them, but each time I touched her she withdrew, and when on the following day I again tried to help her she seemed to be even more sensitive.

I always carry a little sulphanilamide powder with me to disinfect insect bites or scratches, but George believes that, while they are very effective for human beings, in the case of animals one should not give such drugs unless there is proof that their own antibodies are not strong enough to effect a natural cure.

Elsa falls ill

Because of this, I did not give Elsa sulphanilamide, relying on her natural resistance and thinking that she would clean her wounds, as she had often done before. They seemed to be hurting her a good deal.

One night I heard the family around the camp, and it was not until after breakfast that they scampered toward the doampalm logs beyond the salt-lick, where Elsa stood contemplating the lorry. Very soon she stepped cautiously on to the roof of the cabin and sat down.

For ten days I had been waiting for her to do just this, but now I felt sad to see her sitting so trustingly on the lorry which was to take her away from her home.

I joined her and tried, without success, to deal with her swellings. She was licking them, and I saw that she had seven swellings, but, as at times she had had as many as fifteen, I was not unduly alarmed.

Sometime later I walked up to her, but was charged by Gopa and Jespah, who had been resting nearby in the tall grass.

Early next morning I heard Elsa calling to the cubs in her soft moan: "Mhm, mhm, mhm"; it was a most comforting sound and always had a very soothing effect on me.

Soon they all disappeared in the direction of the studio lugga; in the afternoon I took a sketchbook and went there. Elsa welcomed me gently and affectionately, and even Gopa showed a sign of friendliness by tilting his head toward me.

We spent another lovely afternoon, the cubs playing as I drew.

I would have been completely happy but for the apprehension which nagged at me when I thought of the cruel move from which only a miracle could save us.

I hoped that Elsa didn't sense my wretchedness and anxiety, for by now I could see she was ill enough as it was.

That night she again stayed in the grass outside my tent and refused to eat.

As I was watching her, Gopa came up to me and wished to make friends. This was unusual, and I wanted to respond, but, like Jespah, he had not learned to retract his claws when playing with human beings.

I squatted near him, looking him in the face, calling him by name and hoping that he would understand that, even if I would not play with him, all the same I loved him.

Jespah brought this awkward situation to an end by bouncing on his brother.

The manes of the two lions had grown a lot lately; Gopa's was much darker and nearly twice the length of his brother's; his growl was deep and sometimes threatening. In every way he was a powerful young lion.

Next afternoon I again found the family in the studio lugga. I had brought my sketchbook, but preferred to sit near Elsa and comfort her by stroking her head. She lay quite still and allowed me to pat her, but when I touched her back, or my hand came near one of her sores, she growled and made it very clear that she did not want me to interfere. Her nose was wet and cold, a sure sign that she was ill.

I still refrained from giving her sulphanilamide, so as not to weaken her natural resistance, and I was so convinced that the swellings were responsible for her con-

Continued on page 54

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"Guardians to the motherless cubs"

dition that I never thought of taking a blood slide and having it analysed to see whether she had any other infection.

Soon it would be four weeks since we had received the deportation order and it was already three since George had gone on his recce to Lake Rudolf.

Never once had the cubs entered the lorry; Elsa was ill, we had not yet found a new home for the cubs or a way of moving them.

Plainly, we were going to be far behind our schedule.

That evening George arrived, but his news, despite an enormous effort to find a suitable home for the cubs, was not good.

Journey to Nairobi

He suggested that I should go at once to Nairobi and ask the advice of Major Ian Grimwood, our Chief Game Warden, who knew well certain localities which we thought may provide the lions' new home.

During my absence in Nairobi, George would train the cubs to feed in the truck.

As there was so little time left, I agreed to go, provided that Elsa was well enough for me to leave her.

Early next morning we waded to the opposite bank and found the family a few yards from the water.

Elsa broke through the dense undergrowth and rubbed herself affectionately against me.

I scratched her on the head and behind the ears. Her coat was like velvet and her body hard and strong. I stroked her for a long time, then she greeted George and later returned to the bush where her cubs were hiding.

George did not think she looked any worse than she had on earlier occasions when she had been infested with maggots, and this relieved my anxiety.

On my way to Nairobi I called on the District Commissioner in charge of the area in which the lions were living. I wanted to find out whether there was anything we could do which might result in the rescinding of the deportation order; but he advised me to go ahead with arrangements for the move.

My next visit was to Ken Smith, a game warden from a district adjoining ours, at Isiolo; he was acting for George in his absence. Ken showed me the wire enclosure which had been made to fit the truck. It did not seem to me strong enough, so I arranged to have it reinforced.

On my way to Nairobi I called on the veterinary surgeon, John Berger, with whom I had been corresponding about tranquillisers, but though we spent about four hours discussing the

Continued from page 52

problem, we were not able to find a satisfactory solution.

I arrived in Nairobi and went to keep my first appointment, which was with the Chief Game Warden, but before we had started our discussion he handed me a telegram from George:

Elsa worse. Has high fever. Suggest bring aureomycin.

The message had been telephoned through from Isiolo by Ken, who had asked Major Grimwood to tell me that he had already sent the drug to George.

I was terribly worried, but since help was already on the way I decided, in view of the urgent need to make arrangements for the move, to stay one night in Nairobi.

Major Grimwood told me that in the homes offered in the Rhodesias and Bechuanaland the conditions would not suit Elsa or the cubs, therefore he advised us to move the lions to Lake Rudolf.

He also suggested that the wire enclosure in the lorry had better be partitioned, since, if we transported the family in a communal crate and one lion were to panic, it might hurt the others.

Next morning I got up early, as I had some urgent matters to attend to before leaving Nairobi.

When I came downstairs I found Ken waiting for me. He looked tired and dusty, having just arrived from Isiolo with a message from George that Elsa was now desperately ill.

George had sent an SOS at midnight, asking for me to return and for a vet to come at once.

George's long vigil

Ken had got in touch with John MacDonald, the vet at Isiolo, who had left immediately, then Ken had driven the one hundred and eighty miles to Nairobi to give me George's message. How grateful I was to him.

I chartered a plane and soon Ken and I were on our way to the small Somali village which was the nearest landing strip to the camp, at which we might be able to hire a car for the rest of our journey. We were lucky enough to find an old Land-Rover and in it drove the last seventy miles.

We arrived at the camp about tea-time, leaving the car some distance away so as not to alarm Elsa.

I rushed to the studio. George was sitting there alone, and looked at me without saying anything. His expression told me more than I could bear.

When I had recovered from the shock he took me to Elsa's grave.

It was under a tree close to the tents, overlooking the river and the sandbank where Elsa had introduced me to her children. This was the tree on whose rough bark the cubs had learned to sharpen their claws; under the shade of which the family had so often played and where, last year, Elsa's mate had tried unsuccessfully to get his Christmas dinner.

George told me all that had happened while I was away. This is what he said:

"After you had left I moved my tent near to the ramp and waited for the family to appear, but that night they did not come. In the morning I was obliged to visit a game post, so it was not until the afternoon that I was free to look for Elsa.

"I saw the cubs playing on the far bank, and then found Elsa lying under a bush a little farther up the river.

"She got up and greeted me, and the cubs came along and played around their mother.

"I then went back to camp; that night again no lions appeared.

"Before breakfast I went to look for Elsa; she was lying alone near the place where I had left her the night before.

"She replied to my calls, but did not get up to greet me. Her breathing was labored and she seemed to be in pain; she was obviously ill.

"I returned to camp and at once despatched the telegram to let you know that Elsa was worse and asking you to send aureomycin. I also sent a letter explaining the situation.

"Then I went back to Elsa with water and a plate of meat and brains, into which I had mixed sulphathiazole. She drank a little water, but, even in spite of her liking for brains, did not eat anything. I put some sulphathiazole into the water, but she refused it.

"Then I went back and had lunch; afterwards I found she had moved a little way and was lying in long grass.

"I felt very much alarmed, for she was steadily growing weaker; she would not look at food, and only drank a little water which I offered her in a basin.

"To leave her alone for the night was unthinkable, for in her weak state she might have been attacked by hyenas, buffalo, or by a lioness.

"I therefore decided to spend the night with her, and got the boys to bring my bed over from the camp, also the remains of the goat and a pressure lamp. I spent the night in the bush and kept the lamp burning. The cubs came up from the stream and ate the goat; afterwards Jespah tried to pull the blankets off my bed.

"Elsa seemed to be a little better. Twice she came up to my bed and rubbed her head affectionately against me.

"Once during the night I woke up and found the cubs on the alert looking intently behind my head. Next I heard a loud snort and flashed my torch and a buffalo crashed away into the bush.

"Elsa lay close to my bed. The cubs were in a playful mood and wanted their mother to join in their game, but every time they came near her she growled.

"At dawn Elsa seemed fairly comfortable, so I went back to camp for breakfast and then did some typing.

"About ten o'clock I be**gan to feel anxious,** and went **to look for Elsa.**

"I could not find her; there was no answer to my calls and no sign of the cubs. For two hours I searched up and down the river, and at last I found her lying half in the water by a little island near the camp.

"She looked desperately ill, her breathing was very fast and she was extremely weak. I tried to give her water in my cupped hands but she could not swallow.

"I stayed with her for an hour. Then Elsa made an immense effort and went up the steep bank on to the island, where she collapsed.

"I left Nuru (an African working with us) in charge, and went back to camp and improvised a stretcher out of my camp-bed and tent-poles.

"I carried it back to the island and laid it beside Elsa, hoping that, since she always liked lying on a bed, she

Continued on page 56

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"Guardians to the motherless cubs"

might roll on to it. If she did this, I meant, with the help of the men, to carry her across the river to my tent.

"But Elsa did not attempt to go to the bed.

"About three o'clock she suddenly rose to her feet and staggered to the river. With my help she waded across it to the bank below the kitchen. She was completely exhausted by the effort and lay for a long time on the bank.

"At least now she was on our side of the river and close to the camp. The cubs appeared on the island, having no doubt followed their mother's scent, but they seemed nervous of crossing over.

"Stopping twice to rest, Elsa made her way to the sandbank below our tents.

"I showed some meat to the cubs, who followed my progress along the other side of the river as I dragged their dinner to the sandbank.

"Jespah and Little Elsa swam across, but Gopa hesitated until he saw his brother and sister eating,

Continued from page 54

then he ventured to swim over and was ambushed by Jespah as soon as he landed.

"For the next two hours Elsa lay on the sandbank with Jespah close to her. Twice she got up and went to the water's edge to drink, but she could not swallow.

"It was a pathetic sight. I tried pouring water from my cupped hands into her mouth, but it just dribbled out again.

"When it got dark she walked up the narrow path and lay down at the place where my tent used to stand before I moved it up to the ramp.

"I tried to give her a little milk and whisky by squirting it into her mouth with a syringe; she managed to swallow some of it. Then I covered her with a blanket and hoped she would not move.

"I was in despair, feeling sure that she would not last out the night, anxious to send a message to you, and worried because the truck I had sent with the telegram was very much overdue.

"I realised that the only hope of saving her was to get a vet as quickly as possible; on the other hand, I did not want to leave her in case she wandered off in the darkness, in which case it might have been impossible to find her.

"In the end I decided to risk leaving her for an hour and a half, the time it would take me to go to and from a bad ford where I thought the truck might be stuck.

"Less than two miles from camp I met the truck, which had got stuck both going to and returning from Isiolo.

"The driver had brought the drug for Elsa. I wrote a letter to Ken, telling him that Elsa was in desperate need of a vet and asked him to get in touch with you. Then I sent the driver straight back to Isiolo in my Land-Rover.

"Fortunately Elsa had not moved. The cubs had arrived and I gave them some meat.

"It was impossible to get Elsa to swallow the drug. She had become very restless, would get up, move a few paces and then lie down again. All my attempts to make her drink failed.

"Terrible and harrowing"

"At about eleven at night she moved into my tent near the studio and lay there for an hour. Then she got up, walked slowly down to the river, waded in and stood there for several minutes making attempts to drink but unable to swallow.

"Eventually, she returned to my tent and again lay down in it.

"The cubs came to the tent and Jespah nuzzled his mother, but she did not respond.

"At about a quarter to two in the morning Elsa left the tent and went back to the studio and into the water. I tried to stop her, but she went resolutely on till she reached the sandbank under the trees where she had so often played with the cubs. Here she lay on the sodden mudbank, evidently in great distress, alternately sitting up and lying down, her breathing more labored than ever.

"I tried to move her back to the dry sand of the studio, but she seemed beyond making any effort.

"It was a terrible and harrowing sight. It even crossed my mind that I ought to put her out of her misery, but I believed that there was still a chance that you might arrive with a vet in time to help her.

"At about 4.30 I called all the men in camp and with their help put Elsa on the stretcher and with much difficulty carried her back to my tent. She settled down and I lay beside her completely exhausted.

"As dawn was breaking she suddenly got up, walked to the front of the tent and collapsed. I held her head in my lap. A few minutes later she sat up, gave a most heart-rending terrible cry and fell over.

"Elsa was dead."

The cubs were close by, obviously bewildered and distressed. Jespah came up to his mother and licked her face. He seemed frightened and rejoined the others, who were hiding in the bush a few yards away.

Half an hour after Elsa died, John MacDonald, the Senior Veterinary Officer from Isiolo,

Continued on page 57

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"Guardians to the motherless cubs"

arrived. Although George hated the idea, he agreed in the interests of medicine and of the cubs themselves that a post-mortem should be carried out to establish the cause of death.

When this was over Elsa was buried under the acacia tree where she had often rested (it stands on the riverbank close to the camp). At George's command the game scouts fired three volleys over the grave. The reports echoed back from Elsa's rock; perhaps somewhere in the sea of bush her mate may have heard them and paused.

It was January 24, 1961.

Now we were the guardians of Elsa's children.

Late in the afternoon we went toward the Big Rock and along the river to look for the cubs. All we found was fresh blood, which suggested a large kill close to the studio lugga.

After sunset I went to the river and sat on the sandbank where a year ago Elsa had introduced her cubs to me. I sat there for a long time. Suddenly, from the other side of the river I heard a faint "tciang."

Instantly I gave all the calls which I hoped the cubs might recognise, and eventually through the darkness caught a glimpse of Jespah peeping between the undergrowth; but he vanished as quickly as he appeared.

I placed some meat in the open where the cubs could see it, but they did not come, nor did they give any response to my calls. The only sound I heard was the howling of an unusual number of hyenas.

"On trial for murder?"

We secured the carcase near George's tent, but the cubs did not come during the night, and as we listened to the sinister chorus of hyenas we became very anxious, for we did not think that they would stand a chance if they were attacked by such powerful predators.

Next morning we continued our search. We followed the spoor which Jespah had left on the previous evening. It led upstream, to the place near the island where Elsa had collapsed on the day before she died.

We took some meat with us, hoping to tempt the cubs back to camp by giving them only a little at a time, but when we saw Jespah hiding in a thicket, and looking hungrily at the meat, we dropped the whole lot.

He grabbed it at once, and ate it ravenously. Then I heard a rustling noise and saw Little Elsa about twenty yards away, but as soon as we looked at each other she bolted.

We spent the day working at the grave, and after tea went to the Whuffing Rock from near which the cubs' father had often called Elsa. The cubs were still there, but bolted when we began to climb up.

We stopped on the ridge which faced the rock, but was divided from it by a wide chasm, hoping that this would reassure the cubs.

They reappeared and for two hours just sat looking at us without stirring. All our attempts to talk to them were met only by their scrutinising gaze, and I began to feel as though I were on trial for murder.

But they stayed all that night in the camp; whenever I woke I heard them moving around and also the sardonic laughter of the hyenas at the buffalo kill.

In the morning I found Jespah on the opposite side of the river.

I followed his spoor, which led me to a tree with a large fork which stood on the bank of a deep lugga. Here I caught a glimpse of the other two cubs bolting round a bend.

We had to realise that it was entirely due to Elsa that her cubs had ever tolerated our presence. Since her death, they not only refused to answer our calls but bolted every time they heard or scented us.

Continued from page 56

About midnight I heard their father call. He started from high upstream and gradually came nearer, until I heard him just opposite Elsa's grave. He roared three times, at short intervals. Was he calling Elsa?

It was a clear night, the stars seemed very large, and the Southern Cross stood right above Elsa's grave. When their father roared the cubs must have been close to him, for at dawn we found their spoor leading from the camp across the river.

We spent all the next day following their pug marks, but did not find the cubs; but before dark, at a point far from the camp, we recognised the spoor of the cubs' father and those of the cubs were beside his.

It was just a week since Elsa had died. We had expected her children to become dependent upon us, but in fact they had avoided us as far as hunger permitted.

Looking back, it seems to me as though there had been a pattern running through Elsa's life of which even her untimely death was a part. While she was alive her stigma of being semi-tame was bound to react upon her cubs and diminish their chances of living a natural life.

Now that she was dead, it seemed possible that they might either be adopted by wild lions and allowed to remain where they were or, if not this, then at least permitted to

Continued on page 58

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"Guardians to the motherless cubs"

live in a game reserve or a national park, from both of which Elsa herself had been banned on account of her friendship with human beings.

The cubs were just the right age (one year old) to adapt themselves to either alternative. I wondered whether Elsa, as so often in the past, had not solved a problem in her own way.

One afternoon Jespah followed me back to the tents and allowed me to stroke him while the boys were getting meat for him.

When it appeared he pounced on it and dragged it quickly to the other cubs, who were hiding.

Then, before starting his own meal, he returned to me and, placing himself in his "safe position," invited me to play with him.

He tilted his head and rolled on his back, but as I came up to him made a lightning swipe at me. Instantly I jerked back. I rolled an old tyre toward him and offered him a stick, but though he made an attempt to play with these lifeless toys, he soon got bored and went back to the other cubs.

Continued from page 57

Hoping to find him in a quieter mood after his meal, I waited for a couple of hours and then approached him. Again he gave a quick swipe with his paws, which made any further advances on my part impossible.

I tried talking softly to Gopa, but he only growled at me and moved off with flattened ears.

We had now received the result of Elsa's post-mortem. She had died of an infection by a tick-borne parasite called babesia, which destroys the red blood corpuscles. The four per cent. infection which they found had proved fatal because of the weak condition to which she had been reduced by the bites of the mango flies, which had caused the swellings.

It was the first time that such an infection had been found in a lion.

A few days later the cubs came into camp after dark, Jespah first, followed later by Gopa and Little Elsa.

Again Jespah invited me to play with him, and now that George was back I felt that I could risk a scratch, so, overcoming my fear, I held my hand out.

Before I knew what was happening Jespah tore open one of my finger joints. It was not a serious wound, but it was bad enough to make me realise sadly that we two could never play together.

All this time we had been trying to solve the problem of the cubs' future.

This was our plan to catch them and move them to their new home:

They must get accustomed to feeding in a large communal crate placed on the ground.

Then, one day when all three were inside, we would close the door and, disguising the tranquilliser in marrow, we would administer a dose in each of the three pie-dishes.

We would push the dishes through a second door, small enough to prevent the cubs from escaping through it.

The cubs would be safe inside the crate during the time the drug was taking effect. This was important, for we did not want them to wander about in a state of semi-unconsciousness and perhaps become a prey to predators.

Lions round our camp

As soon as they had been immobilised by the drug, we intended to transfer them to three separate crates, specially designed to fit the back of a five-ton lorry.

To minimise the risk of panic, we decided to have three sides of the crates made of iron bars, so that during the journey the cubs would be able to see each other and, without being able to do any harm, could give each other moral support.

There was, of course, a greater risk that they might get chafed against the bars, but we felt that this physical damage would heal more easily than a mind which had been injured by terror.

The fourth side of the crates was to consist of a wooden trap-door.

But by now we had reason to think the cubs were already befriended by other lions.

Most nights now we heard two lions roaring round the camp. George thought he recognised their calls as those of the Fierce Lioness, who once attacked Elsa, and the Fierce Lioness' mate. But we believed that this pair was not part of the pride which had apparently adopted Elsa's cubs.

During the next few days George found the spoor of at least five lions, of which three were cubs. It seemed that this pride always stayed between the cataracts and the elephant lugga. This would, we thought, be an ideal home for our cubs; there was plenty of game and comparative safety from poachers.

As George could never get a view of the lions during the daytime, he spent one night near their tracks inside the Land-Rover, but had no luck.

We could not be certain, but we began to believe that the cubs had themselves solved the problem of their future, for we had not seen them for twelve days.

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Continued from page 25

A MAN, A MOUSE AND A GIRL

"And I fed your mouse."

Sam opened his bottom desk drawer to look. There was a clean sheet of graph paper and a quarter of an apple. The mouse was a nocturnal visitor. Sam said, "Is apple good for him?"

"He thinks so." Murphy picked up her slide rule again. She glanced at the carved walrus tusk. "Gift for what's-her-name?"

Sam shifted his feet. "Do you think she'll like it?"

Murphy's eyes studied the slide rule. "How would I know?"

"Well," Sam said. And then, "I mean, you're a woman."

Murphy said, her voice expressionless, "I'm a mathematician and wet nurse to a computer. Go away and let me work."

The director wanted to see Sam, of course, just to say welcome back and congratulations on a good job of work and when would Sam have his results correlated? Although the director understood, being a geophysicist himself, that data on water temperature and density and current flow at varying depths were not observations you tied into a neat theoretical package in ten minutes.

And, oh, yes, there was one more thing, because the university liked to co-operate when they could; which was the reason Sam didn't get to see Paulie until much later.

The one more thing involved a drive into the city and two-three hours in front of bright lights with a microphone hanging around his neck and a young man asking silly questions.

Science it seemed was in the news these days and the TV network was putting on a package just that night to demonstrate how America was pushing out the frontiers of science in myriad directions, oceanography among them, and wasn't it a break that here was Sam just back in time from the rigors of the frozen North? Sam felt pretty foolish, but he did the best he could.

IT was dark when he drove back across the bridge and headed north amongst the trees, the pleasant smell of growth and life so different from the bleakness of the Arctic. He wondered if he could make Paulie see, and understand, how glad he was to be back, but he supposed he couldn't because he'd never really been very good with words the way some people were.

Murphy, for example, was most articulate, even if sometimes she didn't quite seem to mean what she said, which was puzzling. Sam had the walrus tusk on the seat beside him. He had great hopes pinned on that walrus tusk.

Paulie opened the door to his knock, lovely as ever, and burst right out laughing. "Sam, the beard!"

Sam said he guessed it was pretty funny, and he'd meant to shave it off as soon as he got back to his electric razor, which was the reason he'd let it grow in the first place because electric outlets on the floe weren't easy to come by . . .

"Sam," Paulie said, smiling now instead of laughing. "Don't be so serious, so—geological. Come in. How nice you're back." And after that things were better.

The walrus tusk seemed to be a success. Paulie examined the carving, and exclaimed over it and said it was beautiful; and Sam said it wasn't really very much, but he'd hoped she'd like it. And he wondered if this was the moment to jump right in and say what was on his mind.

But Paulie said, "Tell me what you've been doing, Sam. All of it." And she sat, smiling and attentive, and with the question asked right out that way, there wasn't much Sam could do but try to answer it.

So he told her all about water temperatures and densities and current. And somehow he got on to sea mounts and silting and oxygen . . .

"Sam, Sam, that wasn't what I meant. What were you doing?"

Sam said it was funny she'd asked that, because the young man with the lights and the microphones had kept asking the same question.

Paulie's eyes were wide and round. "You're on television, Sam?" And she jumped up and rushed to find the paper and look up the programme; she flew to the television set and turned it on and Sam wished he were dead, remembering all those silly questions.

And then there was the young man, and there was Sam, beard and all, telling reluctantly about the time the cable broke when the Navy was transferring him by breeches buoy from one ship to another and Sam had spent five or ten pretty miserable minutes floundering around in water that would freeze the . . .

And the young man's voice, vibrant with emotion, said, "What were your thoughts, Doctor, there in that freezing sea?"

Sam's voice came after a pregnant, contemplative pause. "Unprintable," Sam said in simple truth.

The cameras swung back to the young man. "Well," the young man said quietly, "there it is, the heroism, the selflessness, the devotion of these men of science for whom no hardship is too great in their incessant search for knowledge."

Paulie's voice was filled with awe. "Why, Sam, you're a hero. I never thought of you that way."

It was pretty late, something after ten, when Sam got home, and although as a scientist he knew that the concept was absurd, it did not really seem that his feet touched the ground, and he found himself ducking a little as he went in through the doorway, an act that had never seemed necessary before.

In the back of the house the lights were on, and he wondered about this until he heard a kind of angry muttering, and he went on out to the lean-to workshop, and there was Murphy.

There was sawdust in her hair and eyebrows and a smudge of something high on one cheek. She had her sleeves rolled up, and in one hand she held Sam's soldering iron, in the other a roll of solder, and she didn't even look up. "Not enough hands. Lend me one of yours." And when that connection and three more were neatly soldered she laid the iron down. "That does it. Now let's put it together and see if it works."

It was a triangle loud-speaker enclosure with four four-inch speakers mounted in its face. Murphy, working with glue and screws fitting on the bottom piece, said, "I programmed the requirements into the computer monster. This is what came out." There were neatly drawn sketches and a page of calculations on the bench.

Sam studied them. "Flat response," Murphy said, "throughout the entire audible range . . . small speakers because they're cheap . . . these top holes give a kind of piston effect . . . I needed your table saw, so I thought I'd do the whole thing here." And then, with finality, "There." The last screw neatly countersunk. She looked up at last. "Do you want to hear it?"

To page 60

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Continued from page 59

A MAN, A MOUSE AND A GIRL

"Why," Sam said, "I guess so. Sure."

They set it in a corner of the bookcase in the living-room and hooked it up to Sam's amplifier and put on Beethoven's "Eroica" and sat down to listen. The results were near to incredible.

The high notes came out crisp and clear, and the lows resounded, filling the room, and the entire sound spectrum in between was in harmony and balance, and Murphy, her small head cocked on one side and her eyes squinted in concentration, nodded slowly. Sawdust, smudge and all, there was a kind of glow in her face as she looked at Sam.

"Nice," Sam said in vast understatement. His eyes were half-closed as he listened. "Much better than mine."

"Well," Murphy said. "There it is. The monster spoke the truth."

Sam said, "I'll unhook it and carry it out to the car." He saw the sudden change in Murphy's face. "What's the matter?"

"Well," Murphy said, "it's just that I — I don't have any place to put it. My bookcase isn't big enough."

Sam frowned. "Didn't you take dimensions?" It was unlike Murphy to make this kind of careless mistake. Murphy was precision itself.

Murphy said, "It fits here, doesn't it?" And then, "Well?"

It was true, the enclosure fitted Sam's bookcase like a hand in a glove. Sam stared at it. "Oh," he said.

"So," Murphy said, "you might as well keep it." She paused. Then, "It's your birthday, isn't it?"

Sam's eyebrows rose in wonder, in near disbelief. "Is it? I — hadn't thought about it. I —" But he was talking to himself. Murphy was gone and there was only the music swelling. Sam decided that some people were pretty confusing. All in all, quite a day.

He was at his desk early the next morning, and opened the bottom drawer and checked and, sure enough, the mouse did like apple. Sam put in a fresh sheet of graph paper and the cheese he had brought. And then he settled down to work. He didn't even hear Murphy come in, but when he looked up an hour or two later, there she was at her own desk, slide rule in hand, as usual, and scowling in her concentration.

Sam cleared his throat. He said, "I want to thank you."

The slide rule worked on without pause. Murphy jotted down an answer. "There is no charge."

"Well," Sam said, "I just wanted you to know." There was silence. Sam felt uncomfortable, and he could not have said why. He tried another gambit. "I put cheese down for him."

"He's your mouse," Murphy said. "Now will you be quiet?"

The call summoning Sam to the director's office came a little before noon. The director showed relief when Sam appeared. "I was afraid," the director said, "that you might have shaved it off."

Sam's hand went to the beard. "I forgot," he said. "I was — thinking about — other things." Specifically, the embarrassing but pleasurable awe in Paulie's attitude now that he had been on television; remembering this, savoring it all through the process of dressing and eating breakfast — while Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony thundered through the little house with a richness and a clarity Sam had never heard before.

The director said, "Did you read the reviews of the television show?"

Sam hadn't even known that television shows were reviewed. It seemed silly, because by the time a review appeared the show was over, but, then, he didn't pretend to understand a lot of things.

The director said, "They were consistently — ah — favorable." He seemed a trifle embarrassed. "It seems that your — interview was particularly well accepted. It has been mentioned that a sort of — honesty and humility and conviction came through."

Sam wondered what all this was leading up to. The director told him. Afterward, Sam wandered back to his desk and his graphs and his notes and data and just sat there, unseeing, stunned. He was in this condition when Murphy came back from lunch and found him.

"What's with you?" Murphy said.

Sam tried to sort it out for her, and himself. It seemed that universities always needed money. And it also appeared that publicity was one way to get it, although Sam didn't understand the connection. And the university had already talked with the network, and the network had read the reviews, and there was something called ratings, and, well, the university was going to undertake to put on other shows and it was suggested that Sam, beard, honesty, humility, conviction, and all, act as a kind of interlocutor for them.

THE suggestion of the network, this last; the networks were no longer at all surprised when somebody entirely unknown turned out to have the kind of appeal that attracted viewers.

"Oh, no!" Murphy said.

There would be money, Sam said. The director had seemed to consider this quite important.

"The belief," Murphy said, "is almost universal." She picked up her slide rule and glared at it. And then, "Have you had any lunch?"

Sam hadn't even thought about it.

"Well, think about it," Murphy said. "Even your mouse has to eat." And after Sam had wandered obediently out of the office, Murphy put down her slide rule and did a very un-Murphy-like thing: she began to cry. "Oh, damn," Murphy said.

Sam munched on a sandwich and a cup of coffee at the luncheonette. Pete Walton, the local barber, strolled in and sat down. "Hey, you looked good last night, Doc. I didn't know you guys went wandering around on icebergs. How about that?"

Sam was embarrassed. He explained that it had been an ice floe, more or less flat, not at all exciting, whereas icebergs . . .

"Okay, Doc. Either way, it isn't for me." And then, "Going to keep the beaver? I'll hack it off for you if you want. Special price."

"I — don't know," Sam said. He had a sudden vision of himself trudging endlessly through life still wearing the beard, made up as if to play Othello or Captain Ahab, when all he really wanted . . .

Pete said, "Does it itch?"

In time, Sam supposed, a man could get used to almost anything. He thought he'd better go have a talk with Paulie.

She was on duty at the library, and one of the local matrons was thumbing through the rack of best-sellers. The matron looked up and

To page 61

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Continued from page 60

A MAN, A MOUSE AND A GIRL

saw Sam. "Doctor," she said, "I want to tell you I enjoyed your appearance last night."

And Sam thanked the matron and shifted his feet until she had marched out and he and Paulie were alone. "Sam," Paulie said, "everybody has been talking about you." There was pride in her smile.

"Well," Sam said. And he went through the whole incredible idea, chapter and verse, and Paulie's eyes grew wide and round as they had last night, and he felt again that embarrassed pleasure to see himself so reflected. He said, "They want me to keep the beard."

"But, of course," Paulie said. "It's so — distinguished!"

Sam was a gentle man and he didn't want to come right out and remind her of her initial laughter. Still . . . "Well," he said, "if you've changed your mind."

"Sam," Paulie said then. "Sam, I just didn't — understand." And the statement was a kind of benediction; it warmed him clear through.

That afternoon he had a little talk with the director, and then it turned out that Sam had to drive into the city again where he met with a number of strangers, quick-talking and quick-thinking young men who used figures of speech beyond Sam's comprehension.

"Let's put it into orbit and see what sparks fly . . . if it's far enough out, it just might turn out to be in . . . way down deep we've got to keep it shallow . . ." And, inevitably, incessantly, "You with it, Doc?" Confusing.

AND they would gather again the next day and the day after.

Sam explained that he had his work, the correlation of his data. "Doc," one of the young men said, "face it, Doc. You want to spend the rest of your life dropping thermometers through holes in the ice?"

He was at his desk at dawn the next morning because he had to be in the city at ten, and so he was just leaving when Murphy came in, and his mind was filled with too many things for him even to notice that there was a certain coolness in Murphy's manner.

There was a kind of nightmare quality to that day; a feeling that, as in "Alice in Wonderland," he, Sam, was running hard just to stay in the same place. But the young men, with one accord, said he was doing fine, that he projected beautifully — whatever that meant — and he had to admit to himself that it was pleasant to be the epicentre of so much attention.

And so it went through the week — at his desk at dawn, muddling around with figures and graphs that, strangely, no longer seemed to make much sense; then off to the city for conferences and filmings and taping sessions (the red light showing and the camera staring at him like a great, unblinking eye while the teleprompter gave him his lines to speak); and then, at last, home to the little house and maybe a can of soup and bed, the alarm set for the next morning.

He saw Murphy only as he trotted past her on his way out to the car. He did not see Paulie at all, but she phoned him one night, caught him with one shoe and sock off and bed his only thought, to say breathlessly, "Sam, did you see the ad? In the paper? For *your show?*"

Sam hadn't seen it.

"Oh," Paulie said, "but there's a picture, Sam! Of you! Sam, you're famous!"

Sam wondered if he ought to show off one of his new phrases, like, "That's the way the cookie crumbles," but he was afraid he wouldn't get it right, so he said only, "Well."

"Sam," Paulie said, "tomorrow night, I mean when the show comes on, do you have to be in the city?"

He had been assured that he didn't, that by tomorrow afternoon he'd have done his part and the young men would take it from there.

"Then," Paulie said, and there was a new, almost timid note in her voice, "then, Sam, would you like to — watch the show here? With me?"

The floor was cold beneath his bare foot, but it didn't seem to matter. And he was tired, close to exhaustion, but that didn't matter either. He said, with that understatement of his, "I'd like that."

And Paulie said, "I'll be so — proud!"

Funny, it was hard to get to sleep that night, exhaustion and all. His mind insisted on *soaring* (way out in left field?) and glowing and throwing off sparks of impossible brilliance. But sleep did come, and then there was that alarm again. He was at his desk until the last possible moment. As he trotted down the hall he met Murphy coming in.

Murphy planted herself squarely in his path and he had to stop. She said, without preamble, "Have you been feeding your mouse?"

Sam opened his mouth. He closed it again in silence.

"I thought not," Murphy said, "even if it's none of my business." And she marched past him, small and determined, her shoulders square, and Sam wanted to stop her, explain that there had been too many things on his mind — but there wasn't time. He trotted out to his car.

The young men in the city had been both right and wrong. Sam's part was finished before the show, but it wasn't afternoon, it was evening, Venus bright in the darkened sky, before he was free to drive back across the bridge and north to the village, and Paulie.

There was no laughter this time. "You're late, Sam. If we hurry we can still have dinner."

Sitting there, Paulie across the table and smiling, neither of them talking much, Sam ate, and never afterward remembered what the dinner consisted of. And then, in the darkened living room in front of the television set, coffee on the table in front of them, they watched the closing commercial of the previous show, and then the network break, and then Paulie said, "Just think, Sam, there are thousands of people watching, millions!"

Sam said that he was just the interlocutor, the MC.

"Don't be modest, Sam. That's what Ed Sullivan is, too!"

And it was then, with the opening business filling the bright screen, that the phone rang. Paulie said, "Oh, how can anyone be so— stupid!" But she got up to answer, and her voice changed suddenly. "It's a woman. For you. Tell her you'll call her back." It was a command.

Sam spoke into the phone. Murphy's voice, flat, expressionless, said, "I found your mouse. If you're interested. He's—"

It was as if from a great distance that Sam heard his own voice say, "I'll—come. Right away." He hung up and turned away.

To page 62

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Continued from page 61

A MAN, A MOUSE AND A GIRL

From the sofa Paulie said, "Sam! Sam, you're on! Look!"

"My mouse," Sam said, and he walked out of the house. The last thing he heard was a wail from Paulie. He paid it no heed.

Lights blazed in Sam's office. Murphy merely looked up when he came in, and then bent quickly over her desk again. Lew Palmer from the biology lab. Ph.D., ScD., was there too, and he had a hypodermic syringe in his hand. He said, "How do I know what the adrenalin dosage is for a mouse?"

And Murphy said, her voice not quite steady, "Stop yakking and do something, Lew." And as Sam got close enough he saw the tears on Murphy's face rolling down her nose and dripping inelegantly from her chin. The mouse lay on a clean sheet of graph paper and he looked pretty limp, and Sam's mind was dead and then slowly, laboriously began to stir itself a little because something had to be done.

He said, "Would—oxygen help, Lew?"

Lew was busy with the needle. Over his shoulder he said, "Sure. All we have to do is get him admitted to a hospital."

Sam heard no more. He was off at a trot down the hall to Lew's own lab, setting up in his mind a list of things he'd need.

Loaded, he trotted back into the office and deposited his burdens and began to sort things out. Murphy moved into action beside him, her small hands deft and busy.

They set the bell jar over the mouse and propped up the edge with Murphy's slide rule so that the weight of the jar wouldn't collapse the rubber tube they fed beneath. Into the other end of the tube they inserted a glass funnel and capped it with a rubber diaphragm, pierced the diaphragm and fitted it over the valve of the oxygen tank. Murphy held the contraption steady, and Sam cracked the valve. The thing began to hiss.

Lew said, "Watch the pressure. You'll blow the bell jar out the window. And the mouse."

"Shut up, Lew," Murphy said.

Sam said, "You give birds sugar-water. Would—?"

Lew said, "Not when they're dead."

And Murphy's voice was a low-pitched snarl, "He isn't dead! I won't let him be!"

Lew sighed. He started for the door when Murphy's voice came again, loud this time, and filled with sudden triumph.

"Lew! Sam! Look!"

They gathered around the bell jar. The mouse's nose was twitching. His bright eyes opened and he began to stir, heaved himself into a sitting position and, weakly at first, but with growing strength, began to scrabble with his small hands at nose and whiskers.

Lew said, "It probably smells awful."

"Never mind," Murphy said. "He'll breathe it and like it." She looked at Sam then. "You don't deserve to have a mouse."

Sam was silent. He guessed he wasn't in any position to argue.

He drove slowly away the next morning. He wasn't sure what time the library opened. But Paulie was already there, and she had a smile for him and pride. "You were wonderful," she said, "just wonderful."

"Was I?" Sam said. And then, "I want to apologise."

"It doesn't matter, Sam. And they announced next week's show. It's all about atoms, and I'm sure I won't understand it, but it won't make any difference, not a bit."

Sam thought guiltily of the young man's statement that way down deep they had to keep the show shallow for the yokels. "Well," he said. "I'm glad you liked last night's show, Paulie." He walked out to his car.

He had one more stop to make before he drove to the observatory. It did not take long. When he walked into the office, Murphy was at her desk, slide rule in hand, calm, efficient, precise Murphy. Sam couldn't shake the memory of those tears dripping from her chin. He said, "I brought apple and cheese. Do you think that's all right?"

Murphy said, without looking up, "He's your mouse."

Sam shook his head. "Not any more. He's sort of a — joint project."

There was silence. Murphy said at last, "Cheese and apple are all right." And she looked up then, and her eyes grew wide and her mouth hung open briefly, but she snapped it shut. "You look naked without it," she said.

SAM rubbed the smooth chin Pete Walton had exposed. He said nothing. He sat down and looked at the figures, the graphs that had seemed so meaningless and unimportant these last few days. It was funny, they looked different this morning — exciting. Locked in them somewhere was one more little piece of knowledge to add to man's store, probably nothing earthshaking, nothing that would even make the newspapers, let alone television, but what did that matter?

That original young man with his silly questions had had one thing right even though he had distorted it with a lot of nonsense: the search was for truth, and heroism had nothing at all to do with it. Sam felt better.

Murphy said, "The Navy's been around again, hinting."

Sam had a pencil in his hand. "And what do they have in mind this time? Another ice floe?"

Murphy said, "They've got a submarine they're proud of. It stays under water a couple of months at a time . . ."

"Oh, no," Sam said.

"You want to know about temperatures, don't you?" Murphy said. "And densities? And currents? And inversion layers. Well, so does the Navy. And they figure an oceanographer might be able to figure things out for them."

There was more silence.

"If you're worried about your car," Murphy said, "I'll run it up. And if you're worried about your—our mouse—" She, too, was silent, oddly wordless.

Sam took a deep breath. He said slowly, hesitantly, "I wasn't thinking about those things. I —" He hesitated. "Maybe you'd like to listen to my record-player while I'm gone."

"You," Murphy said, "say the darndest things."

"What I mean is," he said, "I'd —like to be sure you were still around when I got back."

The silence this time grew and seemed to hold in endless time. "Well," she said then, "I'll be here. Where else would I be?"

And then, in a different voice, a voice Sam had never heard before. "Your — our mouse and I—" She was looking straight at Sam. "We'll be waiting," she said. "Now let's get to work."

Sam bent to his figures and his graphs. They seemed to smile at him. He smiled back.

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Continued from page 27

THAMES CROSSING

Half-way through that week Gideon had almost given up hope himself. On the Wednesday the telephone bell rang at half-past ten — Danny usually worked around ten o'clock — and Gideon checked himself from hurrying to the telephone. He stepped across with deceptive leisureliness and lifted the receiver.

"Gideon here."

"George!" said Lemaitre. "Danny was seen in Frith Street five minutes ago — and Lola Handel's jewels were stolen an hour ago — twenty thousand pounds' worth. The alarm's out."

"I'll be at Westminster Bridge," Gideon said, and banged down the receiver. His eyes were as eager as a small boy's. "Kate! I'm going out. It looks as if we've got that beggar."

Every roadblock, every patrol went into action. There was no sign of Danny Low anywhere. At ten minutes to eleven Lemaitre's voice came on the car radio.

"It's impossible but it's happened," Lemaitre said despondently. "Danny's back home. He's got three men to swear he's been playing table tennis with them all the evening. He says he hasn't been anywhere near Soho — hasn't been the other side of the river at all. George, he can't have a double, can he?"

"I don't know whether he's got a double, but I know we're going to have trouble," Gideon said. "This one is going to hit all the headlines."

NEXT morning, after a quick glance at those headlines, Gideon was preoccupied and worried.

The series of jewel thefts had been going on for too long. It was a bad thing if any thief, or gang of thieves, could defy the police for so long and get away with it . . .

Gideon was looking at a photograph of Danny Low. The jewel thief was in his early thirties, he was nice-looking. There was a gleam in his eyes, as if he had been ready to laugh when that photograph had been taken, a few years before.

Then Danny had been accused of a jewel theft, but had been found not guilty because of an alibi. The police had known then, as they knew now, that the alibi was phony.

"One thing's certain, he's having a hell of a laugh," Lemaitre said. "Table tennis my foot!"

"He's a bit of a sportsman," Gideon mused. "Tennis, football. Hmm."

Lemaitre realised that a new thought had entered his head.

"Lem," went on Gideon some time later. "We're going to repeat the river watch, from a different angle."

. . . . .

Danny Low slipped out of the apartment block in Mayfair, his pockets bulging with the proceeds of his latest haul. He had broken into the flat of a Member of Parliament while the family had been looking at television, and judged the value of the haul to be in the neighborhood of ten thousand pounds.

He was happy because it had been so easy, and because he could imagine what the Yard would feel when the Member had said what he thought of the Criminal Investigation Department.

He showed himself in Soho, at a bar where he often had a drink, made sure that the police spies saw him, and then slipped out. The escape was part of the spice of life for Danny.

Getting rid of the police shadow you knew was present was easy. Danny did it in two minutes. He knew that by then the alarm was going out, and the Yard was mobilising against him.

He stepped into a taxi, owned and driven by a friend, and slid out of his clothes. He was wearing a rubber swimsuit, and all he had to do was pull on the headpiece at the riverside.

He was ready by the time the taxi pulled up near the Embankment Gardens, beneath Charing Cross Bridge, where the light was shadowy. He was out of the taxi and over the embankment in a trice, dropped into the water silently — and began to swim.

Suddenly the Thames was ablaze with light. The whole stretch of it seemed like Piccadilly Circus, and beyond the glow Danny could see the menacing shapes of police launches. He made one effort to get away underwater, but suddenly his hands touched a drag-net.

Then he admitted that he had lost . . .

"Just tell me how you found out, Gee-Gee," Danny said to Gideon. "I want to be sure none of my pals squealed."

"No one squealed," said Gideon. "You didn't get across by bridge or tunnel, so it had to be by boat or by swimming. No small boats were moored close to the bank. You've a good reputation as a sportsman, and most sportsmen can swim. What did you do with the other jewels from the raids?"

Standing on the Westminster River Thames Division Police Station, Gideon weighed the jewels already recovered in his big hand.

"I always go to a jetty straight across the river from here—always," answered Danny. "I tie the loot under the jetty, and one of my boys fetches it next day. It was a good run while it lasted, anyhow."

He grinned. "You'll enjoy the newspapers better now, won't you Gee-Gee?"

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Continued from page 21

THE WILD GRAPES

"How old are you, Mary?" Rowena asked, startling her, and then smiled apologetically. "There are so many things we'll want to know — you'll have to forgive us firing questions at you."

"Thirty-four," Mary said, returning the smile.

"Younger than Charles?" Henry said.

"Of course younger than Charles, you dope," Margot said, "and years and years younger than all the rest of us."

"Do tell us what you've been doing in London," Rowena asked. "Charles tells us it's a long time since you've been home."

"Since I've lived at home, yes, it must be fourteen years," Mary said. "But I was at home three years ago, for six months."

"Even so, it's good of your family to let us have you this first week," Rowena said. "They must be longing to see you."

"They were in London a few months ago," Mary said, feeling an obscure need to defend them against Rowena's implied charge that her return meant nothing to them. "In fact it was Mother and Dad who talked me into giving up my job there to come home."

"What sort of a job did you have?" Edwin asked.

"Nothing very exciting. I was secretary to a woman who seemed to be on practically every charitable committee in London."

"It sounds fun," Rowena said.

"It was rather. I wrote speeches for her and kept her committees straight. I went to her first — oh, ages ago. Then I went back to her three years ago, when my divorce went through."

"Defended?" Margot asked.

"What?"

"Your divorce action, was it defended?" Margot asked.

"No," Mary said, wondering what possible interest the information could have for her.

She was pleased when Edwin raised some question about the upkeep of the tennis court and the garden and the talk could slide away temporarily into family affairs. She listened — half listened — and noticed how every step toward a decision was reached only by referring it to Rowena — "Is that all right, Roey?" or "What do you think?" Charles had told her this, that Rowena had taken over as "mother" of the Russel family, but she had thought that perhaps it had only seemed that way to him because of the big gap in ages between him and the others.

Now she could see that it was so, that Rowena was indeed the effective head of the family, so that she was deferred to, up to a point, and burdened with all the petty tasks and decisions that a house and family involved.

In this light at least she looked, Mary thought, singularly young for her age. Charles had told her that Rowena was fifty, but, by lamplight, there were few marks of her age in her face. She had none of the ruddiness of Margot and Henry, nor was she sandy as Edwin and Charles were. Her hair was dark brown, parted very far to the left-hand side of her head and dramatised by a stark white wing of hair too startling in its contrast to be natural.

She had the deep, rather slow voice that Mary had warmed to when she had first heard it from Charles, but which she was beginning to find disconcerting spread through an entire family of men and women.

The telephone began to ring in the hall and Henry got up and went to answer it. "It's for you, Mary, long distance," he called, and passed her as she went out, closing the door behind him as he came back into the drawing-room. Mary, unnerved by the roomful of listening Russels behind her, took up the receiver almost reluctantly, thinking, more family! But the voice that answered hers, her father's loud, warm, cheerful telephone voice, seemed a comfort after the tensions of the evening.

"Is that you, Mary? Well, it's good to hear you, dear," he was saying.

"And it's wonderful to hear you. How are you, how's Mother, how's everything?"

"Not too bad. Your mother's here, you can speak to her in a minute. When are you coming home?"

"Next weekend."

"Not till then?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"Well, you'll find things are not too bad here. We had a nice drop of rain about a month ago. What sort of a trip did you have?"

"Beautiful, we loved every moment of it. I've got all sorts of messages for you and Mother, and . . ."

"Good, good," he said. "Well, here's your mother. Now you look after yourself and get home here as soon as you can. I'll see you . . . How are you coming, by the way?"

"By train. Will you meet me?"

"I'll meet you. Now here's your mother."

A PAUSE and then her mother's voice. "Mary? Oh, darling, it's good to know that you're home at last." Her mother sounded full of warmth and enthusiasm that made up for all the cautions of the past few hours. "And your . . . and Charles? Is he there? Ought I to speak to him?"

"Oh, I don't think so, not now."

"Well, good," her mother said, and laughed. "To tell the truth I'm quite terrified of him, and I wouldn't have the least idea what to say on the telephone. But you will be bringing him home with you?"

"Not next weekend," Mary said. "Not just this time. I'd like to have a week at home first, then . . ."

"Oh, wonderful. Julia may come for a few days while you're here. She's going to ring you, Mary, but I know they're away tonight. They flew north this morning. I do wish they'd go by car, but . . ." The familiar talk went on — her sister Julia, her brother-in-law and the small plane he flew which so worried her mother, Julia's children, the news of neighbors and relations.

When she went back to the drawing-room at last, this brief contact with her own family had made Charles' family seem somehow more bearable. She went into the room confidently, leaving the door open behind her and sitting on the arm of the sofa beside Charles as an indication that she didn't expect to stay long. "Mother felt she ought to talk to you and was terribly relieved when I said she needn't," she said.

Charles smiled at her without speaking.

"Ro's been at him every night since he came home to telephone your parents," Margot said. "But nobody can make Chaz do anything he doesn't want, as you'll find to your cost, if you haven't discovered it already."

"Charles, this poor child is tired," Rowena said, indicating Mary. "It's time we let her get to bed and get some sleep."

"I am tired," Mary said quickly, getting to her feet and drawing

To page 65

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Charles after her by the hand. Anxious as she was to get away, she had no intention of allowing herself to be dismissed, leaving Charles behind her to hear an account of their first impressions. She noticed that the others had got up quickly, too, confirming her earlier impression that normally they would have dispersed soon after dinner.

In her room she turned anxiously to Charles. "Well?" she said.

"You were fine," Charles said with his arms wrapped tightly round her.

"No, I wasn't," she said, pulling back a little so that she could look at his face. "I wasn't fine at all. I made a mess of it. And I was furious with you, just sitting there, half asleep, and doing nothing to help."

"Yes, I thought you were," he said. "Darling, you take it all too seriously. You're back after five whole days. What the hell do we care about the rest of them?"

"But why are they so opposed to our marriage? Why?"

"They're not."

"Oh, yes, Charles, they are."

"No, you've got this thing wrong. They're not opposed to it. Nobody's said a word against it. Get the idea out of your head that anyone's opposed."

"Margot is," Mary said.

"Oh, Margot—she doesn't count," Charles said carelessly. "Besides, I don't think she cares one way or the other—she was just being her usual slightly acid self."

"But she's tremendously fond of you," Mary said.

"Well, of course, why shouldn't she be? My darling, I'm sorry I've got so many blasted brothers and sisters, but I can't help it," he said, pulling her closer again. "Now for heaven's sake let's forget them and go to bed."

To her own considerable astonishment she pulled quickly away from him. "Oh, Charles, darling, not here, not now, not with Rowena lurking about," she said. She spoke quickly, trying to make some sort of a joke of this sudden conviction of hers that for them to make love here, before their marriage, under the Russels' roof, would be useless and dangerous.

WHEN he'd gone, still arguing, but with his arguments weakened by the solicitude which was for her so appealing a part of his love, she was sorry that she'd forced him to go. If they are against our marriage, and I'm perfectly certain they are, aren't I rather playing their game? she asked herself.

Then she tried to put the whole thing out of her mind. Surely I'm making too much out of all this, she thought. Having seen me, they're not mad about me. Well, what does that really matter? It's usually the situation between in-laws. I've just been lucky in avoiding it in the past. But they are a nest of vipers, she thought, and then laughed aloud at the unfairness of the thought. After all, they'd been nice enough, and they all so obviously adored Charles—she was prepared to like them for that.

She went to the window, pushing the lower sash right up so that she could lean far out and get her first long, steady look at the night sky. The southern stars, seen from the deck of the ship, had excited her; here they were even more exciting, with the night scents of the land rising from ground still hot many hours after the sun had gone. I was mad to stay away so long, she thought, leaning out, so that she didn't hear a tap at the door and turned only when she heard it open.

"I just wanted to make perfectly certain that you had everything," Rowena said, taking a step into the room and glancing around. "Towels? Something to read?"

Continued from page 64

THE WILD GRAPES

"Everything, thanks, Rowena," Mary said, coming away from the window wearing the smile the night sky had brought to her face. "It's a lovely room — I'm going to be beautifully comfortable."

"I do hope so," Rowena said, leaning forward to kiss her forehead. "Just call me if there's anything . . . my room's on the ground floor, too, the one at the end of this corridor."

When Rowena had gone she went back to the window and then, on impulse, out through it, dropping quietly to the gravel path underneath and standing for a moment or two in the shadow of the house. I wish I knew which room Charles was in, she thought. What fun to throw gravel at his window. And what fun if it happened to be Henry's window I chose, or Margot's.

After a moment or two she moved quietly away from the house, treading on the grass edges beside the path so that she shouldn't be heard. The path went under trees—olives, she thought with delight, having missed, for so long, their changing greens and the scent they gave off in strong sunlight; then she was beyond the garden proper, on rougher ground, under larger trees that broke the moonlight into seas and continents. In a patch of shadow she stumbled across some solid stonework, a low, circular stand that might have been the base of an old water tank. She sat on that, turning back so that she looked past the house across the lights of the city toward a lightless area that memory told her must be the sea.

She shivered slightly, despite the warmth, despite the heat, really. How wonderful to be back where the heat can last beyond day, she thought; surely this heat held some promise for her, some pledge of the things she was looking for.

Perhaps I wouldn't have come back to stay if it hadn't been for Charles, she thought. The strain of the evening fell away from her, leaving her mood buoyant. This place is fantastically sweet because it's so empty, she thought, meaning all of it, the land, the sky, and the sea. She put a hand down to the ground beside her, fingering the soil, in a gesture that it would have shamed her to have anyone else see. At least I'm back where the soil is soil, she thought, and not bits of decayed matter from a million generations of men.

Part of her mind was amused by her own behaviour, and amused with more than a tinge of contempt in the amusement at the coarseness of her own sentimentality. But the other part of her mind was seeing, with startling clearness, that half of her unhappiness for years might well have been no more than enormous homesickness for Australia. A homesickness, perhaps, not so much for places and people and things as for an exact climate of feeling

To page 66

Spring Morning Breakfast the KRAFT Cheddar way

You send them off with a real protein breakfast when you use KRAFT Cheddar in this delicious new recipe.

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Sauce: Roughly chop 4oz. KRAFT* Cheddar Cheese into a saucepan, add ½ cup milk, and cook; stirring constantly until smooth. Stir in 1 beaten egg and reheat. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Sufficient for 2 servings.

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that she hadn't been able to find while she lived abroad.

None of this makes sense, none of this will stand up to daylight, she thought. It's the purest visceral thinking, she told herself, using the phrase her first husband had used to describe the peculiar sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach that came from night, isolation, and loneliness.

She got up from the stone where she'd been sitting, thinking that it was time she stopped harking back and began to do a bit more harking forward. And that's surely the thing about being at home again, she thought. The beauty of this place is that it's not haunted by anything but the future.

. . .

The heat woke her, and she could see by the angle of the sun that she had slept late. She went to the

Continued from page 65

THE WILD GRAPES

window, narrowing her eyes against the glare and feeling the once familiar and now almost forgotten mild morning headache brought on by baking-hot nights. It amused her now to remember how, only last night, the heat had seemed to her both wonderful and exciting. A week of it—and Adelaide could easily produce a week of temperatures never below the century night or day—would cure any illusions she might have about the summer climate.

Beyond the window and the garden the hills rose—close, almost too close in the blinding heat, their gullies shadowless in the morning sun, scarred with quarries, empty, burnt dull brown by the heat. Memory made her breathe deeply, testing the hot air for any smell of smoke. She had not known in the darkness that the hills were so close to the house, that the garden itself rose and fell again, following the contours of the very beginnings of the foothills.

The olives she had noticed the night before looked almost black in the sun, since there was no movement in the air to reveal the silver undersides of their leaves. Beyond them, in what appeared to be still part of the Russels' garden, she could see vines growing on the side of a hill, and beyond them again gumtrees which must have been planted long ago in a straight line marking the boundary, their leaves still, too, in the still air, but hanging edge-on to the sun.

She leaned farther out of the window, feeling the sun on the back of her head like a heavy hand and, turning first to the left and then to the right, found and released the catches that held back the wooden shutters. When they were closed she shut the window, too, searched for her dressing-gown in the sudden gloom of the room, and, pulling it on, opened the door and went out into the deeper gloom of the corridor.

"Is that you, Mary?" Rowena called. "I'm in the dining-room. Have you shut your windows?"

"I've shut them now, but I've let in an awful lot of heat, I'm afraid," Mary said, going toward her.

"Everyone's gone," Rowena said. "Charles wanted to wake you, but I wouldn't let him. Can you hang on just a minute while I finish these flowers and then I'll get your breakfast."

"I don't think I want any, thanks," Mary said, going toward the window. On the side away from the sun the shutters were still open, and she could see through the glass that Rowena already had a hose going in the one part of the garden heavily shaded by trees. Somebody came round the side of the house wheeling a bicycle with a violin case strapped to its carrier and Mary drew back slightly, saying "You've got a visitor" as she moved out of sight.

"What?" Rowena said, coming to look, and then laughed. "Mrs. Pike," she said, "coming to work, late as usual. The violin case is a blind for her neighbors. Our Mrs. Pike is a most respectable woman, it wouldn't do for her neighbors to know that she works as a daily. The violin case conceals a change of shoes and her apron."

"She's the one I saw last night—the one who was so concerned about Edwin's pills?"

"That's the one. She adores Edwin—he once cut something out of her daughter's ear or nose or throat. So she adores him, rather dislikes me, and loathes Margot and Henry. I've finished now. Come on out to the kitchen and I'll find you something to eat."

"No really, I don't want anything, thanks, Rowena—except some of these grapes on the sideboard, if that's all right."

"Yes, do eat those, I wish you would. We've got dozens of vines, and I can't get anyone to eat the grapes. Last year I was even driven to making jam. If you're sure you don't want anything else, bring your grapes . . . I'll put the rest of these dahlias into the drawing-room."

FOLLOWING her, Mary saw that the house was a good deal larger than she had realised the night before. A wing, perhaps an addition to the original deep rectangle of the house, ran off beyond the entrance to the dining-room through a wide archway in the wall beneath the slope of the stairs.

"What's down that way?" Mary asked, pointing as they passed.

"Margot and Henry's quarters," Rowena said. "They've each got a bedroom there, and a joint sitting-room. Edwin's rooms are upstairs, then there are some spare bedrooms, and Charles has the big room at the back — the one that used to be a nursery."

She couldn't possibly have put us further apart, Mary was thinking as she said, "It's enormous, Rowena. How much help have you got, apart from Mrs. Pike?"

"Only Madge," Rowena said. "But Madge is a tower of strength. She's been with us, off and on, ever since I took over. She has a husband who's in gaol more often than not."

"You must have been very young to take over . . . all this," Mary said, gesturing.

"Well, yes, I was," Rowena said with a quick frown. "Not too young. I was in my final year at the University. The house was left to all of us, so it seemed silly not to go on living in it. And somebody had to stay at home to keep things going."

"What were you doing at the University?"

"Oh, law of course — we've all done law, for generations. Except for Edwin, of course."

"And Charles," Mary said.

"Oh, Chuck, yes," Rowena said with the indulgent smile which Mary had noticed accompanied any Russel's references to Charles' work. It seemed as though they had found it some sort of joke—as though the law could be taken seriously, and perhaps medicine also, for Edwin's sake, but that any other occupation was surely an aberration out of which a Russel would grow.

Rowena had finished now with the flowers in the drawing-room and moved down the hallway to a third doorway. Mary followed her, going in after her to a small room that seemed particularly cluttered after the other rooms of the house.

"We use this sometimes as a sitting-room in hot weather, when the

To page 67

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other side of the house gets too much warmed up. It used to be mother's own private sitting-room."

"Have you kept it as she had it?" Mary asked, looking round at the photographs and the crowded shelves.

"Good heavens, no," Rowena said. "But in a house this size you've got to have one room where you can store the sort of junk that nobody wants but that can't be thrown away. Everything's here, even down to the family Bible," she said, indicating it.

There were photographs on the walls—several of babies which might have been any one of the family, a crayon drawing of a man in a barrister's wig which Mary guessed to be Rowena's father, and a sepia study of a young man's head with the peculiarly underdone look that photographers so often achieved in the early twenties.

"Who is this?" Mary asked, going to stand in front of it.

"Norman."

"Who?"

"Oh, sorry," Rowena said, coming to stand beside her. "Norman, he was the eldest of our family."

"I didn't know," Mary said. "Charles has never mentioned him."

"I'm not surprised," Rowena said, going back to her flowers. "Norman was drowned in a yachting accident at least a couple of years before Charles was born."

"He was like you, Rowena. Which of your parents are you like?" she asked, turning to look at her. She noticed again the deep frown which she had seen for an instant several times when she had asked a direct question.

IN daylight, she realised, Rowena looked closer to her age than she had in the lamplight of the drawing-room the night before. But her eyes were remarkably good still, her features fine and firm.

"My mother, I've always been told," Rowena was saying, "though I believe temperamentally I'm very much more like my father."

"And Charles?" Mary asked.

"Oh, I think Charles is different from all of us," Rowena said with a smile. "Perhaps he was a little like Frances—she was the one who died in the year Charles was born."

"Charles has never mentioned her either," Mary said, smiling a little ruefully. "I'm going to have to depend on you, Rowena, to tell me about the family. How many were there, altogether?"

"Eleven, originally. We had a couple of most unworldly parents. But chance and fate and things brought the number down." Rowena was smiling, but the smile had been prefaced by the sharp little frown. "Charles wouldn't remember anything about all this. Frances, the one I mentioned, died of scarlet fever. The rest died absolutely in their infancy, and long before Charlie was born."

"I should go and get dressed," Mary said, dropping her empty grape stalks on to the tray of spent flowers and stripped-off leaves that Rowena was carrying with her.

"Do that," Rowena said, "and then we'll have some coffee. How long will you be? A quarter of an hour? I'll tell them in the kitchen to make it, and bring it in here."

"That'll be lovely," Mary said. "And you can give me something to do. There must be plenty of jobs you want to get rid of, and I can't trail around after you doing nothing all the morning."

"You can certainly take over the job of keeping an eye on what goes on in the kitchen," Rowena said, gathering up her paraphernalia.

"Well, if you like. But I'm a stranger — would they stand for that?"

"The one thing they positively won't stand for," Rowena said, "is being left alone to get on with things by themselves."

. . . . . .

In the kitchen Mrs. Pike was ironing Edwin's shirt at a snail's pace in order to make the job last through the time she needed to discuss with Madge Mary's arrival and the announcement that the youngest

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Continued from page 66

THE WILD GRAPES

Russel was soon going to be married.

"She'll be a determined one," Mrs. Pike was saying.

"You can't tell that. You haven't seen enough."

"I can tell," Mrs. Pike said. "She'll be a match for Rowena, you see if she's not."

"She's pretty," Madge said. "I only saw her for a moment, taking in the dinner, but I'm glad that he's going to get married . . ."

"Well, I should say so. It's unnatural, none of them married."

"Me foot," said Madge, who had small patience with Mrs. Pike's dislike of the family. "There's some of Mr. Henry's shirts there want doing, if you're finished with those."

"Might as well, I suppose, seeing as it's nearly time for our tea."

"I'm just putting it on," Madge said, to pacify her. "Anyway, Miss Rowena said not to go through until Mrs. Page was up. They were letting her sleep."

"Everyone's nose right out of joint," Mrs. Pike said with satisfaction.

"I don't see that," Madge said.

"Some people don't see what's right under their noses. Makes me sick the way they go on over him, think he was a four-year-old with gold curls, even the doctor sometimes, though he's never so bad. Well, they'll see now. She's not the type to stand having them make a fuss about him."

"You don't understand," Madge said unruffled. "Coming after all that bad luck, and he was such a lovely little fella, stand to reason they had to make a bit of a fuss of him."

"Well, now he's a lovely little fella thirty-six years old if he's a day and up to some tricks Rowena don't like at all," Mrs. Pike said, hanging a half-ironed shirt on the clotheshorse beside her. "Not me best, but it'll do for Melearned-friend," she said.

The door opened and Rowena came in, bringing the waste from her flowers with her. "Dump these in the rubbish tin for me, will you, Madge, and then make us a pot of coffee? Mrs. Page is getting dressed now, but she ought to be ready for it in about five minutes. She'll come and get it."

"Toss me over another of them shirts," Mrs. Pike said when Rowena had gone. "No point in starting our tea till she's been in. It'd only give her an advantage."

"The coffee's ready, miss, and I'd like to give you my congratulations," Madge said, flushing with shyness, as Mary came into the kitchen.

"Me, too, of course," Mrs. Pike said stiffly from the ironing board.

"You're Madge, aren't you?" Mary said, smiling at her. "Thank you very much indeed, and you, too, Mrs. Pike."

"Mr. Charles says you're going to get married straightaway," Madge said with a questioning note in her voice.

To page 68

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4978896

Continued from page 67

THE WILD GRAPES

"Well, pretty soon, I think, Madge — but we haven't really decided yet."

"He's in a hurry," Madge said, and giggled nervously, so that Mrs. Pike glared at her and Mary smiled in sympathy.

"Let him wait," Mrs. Pike said, thumping the iron down heavily on the board. "What I say is, begin like you're going to go on."

"I'm being a nuisance, aren't I, wanting coffee at this hour. Shall I get the cups? Which cupboard, Madge?"

"Oh, no, miss, please, you sit down here and let me do it," Madge said, flustered and flushed with the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Charles' young lady.

"You've been here a long time, Madge, haven't you?" Mary said. "All those years — Miss Rowena's just been telling me. You must have known Charles since he was almost a baby."

"That's right," Madge said warmly. "You wouldn't believe what a wretch he was then, for having his own way. But always nice with it, if you see what I mean."

"And what about you, Mrs. Pike? How long have you been here?" Mary said, her attention caught by the regular heavy thumping of the iron.

"Off and on, when I'm wanted," Mrs. Pike said, not looking up from her work.

"Miss Russel told me that one of your children was a patient of Mr. Edwin's," she said, hoping to undo the bad start she'd made with Mrs. Pike by paying too much attention to Madge.

"That's right," Mrs. Pike said. "It was the doctor who brought me here, and it's him that keeps me here."

"Well, I'd better take that before the coffee gets cold," Mary said, holding out her hands for the tray Madge had finished preparing.

"She's going to be just right for Mr. Charles," Madge said, glowing, when the door had closed.

"You called her miss," Mrs. Pike said scornfully.

"Well, what if I did," Madge said. "Any girl's got a right to be called miss just before she's going to get married."

"Well, I don't know, I don't know at all!" Mrs. Pike said, shaking her head. "First impressions are always wrong, they say. Last night I would have sworn she'd be a match for all of them. But on second thoughts, no. She's not the one that's going to make her mark here in this house."

"Why not?" Madge said. "She's a lovely girl."

"Butters you up," Mrs. Pike said. "You never learn what's as plain as your own nose. Another thing, I don't like the look of that skin."

"That's abroad for you — no sun," Madge said.

"Maybe, and maybe not," Mrs. Pike said. "It wouldn't surprise me if she didn't turn out to have the sugar, same as my sister-in-law. Not real strong. No match for the others of them."

"Oh, go on," Madge said impatiently. "The way you talk you'd think they were fattening her up for the lions."

Mrs. Pike laughed mirthlessly. "Maybe you hit the nail right on the thumb there," she said. "How much does she know? That's what I'd like to be told."

. . . . .

Over their coffee Mary began to see why Rowena played so large a part in Charles' life — and, indeed, as she had begun to see, in the lives of all the members of her family. She had that trick (and perhaps not a trick, Mary thought, perhaps a genuine liberality) which allowed her to listen to people with animation, so that what they were saying and thinking and feeling seemed to have more point to it and more interest than they had known.

"I'm upsetting your whole morning," Mary said apologetically, breaking off from a long account of her first meeting, in London, with Charles.

"But that's the whole pleasure of having people staying in the house," Rowena said. "And besides, you and I have to get to know each other. Chook's an enormously important person in this house — but you will have gathered that already."

"He's certainly a person with an enormous number of names," Mary said quickly, and saw by the momentary narrowing of Rowena's eyes that she had registered the remark as a criticism.

"Everyone has a different name for him, and everyone borrows everyone else's," Rowena said. "It doesn't seem to have hurt Charles at all to be the youngest of a very large family. Where do you come in yours?"

"The youngest of two," Mary said. "I have an elder sister."

"Poor you. For comfort it's quite essential to be the eldest daughter. I do hope you and Charles won't be one of those dreary couples who go on producing and producing."

MARY laughed. "I'm thirty-four, remember. That rather limits us."

"But you're going to have children?"

"Oh, of course!"

"So vehement! I'd rather supposed, since you haven't up to now . . ."

"Circumstances, one way and another, have been against it," Mary said. "But I do quite actively want to have children — to have a child, anyway, and having had one, I suppose — well, people do tend to go on."

"And Charles has this feeling, too, that it's important that he should reproduce his kind?" Rowena said incredulously.

Mary laughed. "Surely that's a fairly general feeling, Rowena," she said. "I don't think that Charles feels it nearly so strongly as I do, but what would be the sense in our getting married if . . ."

"Darling, not 'ordained for the procreation of children and as a remedy against sin' — how deliciously old-fashioned you make it sound." She laughed with such enormous good humor that Mary couldn't avoid joining in the laughter.

"But marriage is designed, surely, to protect the children. Didn't somebody once say that it was an effort to turn something quite transitory into a permanent thing? What possible purpose could you have for trying to do that, if there were no children to protect?"

"They don't too often get protected, all the same," Rowena said. "It's just that I was taken completely by surprise — I'd never thought of Chippy in the role of paterfamilias. You don't think it will interfere with this queer career of his?"

"Rowena, Charles is thirty-six — he's a grown man, not some promising youth with his way to make in the world."

Rowena's head went back against the padding of her chair, and she laughed for a long time. "Oh, you're so right, you're going to be so good for him," she said. "And yet you're

To page 69

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Continued from page 68

THE WILD GRAPES

going to find it so terribly irritating, the way we all baby Charles, and treat him as a mixture of idiot and Boy Wonder. Confess, you find it terribly irritating already."

Mary laughed. "All right, I do. I find it terribly irritating," she said. "It annoys me not that you make up his mind for him but that he lets you do it. I don't mean you particularly, I mean all of you."

"You mustn't exaggerate," Rowena said. "We've spoilt him, and he's lazy, so he lets us make up his mind for him about the little things like whether his car needs washing or whether he should have a second egg for his breakfast. But nobody interferes with Chip in any matter that he thinks is important. He made up his own mind about you, didn't he, without consulting anybody?"

"Perhaps only because he was in London, and away from everybody else?" I am revealing far too many of my thoughts, Mary told herself, and it's part of Rowena's intention that I should. How odd that she's turned out to be so much easier to talk to than the others, when I thought that she was going to be such a difficult nut to crack.

"Tell me about Clive Page," Rowena said. "Is he the man I think — brother of Hartley Page the economist? He is an Australian, isn't he?"

"Of course. I always marry Australians," Mary said, reddening slightly. "I'm sorry, Rowena, I find this embarrassing."

"But why should you, when . . ."

"Oh, I don't mean generally. I mean here, meeting all of you for the first time, and of course you've got a perfect right to want to know about Clive, about Ian, about everything. Clive and I were spectacularly unhappy. I don't mean 'spectacularly' in the sense that it was a public spectacle — though I expect it was, because people always do know. I mean that we were unhappy in every possible way that people can be unhappy. In the end there just wasn't anything, not any possible shred of common ground."

ROWENA frowned. "That's frightening. It must have seemed a good thing, when you decided to marry. How could something that seemed a good idea turn out to be a nothing in so short a time?"

"Three and a half years," Mary said. "Though two and a half of them, at least, were due to nothing but my cowardice. It's not as easy as you might think to admit a failure of that sort . . ."

"I'm sure it's not."

". . . and to decide to cut your losses and get out. It was something I did much too quickly, and much too much on the rebound, I suppose. I'd been truly in the depths — Clive seemed alive, so much fun, so dependable. He looked to me like the sort of person who could stand being leant on. That's a poor reason for marrying anyone. I suppose I deserved what I got."

"And what was that?" Rowena asked.

"Oh . . . fifty-seven different varieties of hell. It's hard to explain, Rowena — he would have made a magnificent husband for the right person, brilliant, successful . . ."

"At what? What did he do?"

"Oh, economics, too, like Hartley, but Clive was flashy where Hartley must have been solid. He was an economic adviser in private industry, always changing jobs, always moving on, never content with anything he had for more than a minute." She was conscious of the bitter edge to her voice and aware, too, that Rowena might well think for Charles' sake that, by now, the bitterness should have worn off.

"I'm not pretending the faults were all on his side. From Clive's point of view our marriage was working reasonably well until I gave up trying. He found me decorative and talkative, and I honestly believe that those were, for him, the two most important qualifications in a wife. Every penny we had was spent on entertainment and appearances. He was the most restless person I have ever known, and he was working every hour he was awake — always with an eye to the main chance, always calculating the potential value of every friendship he made. It was sad, really, because he was clever and he was very good-looking — if he hadn't worked so hard at it he could have had hundreds of perfectly genuine friends."

"Then he didn't share your views about children?"

Mary laughed. "He did not. And perhaps, fortunately, because if we'd had children I don't suppose I would ever have felt I could leave him. No, Clive's ideas on marriage were oddly old-fashioned, they belonged to the 1920s — you know, physical infidelity's a mere bagatelle, the important thing is to lead a full life.

"A full life for Clive, I might say, left his wife leading a peculiarly empty one, since at least sixteen out of every twenty-four of his hours were dedicated to the business of getting on. He regarded a little playing on the side as no more than his just reward for strict attention to the business of getting on. No double standards. A little playing was considered to be my just reward, as well, for the business of making an impression as his wife. Extreme discretion was one of the attributes of a good wife, of course, so it was taken for granted that I was extremely discreet."

"And were you?"

Mary smiled. "Promiscuity of that lukewarm variety doesn't hold any appeal for me. Besides, I'd started by being in love with him, and I was still rather obstinately clinging to that idea."

"Humiliating," Rowena said.

"Well, no, that part hurt — it hurt quite horribly at first — but the humiliating thing was to discover that the idea of spending a weekend alone with me was quite appalling to him." Mary laughed. "Look, it's no good, I can't possibly explain what our marriage was like. It was like two stone-deaf people of different nationalities being shut up together — they couldn't even begin to learn each other's languages because they couldn't hear each other talking."

"And yet you'd begun by being in love with him," Rowena said. "Nobody can say you're not a trier — it's brave for you to be willing to risk it again."

"Charles is a totally different sort of person," Mary said quickly. "And so am I now, if it comes to that." She resented Rowena's remark, but at the same time she recognised her right to demand reassurance on this point. It was not altogether unreasonable for her to feel that Mary might, on the rebound once again, be grabbing at the nearest solid-looking object.

"I'm a lot older now and a lot more sure of what I want from marriage, and what I can put in. In fact," she said, trying to lighten their mood, "I feel I've had so much experience that it's indecent,

To page 70

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Continued from page 69

THE WILD GRAPES

and the only thing I have against Charles is that he can't match it."

"Well, not in the formal sense, or, shall we say, the institutional," Rowena said with a rather tight, small smile.

"Exactly," Mary said with an equally small smile. "Because it's experience in the formal, or institutional sense, that is held against you."

Rowena laughed. "You're too touchy about this," she said. "Do stop it. You've got to expect us to be interested, since we're such a very non-marrying family. Oddly enough the only person who ever, even temporarily, shook me from pretty early determination not to marry was your Clive's elder brother, Hartley Page. That's why I was interested."

"Why didn't you marry him?"

"It never really went as far as that. I don't think I ever particularly wanted to marry, and how could I have just walked out and left all this? No, Hartley is just one of those things it's comfortable to have in the back of your mind, as proof that you might have done something else if you'd wanted to."

"It's a big sacrifice to have made."

"Somebody had to make it," Rowena said, not denying it. "My mother must have had some idea of how things would go. She was always saying to me, 'There are plenty of people in the world to have children.' And I can remember her even when I was quite a small child, she used to say to me, 'You won't need to marry, Rowena. You'll be looked after. What money I have will all be coming to you.' I'd say that she knew then that I'd be needed to bring Charles up for her, except that all this started well before Charles was born."

"Charles was lucky to have you, Rowena," Mary said. She had thought this once, but she was becoming less and less convinced of it with each revelation of how much Rowena had sacrificed for him. While she felt convinced that a child owed nothing to its mother for services rendered, the position might well be different when the services had been rendered by a sister. It might be that if the bill was ever to come in, Charles would owe Rowena more than he could afford to pay.

"It wasn't only Chip who needed to have me around," Rowena said, almost as though she had paralleled Mary's thought. "It was the others, very nearly as much. I suppose I should be flattered that nobody in this house moves a step or thinks a thought without consulting me."

"I should think the hardest thing must have been giving up your law course when you were so close to finishing it."

"Well, yes, I did mind that. No point in being falsely modest about this—I minded it because I knew that I was more able than Margot. But she was only twenty — she would have been hopeless at running the house then, or at any other time. Besides, she was Henry's twin and they're in partnership — it would have been plain cruelty to separate them. And she's an able lawyer," Rowena said. "Able, though not brilliant."

The telephone began to ring behind Rowena's chair and she stretched an arm behind her, brought the receiver forward, listened for an instant, and then handed it to Mary, saying, "It's Chip's office—bound to be for you."

"Hullo," his voice said a second or two later.

"Hullo, Charles, good morning," Mary said.

"Darling, so you're awake at last! How are you, did you sleep well, and do you still love me?"

"Yes," she said.

"Each question must be answered separately."

"Okay. Yes, yes, and madly."

"Now listen. It's going to be stinking hot again tonight. Come into town and pick me up when I've finished work, and we'll go and have dinner somewhere and then a swim. All right?"

"All right, but . . ."

"No buts. Do you know how to get here?"

"Darling, of course I don't—I've no idea."

"Roey will tell you. Get her to hunt out my swimming trunks and give them to you. I left my car there, so that you can bring it in. I think I left the keys on the hall table, but Ro will know where they are. And you'd better get her to start the car for you, if you have any trouble. She's tricky sometimes, and Ro's been driving her while I was away."

"Fine. What time will you be through?"

"I'll be late — say half-past six; it'll be beginning to cool off by then. All right?"

"Yes, wonderful."

"What are you doing this morning?"

"Nothing. Just sitting and talking."

"Who's there?"

"Only Rowena and me."

"You sound so cautious, as though the chief of police was sitting beside you. Never mind, darling. Neutral ground tonight. See you at half-past six."

"Charles wants to have dinner and go for a swim," she said.

"Tonight?" Rowena said. "Lovely. I'd better tell them in the kitchen—Madge was doing something special for him. I've forgotten what, but if I tell her now . . ."

The news that Charles and Mary were not to be in for dinner was received with interest in the kitchen.

"Inconsiderate, I call it, when she's only just got here."

"P'raps Mr. Charles wants to have her to himself."

"Hm," Mrs. Pike said. "All very well, but it makes it hard with the ordering. Anyway, what I was saying, I don't think that hair of hers is natural."

"Mrs. Page?"

"Of course not Mrs. Page's. Margot's."

"You're always saying that."

"Well, what I say is, why isn't it the same color as Melearnedfriend's? They're supposed to be twins, aren't they?"

"I like her," Madge said, shelling peas for the dinner Charles and Mary were not to share with the family.

"Who? Margot?"

"Mrs. Page," Madge said. "She's nice."

"She won't stay nice, not here in this house she won't."

"Beats me why you don't take your money and get out," Madge said crossly. "Never a good word. People ought to have some loyalty."

"You don't want loyalty, just a strong stomach, cleaning up other people's messes."

"Simmer down," said Madge, who had heard it all many times before.

"What I'm paid for, and not a penny more or a penny less," Mrs. Pike said.

"I wonder what her name is," Madge said.

"Whose?"

"Mrs. Page's."

"Mary," Mrs. Pike said. "I heard Rowena and Margot talking, and they didn't sound too pleased about her."

"Mary," Madge said. "Miss Rowena's, too."

"What?"

"Rowena Mary Christabel, that's what her name is. It's in the Bible—the whole lot of them's there—in the little sitting-room."

"Rowena Mary Christabel," Mrs. Pike said, trying it for sound. "It's not bad—better than the rest of them—Edna, Margot, Norman, Frances, Henry, Edwin — they haven't got any what you'd call class at all. I rattled my brains for weeks before I settled for our girls, except Gwen, of course, being the first I was soft enough to go and let Mr. Pike choose it himself. I wanted Desiree Marguerite for her, but no, argue, argue till he got his way."

"If I'd have got my old man to be interested enough to argue about the names, I would've reckoned I was made," Madge said. She was not complaining. Clarrie, she had explained to Mrs. Pike years before during their first shared kitchen cup of tea, had been a wrong'un, a lion drunk and a louse when sober.

"Let's hope he's picked the right one," Mrs. Pike said. "Not but it wouldn't be easy for Charles if he was wrong, with two lawyers in the family—whizz-bang, same-day service on divorce I shouldn't wonder."

To page 73

FROM THE BIBLE

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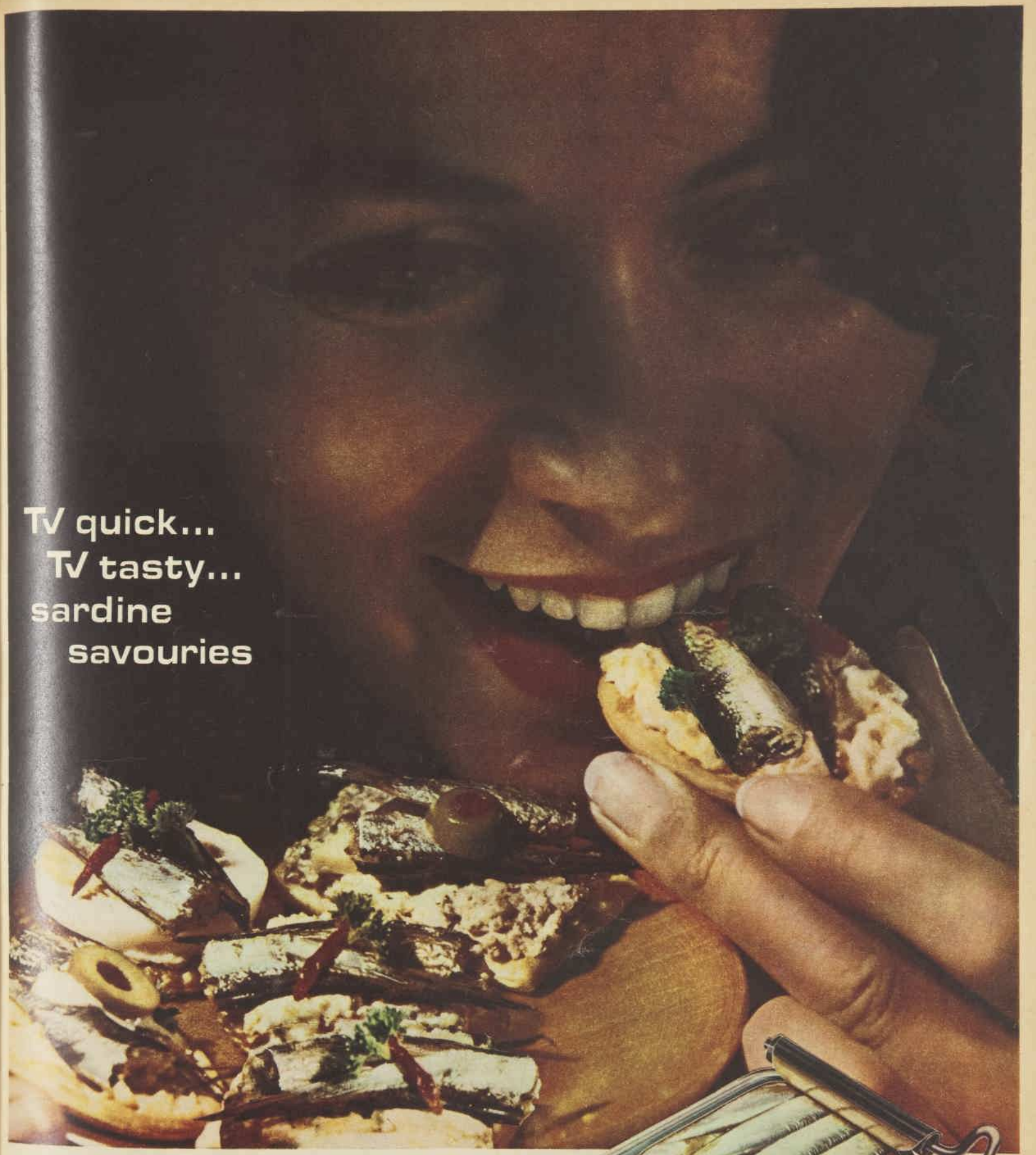
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Continued from page 70

THE WILD GRAPES

"Let 'em get married first before you get 'em divorced."

"She's the one now that's had the experience. If you ask me, it's going a bit far. Seconds if you want to, though who'd want to, a woman I mean, I can't for the life of me, but thirds, that's going too far."

Fourteen hours later, and rather more than fifty miles away, Mary lifted herself on to one elbow, cutting off the moonlight from Charles' face. "Speaking from my vast experience," she said—this was a common gambit with both of them, "from my vast experience," Mary would say, and Charles would ask, "Did you find in your many marriages . . ." So, "Speaking from my vast experience, the worst thing about marriage is that once you're married it's dreadfully sad but true that there's no time for lying out of doors at night, listening to the sea and talking about yourself."

"What, darling?" Charles said. "Sorry, I was asleep."

"Let's get married straightaway, almost at once."

"Of course," Charles said. "That's what I've been saying for weeks."

"Now I know I'm really home at last—where else in the world would you drive a hundred miles, there and back, just to eat a perfectly ordinary dinner. Should we start back? What time is it, do you think?"

"Don't look," Charles said. "It doesn't matter what time it is."

"Won't Rowena think it's odd if we come in with the milk? You gave me a totally wrong impression of Rowena. You made her sound a rather gentle old thing who spent her time putting down preserves."

"Well, she always is putting plums in bottles and things."

"Yes, but with both hands tied behind her back. She's extraordinary, Charles, she's . . ."

"Roey's an odd one, but she's all right," Charles said softly with his lips close to her ear and with no particular interest in this line of conversation.

"In what way odd?"

"Just odd," he said. "Anyway, it's thanks to her we're here."

"To Rowena?"

"Only indirectly," he said.

"You had me worried last night, claiming it was impossible for us to make love with Rowena in the house."

Mary laughed. "One hundred miles to get away from her. My poor darling, you're going to be completely broke by the time we're married."

"Oh, no I'm not. This is a special occasion. Make the most of it. After this you start behaving rationally."

"What, you mean the honeymoon is already over?"

"I mean just that," he said, pulling her down so that she lay beside him, looking up at the sky. "Seriously, darling, wouldn't it be a better idea if we just went quietly off and got married — the idea of all this family business makes me edgy."

"Makes you edgy," she said indignantly. "What do you think it does to me? You haven't even started yet, and when you do at least my family's a reasonable size."

"For the size of your eventual family I hope I can be held responsible," he said, laughing. "For the size of my actual family, I'll take none of the blame."

"You didn't tell me you had a brother called Norman . . ."

"Didn't I . . ."

"Or a sister called Frances who died of scarlet fever."

Charles laughed. "It doesn't seem to matter — you're frightfully well informed."

"No, but it makes me feel odd, having to get this information from Rowena," Mary complained.

"It'd be odder still if we had nothing better to talk about than my family, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so," Mary said, and laughed.

"But, since you're interested . . ."

"No," she said, stopping him. "It's too late now. I know all about you. There were originally eleven of you in the family . . ."

"That's right," Charles said. "They kept dropping off like flies."

"Do you remember your mother?"

"Not particularly. I do remember her, yes, of course — I was about nine, I suppose, when she died. But what I mean is that I don't remember her with any particular passion. Maybe I was a cold-blooded little devil, or maybe it was just that Roey always loomed so large for us."

"For all of you?"

"Yes, I think so. For the younger ones anyway — not for Edwin, I suppose."

"Sometimes I get the feeling that she's going to be the most difficult of all my mothers-in-law."

"What rot," Charles said, turning so that he, in turn, blotted out the moonlight from her face as he leant over her, his hands going behind her to lift her shoulders slightly from the rough cliff-top where they lay. "Now stop worrying about my family and tell me, wouldn't it be better altogether if we just went off and got married, quite privately, without telling anyone about it until it was over and done with?"

"It would be much, much better," she said thoughtfully, "but honestly I don't think I'm game to do it."

"Why not?"

"In my experience," she said, trying to make a joke of it, "marriages are such family things."

"And, in your experience, your family's got rather the thin end of the stick? Okay, darling, yes, I do see that. We'll do it properly then . . ."

"And not only my family — there's Rowena, too."

"Yes, I suppose so. Okay, then we'll do this thing properly and we'll do it soon. In a church?"

"I suppose so. Oh, on second thoughts, I don't know. Am I eligible?"

"I find you so . . ."

"No, but to be married in a church?" she said. "Isn't there some rule about divorced persons?"

"Probably," he said. "We'll ask . . . oh, anyway we'll find out, but let's forget it for now," he said, for he had been about to say, "We'll ask Rowena."

. . . . . .

Breakfast the next morning, which was Saturday, was a leisurely meal at which Mary could see how far from conventional the Russels' household arrangements were. There was an air almost of hotel breakfast about it — or would have been if Rowena had not so obviously been aware of and concerned for each separate person's needs and preferences. No two members of the family, Mary noticed, could tolerate their eggs, their toast, or their tea prepared the same way. Mrs. Pike was in and out the

To page 75

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Continued from page 73

THE WILD GRAPES

whole time, serving Edwin with love and everyone else with ill-concealed distaste.

Nobody's weekend plans, under discussion during the first part of the meal, seemed to have been made in consideration of anyone else's, and only Rowena's interest managed somehow to impose a sort of order on them, giving at least the illusion that they were a family sharing a common life.

Each one of them had, by a joking remark or a direct question, made some references to the late hour at which she and Charles had come in the night before, and when Edwin asked Charles to go with him to the races in the afternoon Rowena had at once suggested that Charles might be too tired. Edwin had suggested that Mary might like to go with them as well and when she refused she had seen by the warmth of his smile that her answer pleased him.

"Does anyone know what the position is over the remarriage of divorced people — in church, I mean?" Charles asked, startling Mary, who would have preferred a less public question to those who might be thought likely to know.

"You should know," she said, turning quickly toward Henry and Margot.

"We break 'em, not make 'em," Margot said, but Henry put down his cup and settled his elbows comfortably on the table to answer her.

"Theoretically you can't remarry," he said, "which is to say the State may give you its blessing but the Church cannot. But in actual practice the 'whom God has joined together let no man put asunder' clause is subject to a nice piece of casuistry that will let you out. If you were the 'innocent' party in the divorce — in other words the petitioner, the one who actually decided on the putting asunder — then the Church will say, 'Bless you, my child, you can have another try'."

"You've got most of that wrong, Henry," Rowena said with a smile. "The point is this, Mary, some parsons will remarry divorced persons, some will remarry the innocent party as Henry says, and some won't marry anyone at all who's been through the divorce courts."

"You're dead set on being married in a church?" Margot asked curiously.

"Mary likes the idea," Charles said, "and so it's all right with me."

"I do rather like the idea," Mary said, feeling some need to defend her wish. "Or rather, I do quite wholeheartedly dislike what I've already seen of registry offices. And besides, I think my mother would rather like it, and . . ."

ROWENA interrupted. "Well, of course, there's something utterly dingy about being done by the State. Don't worry about it, Mary. I'll speak to Mr. Fulton for you, if you like — he's our local rector and he's known us all since we were practically children. He'll marry you, I'm sure, and it's a peach of a church."

"Well, thanks, Rowena, but we . . . naturally, we weren't thinking of being married here," Mary said, darting a look of such fury at Charles that it made him laugh.

"You've got your wedding etiquette all mixed up, Roey," he said, still amused. "Wedding is arranged and all bills paid, remember, by the bride's rejoicing family."

"Maybe Mary's family have had enough already," Margot said.

"Mary, I'm sorry," Rowena said, turning impulsively to touch her hand. "Of course I've been taking it absolutely for granted that you'd be married here, simply because this house is such fun for a wedding reception and I would so love to arrange it all for you. No, don't say anything," Rowena said, seeing that she was about to speak. "Just listen for a minute and consider it. It is a perfect house for a reception and it is such a long way to — Finfinara, is it?— and such an upheaval for your poor mother, with people having to stay, of course, overnight and . . ."

"No, but wait," Mary said, trying to control an irrational feeling that Rowena was dismissing Finfinara as a sort of bark humpy. "We haven't made any plans, Charles, have we . . ."

"Not yet," Charles said, "and anyway, Ro, we're not planning some sort of a circus. You can all come if you want to, and Mary's family, and that'll be about that."

"Oh, no," Rowena said, alarmed. "You can't mean to do that, Mary, you don't mean it, do you? It's so long since we've had a wedding in this family! I did so hope you were going to let me do it properly. Oh, really, I feel quite sad about this. Think what the garden would look like, in September, with a marquee on the lawn and all the wisteria in bloom."

"September?" Charles said. "Good heavens, Rowena, we're not going to wait as long as that!"

. . . . .

"Tantrums," Mrs. Pike reported in the kitchen after taking in Edwin's bacon and Margot's grilled tomatoes.

"What about?" Madge asked.

"Rowena wants it nice, white, with lily of the valley and someone to sing while they're in the vestry," Mrs. Pike said, making what she believed to be a fair translation of the discussion she'd heard.

Madge blushed. "She'd look real good in white," she said. She was fifty-four, strong, brown, overfleshed, already seven times a grandmother, wife of a small crook occasionally given to proving his manhood by blackening her eyes, and yet still capable of such innocence and such genuine and generous warmth that brides and Easter lilies and white icing reduced her easily to blushes and tears.

"And then again I shouldn't wonder if she didn't have her own good reasons," Mrs. Pike said. "Just coffee yesterday, she didn't eat any breakfast."

"No more did she get up in time to need any," said Madge, who would find reason for neither pity nor blame if Mrs. Pike's explanation of Mary's lack of morning hunger proved a true one.

"And the time they came in last night," Mrs. Pike said.

"What of it?" Madge said, wishing now that she hadn't told Mrs. Pike about hearing the car at first light, and seeing them walking up together through the garden. "Why shouldn't they be out late if they want — they're not babies."

. . . . .

In the late morning, going toward the garage to carry a message from Rowena to Henry about early lunch because of the racegoers, Mary almost cannoned into a tall woman burdened with racquets and rugs who had come in through a gate in the hedge beside the tennis court.

"Hullo, so you're Mary," she said, giving Mary a beaming smile above the pile of tennis gear. "I've been absolutely dying to meet you, and so has Frank. Do be an angel and take some of this load. I'm Edna, did I forget to say? The kids are coming in this afternoon to play tennis and I thought if I dumped this stuff here now, then they could walk, and that would save us some time."

"I can take all this top stuff," Mary said, bewildered, as she caught the sliding racquets, a bag of tennis balls and a heavy square cake tin.

She had no idea who it was she was talking to, though a quite considerable likeness to Edwin suggested that this must be some sort of a Russel — perhaps a cousin.

"We'll just dump the whole lot in the summerhouse," Edna said, "and the kids can sort it all out when they get

To page 76

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here. I'm frightfully sorry, but I've got to fly," she said when they'd put their burdens down on a table inside the shelter beside the court.

"If I stay for a moment more Frank is going to start hooting for me, because he wants to go down to the boat this afternoon and I haven't even thought about lunch yet. I haven't time to go up to the house, but tell Rowena she's not even to think of the kids this afternoon — they've got food here, everything they want, so they needn't be any nuisance. Frank will be green when he hears I've seen you," she said, sweeping Mary into a hug now that her arms were free, and then setting off at a gallop toward the gate.

"We'll both be here later—probably about four—then we can really talk. You can tell Chickie I approve," she called from the gate. "I think he's really been rather clever." And then she was gone.

Continued from page 75

THE WILD GRAPES

Mary walked on toward the garage, thinking that here was the first Russel — if she was a Russel — who had greeted her without wariness. The garage — which had housed first horses and their vehicles and gear, and later fruit-packing benches in the days before the family had sold most of the orchards — still had its original mud and rubble walls, though the roof thatch had long since been replaced by corrugated iron.

Now it housed an odd assortment of cars, as Mary had found yesterday when she came down carrying the keys Rowena had found for her, and the bathing trunks Rowena had looked out for Charles, together with a sketch map Rowena had drawn showing her how to find her way to Charles' office; with all these reasons for gratitude to Rowena, she had childishly refused to let Rowena see that she didn't even know what sort of car Charles drove, and so she had stood in the entrance to the garage, hoping to arrive at the right answer by deductive means.

It hadn't been so difficult—there had been a small Morris, beautifully polished, that could not possibly belong to him; there had been a huge vintage Bentley with its frail-looking unsupported mudguards, its wire wheels, and its yards of bonnet secured by massive straps—not at all Charles' sort of ostentation, she had thought; and a new and dirty Chev which she had guessed must belong to Charles, since she knew that Margot chose to travel everywhere by taxi and that Edwin had taken his car with him when he left in the morning.

This morning the Bentley had been pushed into the doorway where it caught the light, and its bonnet was raised and Henry was bending over it, holding an oil rag, and gazing attentively at its silent motor.

"It looks like the most up-to-date sort of powerhouse," Mary said, peering, and Henry's smile told her that she had made the right comment. "Rowena asked me to say that lunch has to be three-quarters of an hour early, because Charles and Edwin want to get away."

"Oh. Is Margot back?" Henry asked.

"I didn't know she'd gone out," Mary said. "I haven't seen her."

"Went into the office to pick up some papers we want to work on this afternoon," Henry said, turning back toward his car.

"Why is she so opposed to our marriage, Henry?" Mary said, asking the question that had been in her mind, but which she had not made any conscious decision to voice.

"Margot?" Henry said, turning back toward her with what looked like quite genuine surprise. "You mean Mag's against you marrying Charles?"

"Yes," Mary said.

"You've got the wrong end of the stick," Henry said with interest. "Margot couldn't be opposed. Why should she be? It just wouldn't make any sense."

Mary laughed. "Well, that's exactly what I hoped you'd be able to explain to me, Henry. Why should she be? You ought to know . . . surely she must have talked to you about it."

"I don't think she has," Henry said, obviously making an effort to remember. "But I wouldn't necessarily know. I let Margot run all the family side of our affairs."

MARY laughed again and realised that she ought to make some explanation of her laugher at what Henry obviously thought to be a natural thing. "You make it sound as though the rest of your family are so foreign to you that liaison is necessary," she said.

"Partly that and partly laziness. Margot's got more stamina—women have, you know—for that sort of thing. I don't suppose you've any idea just how difficult it is to go on living in the bosom of one's family," he said, giving Mary the impression that he believed it, difficult as it was, to be the commendable thing to do.

"Poor old Edwin can be very trying, as you must have seen already, and Roey, though she's the best soul in the world, needs quite a lot of handling from time to time. That's where Mag is so useful—she has a positive genius for handling Ro."

"That's odd," Mary said, keeping her tone very light. "To an outsider she seems the one of you who needs the least handling of all."

"This theory of yours that Margot is against your marriage is what interests me," Henry said. "Why should she be interested?"

"Do you have to be so tactless and snubbing, Henry?" Mary said, pretending an offence she hadn't taken. This five minutes of talk with Henry had shown her clearly that she had nothing to fear from him, since it was unlikely that he would take any very lively interest in a family matter that was not large or pressing enough to take Margot's undivided attention from him.

"I don't think I meant at all to do that," Henry said. Now his smile had such a patient and avuncular quality that she could see that she had lost his interest already, and he was sick of the conversation.

To page 77

CREAMED POTATO

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"I suppose what I meant was really that Roey would be the only one with any possible reason . . ." He had turned away without finishing his sentence and began to hunt among some tools on a bench farther down the garage.

"Any possible reason for what?" Mary said a little too sharply. "For being against our marriage, for . . ."

"But who is against it?" Henry said testily. "I haven't heard anyone say this, except you."

"Henry, I'm sorry," she said. "I have this feeling all the time that some of you, especially Margot, are quite actively out to prevent me marrying Charles. Oh, I haven't any evidence, and I haven't any right to burden you with this, and you'll have to forgive me and keep this to yourself," she said, hoping very much that he would do no such thing. Suddenly, about the middle point of her discussion with Henry, she had realised that by appearing to babble on in a disingenuous way she could let Margot Russel know that she was at least aware of opposition.

Part of her mind kept telling her that she was making too much of all this—that she was basing her convictions on no more than half a dozen of Margot's barbed references to her previous marriages, and on two or three occasions when she had walked into one of the rooms of the house to find Margot in conversation with Rowena which was at once broken off. But no matter how much she argued with herself along these lines, something else told her that she was under challenge.

"You're really in love with young Chaz," Henry said incredulously.

"Why do you find that so surprising?"

HENRY smiled. "I do find it mildly surprising," he said, "and not only because Charles is, inevitably, such a spoilt devil."

"Then why else?" Mary asked.

"Oh, just on general grounds—hope springs eternal and that sort of thing—some people are beggars for punishment," he said with a grin that, while it included her, underlined once again the fact that no Russel could talk to her for more than five minutes without some reference to the fact that Charles' first mariage was going to be her third.

"Who's Edna?" she said, deciding on a change of subject.

"Edna?" Henry asked.

"I met her coming in by the gate beside the tennis court. She was carrying racquets and stuff for this afternoon, and she mentioned somebody called Frank."

"Don't tell me you don't know who Edna is?"

"But I don't," Mary said, "or I wouldn't be bothering to ask."

"My hat, this family's mad," Henry said. "Edna's the eldest of us and Frank's her husband."

"You mean she's Charles' sister . . . and yours . . ."

"Of course," Henry said. "What a torrid time you must have been having, if Chuck didn't even get a chance to tell you about all his doting elder brothers and sisters."

"I assure you it wasn't that," Mary said, laughing a little uncomfortably. "I may be wrong, but all the same I'm perfectly certain Charles never mentioned having a sister called Edna. I've had the clear impression all along that Rowena was the eldest of the family."

"Well, she's not," Henry said. "Edna's the eldest of the lot of us. There'd be about four years between them, I think — yes, Ed'd be about fifty-four. I think there was one that came in between, only it died of scarlet fever or something."

"A girl," Mary said quickly, "called Frances—I know about that. But will you please tell me, Henry, whether there are any more live Russels lurking about that I haven't met yet."

"I shouldn't think so," Henry said. "That must be about the lot."

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Continued from page 76

THE WILD GRAPES

When she went back to the house she found Charles leaning on the verandah rail and looking out over the tree-shaded part of the garden at the side of the house, and went to join him.

"I'm sorry about the races this afternoon. You're quite sure you don't want to come?"

"Quite," she said. "Sorry, darling, but I'm a dead loss at the races. I'd be bored."

"I said I wouldn't go when Edwin first brought it up, but then Roey told me that he'd been rather missing it while I was away, and . . ."

"Don't worry, I don't mind. Besides, I'll be much better employed staying here and trying to unearth a few more members of your family," she said.

Charles laughed. "Aren't there enough already?"

"You never told me that you had a married sister called Edna," Mary said reproachfully.

"Good heavens, are you sure I didn't?"

"Quite sure."

"Well, you'd better not tell Edna that—she might be rather put out."

Mary laughed. "She might indeed. It does seem odd, though, that Rowena looms so large in all your lives that Edna's just swamped, and no one mentions her."

"Oh, I don't know," Charles said. "Roey's always been the pow—the capable one, and anyway Edna's got a life and a family of her own."

"You don't like her?" Mary asked.

"She's all right," Charles said. "I've got nothing against Edna at all—except that she's so much older than me that we've never made any particular sort of contact."

"But she's only a very few years older than Rowena," Mary said.

"Yes, I suppose she is," Charles said. "I don't know — Roey always seems to have been a special case. All this is hell for you," he said, watching her closely. "Be patient, sweetie, it'll be over soon. All families tend to be rather hell, I should think, and ours is probably worse than most, because Roey's had to work so darned hard to keep it together. Last out this week, then go home and see your family if you must, and then we'll scrap the lot of them and get out on our own."

"I think we'd better fairly soon," she said, smiling at him, "because except when I'm actually with you, I get a most uncanny feeling that this family exists solely to hang on to you, and that I'm just never going to have a chance to get you away from them."

"Baloney," he said affectionately. "I warned you Roey would try to keep her hooks in, and that's natural enough, seeing she did everything for me when I was a kid. But

To page 78

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Continued from page 77

THE WILD GRAPES

the others couldn't care less."

. . . . .

The long hot afternoon, with the quiet of the house emphasised by the distant, calling voices of the children arguing over the score and holding long post-mortems on past strokes, drew Mary out into the garden.

Rowena, she knew, was sleeping or reading in her own room; the door that closed off Margot's and Henry's wing from the rest of the house was shut, and the absence of sound from the kitchen end suggested that Madge, too, was probably using her free time to sleep.

She took a direction away from the house and away from the young voices on the tennis court, going up through the garden toward the rising ground that led through the vines toward the vast areas of empty foothill paddocks which were already beginning to be studded here and there with exploratory outcroppings of small new houses.

A great deal of this land, she knew, had been the Russels' in earlier days. One of them — Charles' great-grandfather, she thought he had told her — had come out to settle early enough for professional men with means to play at being farmers on land that had then been beyond the city's outer limits.

By Charles' grandfather's day even farming on so small a scale had become a burden because of the difficulty of keeping proper labor, and Charles' father, a lawyer like the others, had sold the outer reaches of the land, keeping only the house, the garden, the small vineyard and a paddock or two which had been useful earlier for his children's ponies. Now the children and the ponies were gone from the house together with the sort of life they belonged to, and the small, stony, uncared-for paddocks, too, would go as the suburbs spread and the prices became more appealing.

But the house, Mary thought, turning to look back at it, seemed as if it might remain forever. Ninety-two years had been enough to make it sink slightly into the ground and into the hillside; ninety-two years of desiccating sun and wind had begun already to fray its speckled stonework into ribs. The colonnaded verandah, slate-edged, had sagged toward the southern end of the house and, solid as it was, she knew that there was not a level doorstep nor a straight window-sill in the house.

It would take a European house three hundred years to get into this condition, she thought, and was delighted again by what had been one of her homecoming thoughts — that this country could impose its own antiquity on even the newest and most man-made things. The strong light excited her, making her feel that she had lived too long in a water-color country and felt for too long the feelings that belonged to such a landscape. For her, coming home, there was a sort of poetry in this antique dryness that soothed her more than softness could have done.

Looking back at the house across a garden of old shrubs allowed to grow beyond their prunings, their lower twigs bound together with summer grasses, she tried again to examine the peculiar fierceness of her feeling for Charles Russel. It was, she felt, a fierceness which was in no way matched by his feeling for her. Still, she did not make the mistake of confusing fierceness with depth or with reality. I am having a sort of second adolescence, she told herself, where everything has a special significance that I cannot define and nobody else can see.

The idea amused her, though it failed to explain the tidal effect on her emotions of coming home, of coming for a third time within reach of what she wanted (Third time's lucky, she said, and momentarily crossed middle fingers over index on each hand), and of coming into a household where she felt she was continually assaulted by small jibes and oppositions.

She began to walk slowly back toward the house, and the faint, vociferous voices from the court came to her more clearly as she walked. A gravel path led her to a back door opening on to a lobby, and from there she could hear the movement of crockery in the kitchen, and went in to see whether there was something she could do. She found Madge there, setting two afternoon-tea trays placed side by side on the table.

"Let me help you, Madge," she said, going in.

"You've been out in all that heat!" said Madge, who never willingly stirred beyond the house between November and March. "Sit down and I'll bring you something cool to drink, Mrs. Page."

To page 81

MOTHER

"You look tired, Mum . . . Why don't you go in there and sit down!"

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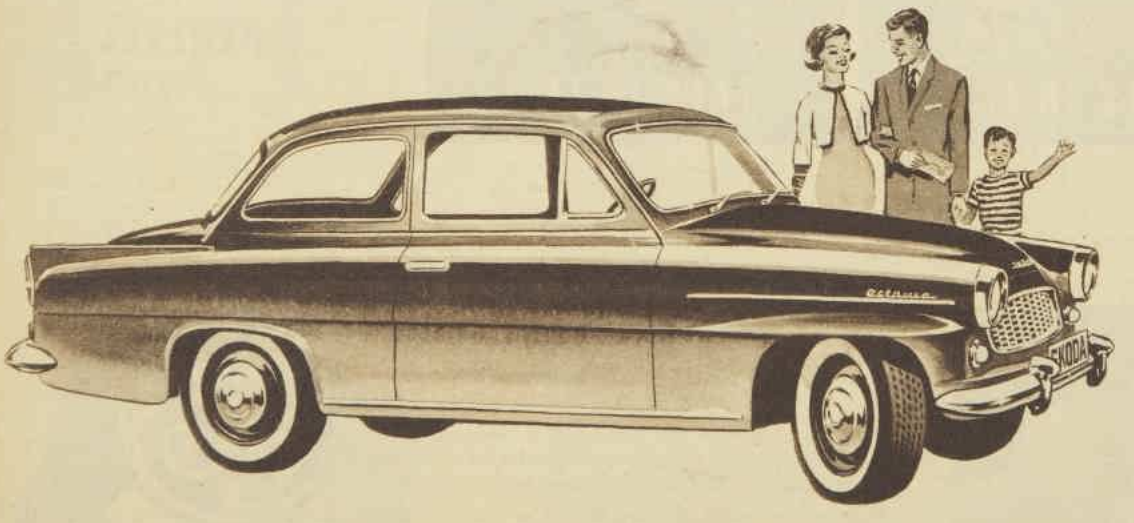

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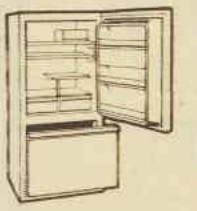

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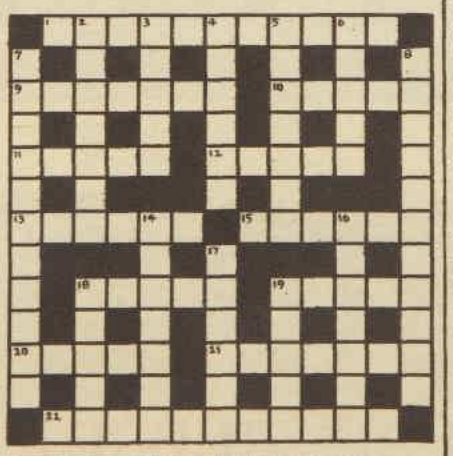

Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Not a useful adjective when doing multiplication (11).
9. Useless, though has a nut inside (7).
10. Dowdily dressed woman (5).
11. Owner of a Scottish landed estate (5).
12. Wrap in a hood a crowd and the French (5).
13. Insect with spirit for a cavity in the upper jawbone (6).
15. Red gun (Grammatical anagr., 6).
18. River and department in France (5).
19. Capital of Ghana, West Africa (5).
20. Glide with a sepal (5).
21. Shorten a worthless dog with a tail (7).
22. On Sundays and holidays and any time for non-unionists (6, 5).

DOWN

2. Cut soil (anagr., 7).
3. Wear down mostly with a broken ring (5).
4. Heat units surround her (6).
5. Complaisant (7).
6. This insect is parasitic with a troubled soul (5).
7. His aim was an apple (7, 4).
8. Scatter ten dollars for a heraldic figure (6, 5).
14. Scattered nurses protect five hundred to take off the clothes (7).
16. Make puns round hundred thousand to open (7).
17. Answered evasively, probably with a sword (6).
18. Urge forward with a little devil on the top (5).
19. Anglo-Irish expletive of emotion (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Continued from page 78

THE WILD GRAPES

"I've been on the hill, admiring the house from up among the trees," Mary said.

"It's lovely," Madge said, pulling out a kitchen chair for her and fetching ice-water from the refrigerator, in the hope that these services would induce her to stay. Madge liked to have visitors in her kitchen when it was her kitchen, at the times when Mrs. Pike was not there to spoil the talk. "It's a lovely house and I'm always glad to be back — it's more like home to me than my own place, that's a fact."

"You've been here a long time."

"Ever since Miss Rowena's mother died," Madge said. "That's on and off, of course. I've got my own place, my daughter's in it and her and her husband's fixed it up real nice, but it's not the same, you know the way it is with these young ones, and Len's earning well so they've got the TV in and they've painted all the walls and thrown out all the heavy stuff I had and Shirley's got the sitting-room done modern with plastic covers and them little pigmy-shaped tables and it's not a quarter the work it was or this place is, which stands to reason seeing the size of it, but it's what I like," she said, looking round her kitchen walls with admiration.

"Why two tea-trays?" Mary asked.

"I thought one for you and Miss Rowena and one for Mr. Henry and Miss Margot because they don't come out to have it ever if they're working. If Mrs. Craig and the doctor come in later, then I can make some more for them in a jiffy."

ASSUMING this was Edna Madge was talking about, and grateful for at least one piece of information about the eldest Russel that she hadn't had to probe for, Mary said, "I think they won't be here until after four."

"The kettle's boiling," Madge said, "but first, if you're not in a real hurry, Mrs. Page, I'll run down to the tennis court with some cake I made special for the young ones there."

"I don't think you need bother, Madge. Mrs. Craig said this morning that she'd brought everything they'd need for their afternoon tea."

"Well, did she now," Madge said with a tolerant smile. "A plastic bottle full of orangeade and a box of buns. That's not what we like them to have when they're playing here, and I've got just the very thing that's more to their taste." She lifted a cloth from a tray on a side table, to show Mary a plate of meringues, a cake iced thickly with chocolate, and another plate piled with small iced cakes.

"Beats me how they eat this stuff in weather like this, but Mrs. Craig's three always did have appetites like I don't know what, and there won't be a crumb of it left, you'll see. I won't be a minute," Madge said, adding a jug of ice cubes to the tray and taking it up. But she surrended it willingly enough when Mary offered to carry it down to the children.

At the court, Mary found that the children had given up tennis and were sprawled on the benches in the summerhouse, where they could argue without the discomfort of having to raise their voices to span the length of the court. Three of them, she saw as she got close, were obvious Russels—two fair and one with Margot's dark red hair (another ruddy Russel, she thought) — while the fourth, a boy, was so unlike the others that she thought it likely he was not of the family and decided to move warily with him, anxious not to make the sort of mistake again that had led her into not knowing who Edna was.

"I've brought you some food," she called before they had noticed that she was there. They all jumped up and the two girls—one red-headed and one fair—came and jostled each other, trying to take the tray.

"Oh, hullo, you must be the one Uncle Charles is going to marry — Mary Page," the red-haired girl said with a confidence Mary envied, her own adolescence having been full of adults of uncertain age and relationship whom she had found it impossible to name.

"I am," she said with a smile, sliding the tray on to the centre table between the benches. "You'll break poor Madge's heart if you leave a crumb of this on the plates."

"Bribes," the fair boy said, lifting the cloth Madge had replaced on the tray to shield the cakes from the sun. "Mum and Auntie Ro battle it out and we get fat."

"Tell me which of you is which," Mary said, hoping this might be a way of concealing that she knew none of their names.

"Oh, sorry," the fairheaded girl said. "I'm Henrietta. That one is Lorna, and that's Lance."

"We're twins," Lorna said, and Mary saw that it meant much to her.

"And . . .?" she said, looking toward the other boy.

"Oh, he's not one of us," Henrietta said.

"Still, you might introduce us."

"All right. This is Bill Forrest," Lance said formally. "He lives next door to us, so he can't get out of playing tennis when we need him."

"Hullo, Bill," she said, smiling at him, and then smiled round at the other three. "I really should go back, Madge was just on the point of making tea."

"Don't go for a while," Lorna said, making room for Mary on the bench. "Sit down and talk to us."

"We're rather naturally curious about you," Lance said with a smile she found disarming. He and Lorna appeared to her to be about fourteen or perhaps fifteen, and Henrietta looked so much of an age with them that Mary thought it unlikely that there could be more than a year's difference between them. "We think it's awfully brave of you to marry Charles," Lance said.

"Why?"

"Oh, I dunno—but most people find Rowena rather frightening."

"Well, I don't," Mary said with a laugh. "And, anyway,

To page 82

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY. Week starting Oct. 2.

ARIES MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, blue. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.
★ Astrologers like to take the optimistic view, but this week you will find it hard to take a trick. Oct. 3, 6, and 7 are the danger deadlines. Next week better — it would need to be.

TAURUS APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, rose. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ You come out of it better than most, but there could be delay and setback due to muddle and skulduggery to plans and career. Even romance could lead to emotional excess.

GEMINI MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, pink. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
★ In a horror-stretch this week you fare relatively better than a lot. Yet there are unlucky breaks which involve double-dealing especially on Oct. 3, 6, and 7. Be ready to get out from under.

CANCER JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, lilac, aqua. Lucky days, Fri. Saturday.
★ The plan is to handle cautiously all emotional and romantic matters. There could be setbacks and deception. You could suffer from the treachery of a friend. Beware Oct. 3, 6, and 7.

LEO JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, black. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ Sinister influences work against all to do with love, romance, and marriage. Oct. 3 could see emotional boil-ups with hints of treachery. Married folk should not believe appearances.

VIRGO AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling cols., tricolors, pink. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
★ A reasonably good week for material and financial interests, yet there could be bad patches —on Oct. 3, 6, and 7. You'll have to keep a clear head, as opportunities could be lost.

LIBRA SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, lilac. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
★ As far as personal and domestic matters are concerned this is a success week. You turn out to be best off. But watch Oct. 3, 6, and 7 and beware of loss through being sold gold bricks.

SCORPIO OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.
★ What should have been a good period — you have your ruling star in its own sign—turns out to be an adverse one. Your reputation could suffer at the hands of secret enemies.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, pink. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ Your breezy and disconcerting way of hitting the nail right on the head could involve you in trouble. Postpone important writings and don't go overboard romantically on Oct. 8.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, grey. Lucky days, Thur., Friday.
★ A mixed week. The best part is at the beginning, then deteriorates, Oct. 7 being the danger date. Romance, finance, and the home front could come under a black cloud. Next week is very good.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, yellow, green. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.
★ A good time to maintain a hillbilly suspicion toward every stranger. If you have new projects, shelve them till next week. Your reputation could suffer from secret slander.

PISCES FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
★ A week for fishfolk not to swim too far out to sea. Censor all you write, think, or say. You could make mistakes through muddled thinking. Avoid friends and don't make new ones.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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THE WILD GRAPES

Continued from page 81

I can't see what that would have to do with it."

"She's a witch," Lorna said with great enthusiasm. "Rowena's absolutely marvellous. I adore her."

Henrietta laughed, but without unkindness. "L's mad," she said. "She's quite convinced Rowena is a witch, and she adores her. Not that it helps her — I don't think Rowena's particularly keen on female relatives."

"Anyway, I'm frightfully glad you're marrying Uncle Charles," Lorna said. "The others call him Charles, you may have noticed, but I try to call him 'Uncle' all the time to remind myself about the prohibited degrees, is that what they're called? I've been in love with him for years and years. Don't you think he's madly fascinating?"

"I do, yes," Mary said.

"I think you're so lucky."

"Oh, shut up, L," Lance said tolerantly. "She doesn't mean any of this, but it's awkward for her that Henrietta didn't happen to be twins."

Mary laughed. "You'll have to explain that one," she said.

"Henri and I will probably get married and that's awkward for Lorna, because it leaves her out on a limb," he said with such apparent seriousness that Mary wasn't sure how she should take it. The explosion of laughter from Henrietta gave her her answer.

"We won't, of course," Henrietta said, "but we get some fun out of saying it, because it makes Mum and Rowena simply furious."

"No doubt they're also worrying about the prohibited degrees," Mary said, tiring of this.

"I don't see why," Lance said. "Cousins often marry."

"Cousins?" Mary said.

"Poor you, you still haven't got us sorted out," Henrietta said. "I'm not one of these low-living Craigs, I'm Henrietta, I live here. At least, I do at weekends, when I'm not at school. I'm Margot's daughter," she said. "I'm not one of Edna's."

"I'm sorry, I did have you muddled up," Mary said. Margot's daughter — then why had nobody told her Margot had a daughter and where, for that matter, had Margot been keeping her during the past four days? "But there are three of you, aren't there?" she said, turning back to Lorna. "Or have I got that muddled up, too?"

"Yes, there's Elizabeth, but she's miles older," Lorna said.

"Accidentally you've hit on the whole bone of contention," Henrietta said seriously, and the groans with which the two young Craigs greeted this showed that it was a favorite topic with her. Bill Forrest watched her with some interest, at the same time beginning to eat hungrily from the neglected tray.

"The point is Mum and Aunt Edna don't see eye to eye. It makes Mum mad and Edna produced a flaming red-headed beauty like Lorna . . ."

"Don't be so childish," Lorna said edgily.

". . . and she's got brains as well. And all poor old Mum could manage was me," Henrietta said with a complacent air.

Can this child really find reason for satisfaction in being plainer than her cousin? Mary wondered. She was beginning to wonder whether all the Russels — all the Russels except Charles, that was — were not a little crazy in their personal relationships with one another.

"I must go back to the house," she said, wanting the chance to digest the things she'd learnt and to find out more about Margot's marriage. She felt it was extraordinary that nobody had ever mentioned either the marriage or the child, while Margot and Henry lived in their own quarters like an old married couple and . . . could it be . . . no, she thought, and smiled. There must be some slightly more acceptable explanation than that, and Rowena's the person to give it to me, not these children.

"Not that she complains out loud," Henrietta said, seeing the smile and thinking it a comment on her last words. "But you must admit it must be irritating for her."

"I really am going now," Mary said, beginning to walk away. "It's been nice getting to know you, and anyway, I expect I'll see you again before you go. Goodbye, Bill," she said, remembering him. "Sorry about all the family talk, but I'm trying to do a concentrated course in Russel history."

"Me, too," Bill Forrest said with a wide smile. "They're what I call exceptionally involuted."

"She's acey looking," Henrietta said as Mary moved out of hearing, going back toward the house. "I must say I'm rather surprised by that."

"Why surprised?" Lance said. "All the ones Rowena's chased away have been pretty acey, too."

"Has your aunt really chased them away, honestly, or are you making that up?" Bill Forrest asked with interest.

"He's making it up," Lorna said. "Everyone Uncle Charles brings home Rowena sort of looks down her nose at in a way, but she does that to everyone outside the family."

To be continued

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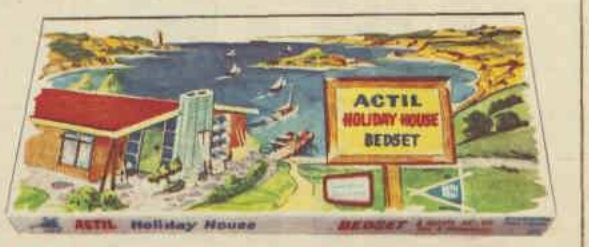

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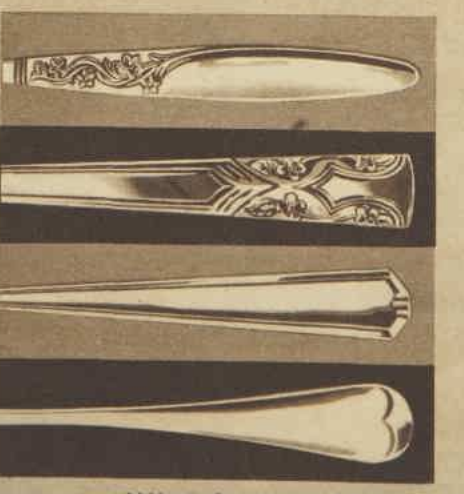

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

October 9, 1963

Teenagers' WEEKLY

ELKE SOMMER, *the German girl who became a star in European films at 19, and now, at 22, is in Hollywood to play opposite Paul Newman in M.G.M.'s "The Prize." Elke learned English by working in London for seven months as a domestic.* *"How to Make the Most of Blond Beauty"—page 6.*

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Young art group has fun

NINE other teenagers and myself have formed a young artists' group. We began with five members and recently doubled that number.

We meet at the homes of the members fortnightly and discuss and criticise each other's paintings and those of great artists.

We find it a marvellous way to increase our appreciation of art and have fun at the same time. — *Katherine Doolan, Brisbane.*

School colors

RECENTLY we had our school repainted, but no one would ever know, because it has been painted the same drab old-fashioned colors our grandmothers were familiar with when they were at the same school.

Surely bright, modern colors would have brightened up the classrooms considerably, and wouldn't have been any more expensive.

Adults criticise teenagers for their lack of originality, but they sometimes demonstrate the same lack themselves. — *"Color Bored," Cooma, N.S.W.*

New system

ALTHOUGH many people welcome the introduction of big co-educational high schools, to which children are sent according to the district in which they live and not according to their ability, I am sorry to see the passing of the selective high school.

I know there is a strong argument in favor of the new idea —intellectual snobbery, with all its attendant jealousy and ill-feeling, is replaced by the knowedge that all schools are equal.

But is this really practical? Teaching can only be slowed up and made more difficult by the grouping together in one school of all the children of a district, with the inevitably wide range of intelligence and application to schoolwork.

The result is that "better schools" are reduced to "better classes" within the school, and so the intellectual snobbery is not really avoided at all.

The old selective schools were the crowning achievement of the primary school career — something to work as hard as possible for.

If one failed to gain selection, was the effect as damaging to the personality as some people imagine? Life is full of success and failure, achievement and disappointment. Children must face this as well as adults. — *"Student," Chatswood, N.S.W.*

Next week

● The latest in casual footwear, Cleopatra sandals, will be featured in our next issue, and on our cover will be a handsome pin-up of up-and-coming film star Peter Fonda.

No husband

I WORK in a bank and recently opened a letter which stated as follows; "I enclose herewith my bank book, also my husband." Unfortunately I could only find two bank books! — *"Disappointed," Greenslopes, Qld.*

Lesson unlearned

GOING on a trip one day, we noticed a young boy in a car pick up four girl hitch-hikers. As soon as the girls were on board the driver began to show off like mad, racing in and out of traffic at a terrific rate. Then he tore off up the hill and disappeared from sight.

Some time later we rounded a corner and saw the four girls, standing white and shaken on the roadside, trying to thumb another lift.

It's a wonder they hadn't realised then how dangerous hitch-hiking can be. — *Carol O'Hanlon, Fernreale, Qld.*

Poor relations

IF children were reared in the tradition that grandparents as well as parents belong in the family circle they would accept their responsibility toward all ageing relatives, and there would be fewer pitiful stories of old people living in terrible conditions.

Legacies from wealthy grandparents are accepted without question — the liability of poor ones should be accepted in similar spirit. — *"Senex," Geelong, Vic.*

BEATNIK

"Like who's a fibber? I told her I was an oil man, and so I am—I just take it out of a tube instead of the ground."

Exercise days

RECENTLY one of our group had a rowing-machine installed in her home as exercise for an asthma patient. As we were all constantly complaining about our various figure problems, we organised a twice a week "exercise day."

We all brought along eggs on the first day and put on egg-packs. While one of us used the rowing-machine the others did elementary exercises in time to pop records.

The "fatties" dieted all day while the thin ones ate to bursting point.

We all enjoy these days very much, and, believe me, our figures are showing results. — *"Figure - Conscious," Killara, N.S.W.*

Your party manners

BEGINNERS, PLEASE! No. 4

By Sheila Sibley

● The first social occasions can be such agony for Beginners—such obvious agony that many a poor hostess has wondered if it wouldn't be kinder to serve cyanide sandwiches.

BUT remember, parties are supposed to be fun for both boys and girls.

It was not to make you miserable that your hostess' house was made spotless, her best china laid, and food and fruit-cup turned on so lavishly. She wanted you to have a good time, so it is up to you to try.

Party manners insist that it's your duty to your hostess to enjoy yourself. Or at least give the appearance of enjoying yourself.

Don't wait to be entertained. Nothing kills a party more than guests who sit like lumps, unamused and unamusing.

If you've guessed wrong about clothes and arrive in slacks instead of a dress, or in dinner jacket instead of sweater and cords, don't make a big fuss about it. You'll only embarrass others as well as yourself.

But make sure it doesn't happen twice. Next time ring your hostess and ask what will be worn.

With the clothes problem settled you are perfectly presentable — so why are you sitting tongue-tied in the corner? Is it because you feel that no one would be interested in what you have to say?

You must have something to say—you don't go around with an empty head all day. Don't wait for the person sitting next to you to promote a conversation. He—or she—may be waiting glumly for **you** to open your rosy lips.

Even if you can't be the life of the party, at least you can make sure you're not the death of it.

Party manners insist that you tell your hostess how delighted you are to be there, and, on leaving, how much you enjoyed yourself — whether you enjoyed yourself or not.

The guest who brings some small gift — flowers or chocolates preferably — will find them appreciated, and don't forget to telephone (within two days) to say thank-you again.

No one expects you exactly at the hour named (8.30 means that you can arrive up to 9 o'clock) unless you're coming for dinner. Then you will be invited earlier, and expected to be there on time.

One of the traps for Beginners at more sophisticated parties is The Demon Drink. Remember you don't *have* to drink just because everyone else is drinking.

One bright-eyed blonde I know, when asked what she will have, demands "Gin and bitter lemon — without the gin." Poised and sober, she has seen what happens to teenagers who put their little freckled noses into the gin. It can be a distressing sight.

A drunken boy is woeful enough, but a drunken girl is just plain horrible. Her charms are not enhanced by smeared lipstick, mussy hair, shrill laughter, and the lurking fear that any minute she's going to be very sick indeed.

If you're old enough to drink, and if your parents think you're sensible enough to have a drink now and then, here's what to watch:

● Never drink on an empty stomach. Food is the most effective barricade against drunkenness. If you can't find anything solid to eat, down a glass of milk before you take that first sip.

● Never drink spirits. If you're not offered anything else, have a soft drink.

● Don't mix your drinks. It may seem a gay, adventurous thing to do, but within the hour you'll wish you were dead. (Your hostess will wish you were dead, too, which is somewhat worse.)

If you insist on trying-anything-once, try it at home in privacy — and near the bathroom. Then you'll learn how dreadful it feels without embarrassing anybody else.

If you have the choice of cocktails or sherry before dinner, go for sherry. Cocktails in themselves are mixed drinks, while sherry is a wine like the table wine you may be served with at the meal.

● Don't drink quickly. Learn to nurse a drink for half an hour—you're not being chicken, you're being adult.

● Know when to stop. Two glasses of anything is enough for any young drinker at a party or dinner.

Finally, you can still be an accident statistic (no matter how cautiously you handle liquor yourself) if your escort drinks stupidly. Never ride home in a car with a drunk—it's the worst kind of Russian roulette.

Ring your parents, ring a taxi, ring a friend of the family — or, if you must, walk home. Sore feet are nowhere near as painful as a fractured skull.

Next week I'll hand out some pointers on the art of conversation. Like riding a bicycle, it's only a matter of practice.

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Schoolboys win Italian film prize

By Margaret Berkeley

● A film made by a group of 12- and 13-year-old Brighton Grammar schoolboys in Melbourne has won two awards in an Italian film competition—and they have already finished a second film.

THEIR first — a 12-minute 16mm. film called "Our Friends — Why?" — was one of 33 entries in the first "Tenth Muse" International Film Competition organised by the International Youth Film Centre and the San Fedele Cultural Centre of Milan.

Preliminary judging of the competition was in Milan and the eight best films were sent to Venice for final judging at the Film Festival there. Prize-winning films were shown at the end of the festival.

The Australian Council for Children's Films and Television sent in three Australian entries. They won four awards.

Sections in the competition catered for group films and individual efforts, and the age limit was 18 years.

The Brighton Grammar boys' film won the silver "Osella" in its section "for cinematographic achievement of distinction that revealed a familiarity with the art of filming rarely found in children of this age."

("Osella," meaning "bird," is the name given to a coin minted only in Venice. It derives from an ancient tradition of the Doges, who used to present wild ducks as gifts. When the ducks became scarce they substituted the coins.)

Their film also won the "Tenth Muse" Grand Prize of the whole competition.

The citation for this award reads "For having treated with liveliness and novelty a children's adventure in which are united the themes of comradeship and practical joke expressed with excellent photography and mature editing."

For the grand prize the boys will receive a statuette about a foot high and three rolls of film.

The Australian Council received a silver cup for the artistic standards of the films they presented.

The other award went to a South Australian girl, Lynne Fowler, of Largs Bay, who won the 16-18 years section for single authorship with an 8mm. film, "Two Friends and the Cat."

The boys, all from Forms 1 and 2 in the Middle School at Brighton Grammar, belong to the school's Film Makers' Club.

"Our Friends—Why?" was filmed last April in the back garden and round the swimming-pool of a house in Brighton. It took a week of afternoons after school to make and cost between £20 and £25.

It was written by the combined efforts of club members, directed by Robert Dudfield and Jim Biss, and filmed by John Baragwanath.

Technique perfect

Mr. Peter Drummond, young English and History master at Brighton Grammar who supervises the activities of the Film Makers' Club out of school hours, says adults who have seen the film suggest that it was successful because it was obviously the work of youngsters.

"And it was technically perfect," he said. "Cameraman John Baragwanath was very careful. Only a few feet were wasted in the editing."

The film tells the story of a trick played by two boys on a gang of their friends who think they have damaged the boys' kite and who then, by all sorts of means, raise 10/- to replace the kite.

When they find out they have been hoaxed there's a mighty free-for-all ending, with all participants getting a wetting in the swimming-pool. Finally, they all shake hands and are friends again.

The boys' second film, "Danger Bay," is a "cops and robbers" adventure. It was directed by Mr. Drummond, who also wrote the script to suit the boys' ideas.

The story is about two boys who go out to the wreck of the Cerberus in Half Moon Bay, Black Rock, Vic., and disturb some jewel thieves who are retrieving their loot from its hiding-place on the wreck.

A third boy on the beach sees that his friends are in trouble. He fetches a policeman and the two of them get a motor launch to take them to the wreck. They arrive in time to capture the thieves and rescue the boys.

The roles of the boys are taken by three 12-year-olds — Peter Hartog, Roger Colman, and Clive Cunneen. Sergeant Hugh Bell, of the public relations staff of Victorian Police Headquarters, plays the policeman, and two fathers, Mr. Saul Spielman and Mr. Laurie Smith, play the villains.

The boys completed the film in one weekend—three hours on Saturday and six on Sunday.

STILL from "Our Friends — Why?", the Brighton Grammar boys' award-winning film, shows the gang's crazy museum by which they raised money to replace their friends' damaged kite. Paul Thayer, 12, is an exhibit in the museum — "William the Conkeror."

"I don't like the filming to go on for too long, because the boys tend to lose interest," Mr. Drummond said. "And I allow about an hour for every one minute of film."

Television hopes

Cameraman John Baragwanath, 13, who uses Mr. Drummond's film camera, said he was not particularly interested in photography — "I own a couple of box cameras"—until he joined the Film Makers' Club.

"He was going to be an engineer," Mr. Drummond said, "but now his parents tell me his main idea is to get on to the technical side of television."

"Danger Bay" also cost less than £25, and Mr. Drummond hopes that it will be shown on television.

The filming on the Cerberus was great fun. The actors really lived their parts and most of the film team explored the bowels of the old wreck.

The Film Makers' Club also makes short films for use in the classroom. A small group went with Mr. Drummond to Echuca earlier this year to make a film on the Murray riverboats.

"For teaching purposes, film is excellent, and it has much greater impact when the boys have made the film themselves," Mr. Drummond said.

The boys' next film is called "The Boat Rockers" and will be filmed at Westernport Bay. It tells of an incident between some young boys and a group of rockers.

Another set of boys will be used as the cast so that everyone gets a turn.

ROWBOAT containing the two villains of "Danger Bay," played by fathers Saul Spielman (left) and Laurie Smith, is manoeuvred alongside the wreck of Cerberus in Half Moon Bay by director Peter Drummond. Cameraman John Baragwanath prepares his camera on the wreck's deck.

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NEW FOR SUMMER: COAST

● *Fresher than the muu-muu* ... *which they resemble, the* ... *inexpensive coaster fashions in* ... *spark a trend in casual wear* ... *into a teenage fad. Points of* ... *waistlines, short-short* ...

LITTLE - GIRL - LOOK coaster to gladden a sunny day is in pure white Swiss embroidered cotton (also red, navy, green) and is fully lined. Sizes XSSW-SW. £8/19/11.

VIVID sailcloth coaster featuring sheath cut, patch pockets, loose half-belt at back looks cool and comfortable to wear. Sizes XSSW-W. 79/11.

SOFTLY draped coaster casual with high waist and full skirt in one of large variety of pale and powerful prints for summer. Sizes XSSW-SW. 99/11.

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R CASUALS

nd the shift,
es snappy,
n ilcloth and cotton
r hat could grow
n e are: high-rising
n ankle-long skirts.

EASY - CARE sailcoth simply styled and trimmed with white stitching and large patch pocket. In a range of fashionable new colors. Sizes XSSW-W. 79/11.

FULL - LENGTH hostess coaster in fine cotton is attractive copy of colorful American original. Sizes XSSW-SW (only one of each size). £9/9/-.

PRETTY fashions in plain and print polished cotton — flowing and feminine in contrast colors (left) or tailored and sleek with side insets for walking ease. Both styles are in range of sizes priced at 99/11.

Fashion by Playfare Productions from Weedmans, Brisbane.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4978918

Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Foolish date

"I AM a 15-year-old girl and attend the local high school. A month ago I went out with a man of 23 who lives quite near me. However, the more I have grown to love him since then the more he seems to lose interest. Going out with him meant a break with a current 18-year-old boy-friend who attends the same school as I do, but from his behaviour of late I think he would still like to go steady with me. I have to make up my mind about who I should go out with, as I realise it would be unfair to both if I continue in the same way. Please help me, as I am becoming desperate."

H.C., N.S.W.

Wake up to yourself. The 23-year-old man is probably sorry he made the mistake of taking you out in the first place (did he know at the time that you were only 15?). I'd bet he's rather bored or embarrassed at being the object of a schoolgirl crush.

Go out with boys near your own age if your parents approve, but forget about going steady until you're older and more sensible.

Street etiquette

"I HAVE become involved in an argument concerning etiquette—the position the man should take when walking with a lady along the street. I consider that the idea of the male walking nearest the gutter is antiquated and based purely on convention. Isn't chivalry the helping of a lady as much as possible (like opening doors, allowing her to enter first)? The changing of positions can become annoying when the girl is required to switch her handbag and paraphernalia to the other arm if there are a number of streets to be crossed. My girl-friend says that she thinks a boy is rude and ungentlemanly if he does not walk near the gutter. I am always prepared to do this to please a girl, but I would like to know what the modern view is on this matter."

"Curious," Vic.

The custom of a man walking nearest the roadway to protect the lady with him began in the days when there were few defined pavements, the roads were very narrow, and people on foot were in danger of being struck by horses' hoofs or carriage wheels.

Also, most people in towns lived above shops, with the living area jutting out over the roadway. There were no proper drains, and slops were often flung out a window on to the roadway, so the person walking nearest the houses was in less danger from this hazard.

The need for protection against passing traffic still applies, of course, so the man should walk on the outside of the pavement.

Etiquette should be followed with common sense, however. To quote a modern authority: "If a change is necessary for a short distance only, the man does not dart back and forth."

Engagement ritual

"MY boy-friend and I wish to become engaged and announce it at his birthday party. But, as the bride-to-be's parents are supposed to make the announcement, how could we arrange it? Our parents are friendly with each other, as we live quite close. Also, his family wants him to present the ring before all the guests, which I would find extremely embarrassing. Don't you think the presentation of the ring should be done in private, or is it the custom to give it in the presence of others? I wouldn't like to wear it before the party, as it is to be a surprise. I have read quite a few wedding etiquette books, but so far I haven't found the answer to my problem."

P.B., W.A.

The formal announcement of your engagement, in the Press, should be made by your parents. Announcements at parties, however, are much more informal, and although this is usually done by the bride-to-be's father, there's no reason why you shouldn't ask the master of ceremonies to do so (and, of course, propose the toast to you both) on his behalf.

I agree that the giving of the ring is a moment you and your fiance should enjoy alone together. Why not ask him to call for you and slip the ring on your finger before the party?

I wouldn't worry too much about the surprise being spoiled. Probably only a few of your friends will spot the ring — and engagements are seldom a surprise to close friends anyway.

Dad's in the dark

"I HAVE a boy-friend with whom I am very much in love and I know he loves me. Although I have been going out with him for five months, I haven't told my father. In fact, he doesn't know I go with him. My mother tells me Dad will think differently after he meets him, but Dad won't even meet him. I will be 16 soon and my boy-friend will be 20. My father only lets me go out on a Saturday night, because he said I should get plenty of rest through the week to be ready for work the next day. Could you please help me? I don't think his being four years older than me is too old, do you?"

"Confused," Qld.

You're not being very fair to your father by keeping him in the dark about your boy-friend, are you? He obviously has your welfare at heart and his edict of "Saturday nights out only" is a wise general rule for a girl of your age.

You should tell him about this boy straight away — or ask your mother to tell him. I'm sure your mother would be able to get him to agree to inviting the boy to your home, since she already feels confident of the outcome (remember that she knows your father much better than you do!).

No, I don't think the boy is "too old" to be your friend—but I think that you are too young yet to be really serious about romance.

Idle work-time

"I AM a 15-year-old girl and have been working for four months now. I have a very good position as an office junior to an electrical contractor. Although my mother says it is a good job and I will learn a lot, there is not very much work to do, and I get very bored at times when I have nothing to do for days on end. I was wondering if you would have some suggestions to keep me occupied."

"Bored," N.S.W.

If you are really anxious to make progress in your job, go to your boss and tell him you'd like more work to do (or ask the senior in charge of your office). You're bound to be given something which will fill in some of your free time.

And have you ever thought of learning shorthand? Even if you don't need it at present, it can help you to earn more money later on. You could either try teaching yourself from a textbook or go to technical college evening classes and practise your exercises when you're not busy at work.

Reading (if your employer permits it) can be an absorbing and instructive way of filling in that idle time, too. Get some friend who appreciates good literature to recommend a few books (travel books are a good starter), and read with a dictionary beside you.

Look up, then write down all the words which are strange to you. That way you will improve both your spelling and general knowledge of English —and that will be an asset in any office.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

A word from Debbie

IS your bedroom wastepaper basket looking just a bit battered and shabby? Camouflage it with a crisp organdie half apron!

The apron adds a frilly, feminine touch to your room, and is easily changed according to the decor.

When it becomes soiled you just toss it into the washing-machine — much easier than recovering or repainting your basket.

First cover the basket with a glazed chintz skirt. Then top it with the organdie apron, complete with ruffling and bow.

Both pretty and practical.

Beauty in brief: MAKE MOST OF BLOND BEAUTY

● A natural blonde can have the sparkle of champagne. No matter whether your hair is flaxen, bright gold, or the shadowy tone of burnt sugar, there is a sunniness about fair hair and coloring that has undeniable drawing power.

HOW to keep and make the most of that advantage is your chief problem.

You may constantly be on guard to see that oil and grime don't tarnish a golden crown. Others may postpone shampooing a day or two, but you must launder, come what may.

When it comes to hair styling, light and shining hair holds its own in any company. If you're the blonde who sets the pace, what hairdo could be more fetching than the one worn by enchanting Elke Sommer pictured on our cover?

It's the newest, one-jump-ahead version of the perennial up-do, round and soft on top (like a souffle), set in an all-round fringe, and with a wonderful kick-curl on one side of the head.

If you've always dreamed of being a sunny blonde, dream no more. Nowadays you can choose from literally dozens of different hair shades and change your curly locks to almost any one of them in almost no time at all — but not if you're a natural brunette.

A little obvious fakery is fun and there's nothing against making light hair a little lighter in color for an occasion or an effect. But teenagers, particularly, should always try to stay within the subtle color tones of their own basic normal hair color; otherwise they look all wrong.

The golden complexion look is the rave this summer; gold-beige powder and make-up base, apricot lipstick, and even golden mascara and eyeshadow, if you want to go all the way.

Some lucky blondes have sturdy, opaque skin that tans evenly, never freckles, and behaves beautifully most of the time.

If you're one of them you can go all out for the sunshine look, and the wonderful lift that a tan gives to your looks.

However, the typical blond skin is thin and fragile; it freckles, reddens, and roughens. And, horrors, it fades and lines easily. If this is you, always play it cool and run for cover in hot weather.

Only constant care, creaming, and protection keep this skin fine and worthy of its pretty golden frame.

— Carolyn Earle

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LISTEN HERE—with Diane Roberts

Television debut for tiny surf-club girl

● She stands 4ft. 9in. high, has blond hair bobbing to her shoulders, is 14 years old, admits she's a definite surfie fan, and everyone calls her Little Pattie.

PATTIE, whose full name is Patricia Amphlett, is a bouncy little Sydney singer who recently appeared on "Saturday Date"—and wowed them.

"I love singing," said Pattie, "but I can't do as much as I'd like because I'm sitting for my Intermediate Certificate at Sydney High School this year."

Pattie has been studying singing for the past two years and taking piano lessons since she was seven years old.

She began singing at Bronte Surf Club, and encouraged by her big brother, Jo, who is 17, auditioned for "Opportunity Knocks."

Soon afterwards she appeared on the show. This led to her "Saturday Date" engagement and the possibility of more to come.

"I was very nervous at first singing on television," said Pattie. "I feel more relaxed singing at the surf club."

Pattie now sings each weekend at Maroubra Surf Club at their stomp dance with fellow singer Roland Storm, backed by The Statesmen.

"The boys in the band are such nice fellows," said Mrs. Amphlett. "Jo usually looks after Pattie at the dance, but if he's not there the band takes care of Pattie and brings her home."

"Jo and I are terrific mates," said Pattie. "The only time we disagree is when I want to use his surfboard. He won't let me ride it, so I have to borrow one."

LITTLE PATTIE

STAND back, boys and girls. We're about to be hit by a new sound, "eefin." It's a kind of vocal and rhythmic accompaniment that's crazy and off beat enough to have started a new disc trend in America, so I guess it won't be long before we're eefin out here.

TWO LPs have just been released by the new (to this country) label, 20th Century-Fox — the original soundtracks from the movies "Cleopatra" and "The Longest Day."

"Cleo" is very grand and stereophonic, but the music won't mean much until we've seen the movie.

"The Longest Day" is more interesting, as each track is narrated by Lowell Thomas, so you can follow the story if you didn't see the movie.

THE instrumental group **The Atlantics**, four 19-year-old Sydney boys, seem to have a charmed career. With "Bombora" on the crest of popularity, they make their debut on an album with the same title (C.B.S.).

Although aimed at the surfing fraternity, this great album should have general teen appeal. All the tracks relate to the sun, sea, and surf except one (for some reason they have included "Greensleeves" —I guess they like it).

ALSO on the local scene **Jimmy Little** has turned in a fine, sincere performance on his latest single for Festival. "Royal Telephone" is a number originally recorded by Burl Ives, and Jimmy's version should have equal success. I also like the flip, "Hornets"—it has a nice join-me-in-the-chorus quality.

GOOD to see **Warren Williams** up with another new single. On Leedon, the big, big side is "Just Like A Child," a swinging up tempo number where Warren really lets go. It has an appealing backing and should do well. The flip has a slower pace as Warren presents a pretty song, "Where My Baby Goes."

A BEAUTIFULLY presented album set has been released in this country by Festival, and is a real collectors' item. It's "The Patsy Cline Story" and is a collection of some of her biggest hits, as well as some of her less well-known numbers.

But whatever Patsy Cline sang was popular. Some of the numbers included are "Back In Baby's Arms," "Your Cheatin' Heart," and "South Of The Border."

It's sad that we'll have no more songs from Patsy (she was killed in a plane crash), but those we have will always last and be favorites with many people.

TWO great numbers, "How's The World Treating You?" and "Please Send Me Someone To Love," are released on a Festival single by **George** ("I'm Just A Country Boy") **McCurn**. Both rhythm and blues numbers, they are ideally suited to his rich voice.

AN album I'm looking forward to is "I Am The Greatest," by colorful American boxer **Cassius Clay**. Cassius intends to be champion of the universe after he wins the world heavyweight title. On the disc, Cassius, who is known for predicting the outcome of his fights in prose, recites many verses of his many virtues. It's a tongue-in-cheek disc, and looks like capturing the American public's fancy.

WORTH HEARING

ORCHESTRAL SELECTION

A NEW record from C.B.S. with Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra bears the title "Leonard Bernstein Conducts for Young People."

This is needlessly restrictive, since it consists of thoroughly respectable orchestral works brilliantly played and recorded. Since all the music has a strong immediate appeal, it is certainly fine for young people, but it is good for oldies, too.

The piece that is least familiar to most listeners is "El Salon Mexico," by the modern American composer Aaron Copland. This is a musical impression of a famous dance hall in Mexico City, an exuberant, colorful composition full of toe-tapping Latin-American dance rhythms.

The other works will be old favorites with many listeners. There is Richard Strauss' symphonic poem "Till Eulenspiegel," which describes in vivid music the career of a legendary practical joker who comes to a bad end. In contrast to the lively music of Copland and Strauss there is Debussy's gently poetic "Afternoon of a Faun." Finally there are the six well-known "Characteristic Dances" from Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" ballet.

Incidentally, you can get another new recording of "Till Eulenspiegel" in R.C.A.'s lower-priced Victrola series. This is played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Fritz Reiner. It is coupled with another Strauss symphonic poem, "Death and Transfiguration."

— Martin Long

DILATED PUPILS

THERE are now, it seems, FOUR "Rs" in American education: readin', 'ritin,' 'rithmetic — and rubber-necking at pretty lasses!

Yes, I see that a guide to girl-watching has been included in an official U.S. Education Department publication.

The publication is a catalogue of Library of Congress cards showing material available to educators.

One book listed, "The Official Girl-Watchers' Manual," outlines requirements for watchers—such as 20/20 vision, binoculars, a notebook.

Now, I'm not quite clear whether the manual is suggested as an aid to teachers or pupils—but, certainly, for kids it's a great idea.

Traditional school courses have long needed a study of feminine beauty to broaden their appeal and value.

How, for instance, can a student be a true Latin lover if he doesn't know a **puella** from a feller?

Science and Physiques go well together, too. And, what's French, without dears?

Teachers should not fear that the girl-watching would interfere with other studies.

To a boy really keen on grammar they would be just hips that parse in the night!

THERE was also food for thought in a recent interview with famous Australian hairdresser Gordon Clarkin.

Mr. Clarkin, one of the world's leading hairdressers, had returned for a visit to Australia after 15 years abroad.

It seems he has created and developed many popular hair fashions, including the urchin and poodle cuts, and bouffant, beehive, and tossed salad styles.

The last one caught my eye. A tossed salad?

Does a hairdresser who dishes this out often get in a pickle and have his celery cut?

At all events, it seems like putting the a la carte before the hairs!

— Robin Adair

NEW LP'S RELEASED THIS WEEK

La Traviata — *(complete recording)* with Joan Sutherland, Carlo Bergonzi, Robert Merrill with the orchestra and chorus of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino — conductor, John Pritchard.
DECCA. Mono Meta 249/51. Stereo-Seta 249/51. Price 172/6

Two Mozart Concertos — Flute and Harp Concerto in C major, K.299. Clarinet Concerto in A major, K.622 the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra — conductor, Karl Munchinger.
DECCA. Mono-LXTA.6054. Stereo-SXLA.6054. Price 57/6

Piano Concerto No. 3 in D Minor, Op. 30 (Rachmaninov) Vladimir Ashkenazy with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Anatole Fistoulari.
DECCA. Mono-LXTA.6057. Stereo-SXLA.6057. Price 57/6

Works by Sibelius —The London Symphony Orchestra, conductor — Anthony Collins. Symphony No. 4 in A minor and Pohjola's Daughter — Symphonic Fantasia. **ACE OF CLUBS. Mono, ACLA.184. Price 39/6**

Film Spectacular — *London Festival Orchestra.* Stanley Black conducts favourite film themes including Around the World in 80 Days; Exodus; The Longest Day, etc. **DECCA. Mono-LKA. 4525. Stereo-SKLA.4525. Price 52/6**

O Deutsche Heimat—Favourite German Songs — A collection of 58 items featuring Will Glahe's Orchestra and Chorus. **DECCA. Mono. LKA.7564. Price 52/6**

Hey There — *Gracie Fields.* Wonderful Gracie! singing As Time Goes By. The Loveliest Night of the Year. Three Coins in the Fountain, etc. **DECCA. Mono-LKA.4522. Stereo-SKLA.4522. Price 52/6**

Stranger from Durango — *Richie Allen.* Includes — Breakin' Out, Haunted Guitar, Swannee River Twang, etc. **LONDON. Mono, HAA.7726. Price 52/6**

Wipe Out — *The Surfaris.* Great Stomp music with the surfing sound. Green Onions, Memphis, Surfer Joe, and others. **LONDON. Mono, HAA.7735. Price 52/6**

Scarlett O'Hara — *Lawrence Welk and His Orchestra.* Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Days of Summer, Pipeline, I Love You Because, etc. **LONDON. Mono. HAA.7736. Price 52/6**

Prisoners' Songs — A variety of artists singing such favourites as Columbus Stockade Blues, Death Row, I Got Stripes, and many others. **LONDON. Mono, HAA.8062. Price 52/6**

Surf Drums — *The Lively Ones.* The Southern Californian surfing sound includes Mr. Moto, Wild Weekend, Hillybilly Surf, etc. **LONDON. Mono, HAA. 8082. Price 52/6**

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Ski champion at 18

● Snow and tobacco sound a weird mixture, but they're the two most important ingredients in the life of 18-year-old Ross Milne, of Myrtleford, Victoria.

By Cynthia Robinson

WHEN he's not skiing he's usually at work on his family's tobacco property at the foothills of the Australian Alps.

At the moment skiing has taken control of his time, for Ross is in the champion class and has been named as one of the five skiers to represent Australia at the 1964 Winter Olympics in Austria next January.

But Ross feels there is more to life than just skiing, and he's as happy at work in the tobacco fields as he is at play in the snowfields.

Ross, who left Albury Grammar at the end of last year, first began skiing at Falls Creek when he was 13.

It didn't take him long to show his talent.

For three years in succession he has won the annual junior championship held by the North-Eastern District Ski Association, and as early as 1961 he was a member of the Australian Inter-Dominion team which raced against New Zealand.

Last winter he finished third in the Victorian Slalom and was a member of the Victorian team.

Normally when the snows melt on the Australian Alps, Ross—a keen, all-round sportsman who played football at school — occupies his leisure moments water-skiing, riding one of his horses, or playing tennis.

He also looks forward each summer to spending a holiday at the beach.

But last summer was different. Ross had his eyes on next year's Olympics, and to gain valuable international experience he decided to follow the snow to Europe.

There, Ross and four other young skiers — Mike Tinsley, Simon Brown, Peter Wenzel, and Colin Stuart — toured the international circuit as an unofficial Australian team.

During the tour stocky, brown-eyed Ross had a fall and broke his ankle, which came out of plaster only a few weeks before he won the slalom at this year's N.S.W. championships.

In the Victorian championships he was equal first with Japanese Takayuki Takahashi in the Slalom and second in the Giant Slalom.

Later, in the national championships held at Mount Hotham, Ross had his greatest skiing success yet.

He won the Combined Alpine title after beating the field in the Downhill event and coming second in the Giant Slalom.

Ross, who will be 19 this month, has a keen fan in his 13-year-old brother, Malcolm.

For Malcolm is as much a snow enthusiast as his tanned and talented elder brother, and he's following in his ski-tracks so fast that he could well be competing against him for 1968 Winter Olympic selection.

Next week: Ilsa Konrads.

ROSS MILNE, who won the Combined Alpine title at the recent national ski championships at Mount Hotham, began skiing at 13. He has been selected for the Australian team at the Winter Olympics in Austria.

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